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The
New
Series

ATHALI

by Robert W.
Chambers

Illustrated by Frank Crane
15 Other Big Features

"Folks say I'm 'sad,'
I'm really glad."
Sad Iron cried with glee,
"Although I'm 'flat,'
I'm bright at that,
Old Dutch has polished me."



On written request we will mail—free of charge—a booklet, "The Spickanspan Folks," containing six beautiful colored prints especially designed for young folks. "Old Dutch," 147 West Monroe St., Chicago

The Cost

By
Dr. Frank
Crane



"FOR which of you, intending to build a tower, sitteth not down first and counteth the cost, whether he have sufficient to finish it?"

Did you sit down, O kings and rulers of Europe! and count the cost, before you unsheathed the sword? Did you reckon these items?

Seventeen million men, the strongest, fittest, healthiest of Europe, are withdrawn from the work of creation and set at the business of destruction. They leave the plow, the saw, the pen, and seize the rifle, the bayonet, and the cannon.

The houses in which were happy families, the buildings where commerce thrived, the cathedrals centuries old, the works of art, the structures that were the joyous boast of cities and that strangers came to admire from the ends of the earth, bringing their gold and silver with them to enrich you, are battered down, blown up, or burned to the ground.

You have darkened what thousands of homes and set a guard of terror there. Many are the races and tongues of men, but the sobs of mothers are of one language. From all Europe comes that pitiful voice, ancient as the world's blood-lust, "the voice of lamentation and weeping and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted, because they are not." What is the itch of your miserable honor compared to the abysmal woe of these women?

The shrill wails of millions of fatherless children, accusing you to heaven.

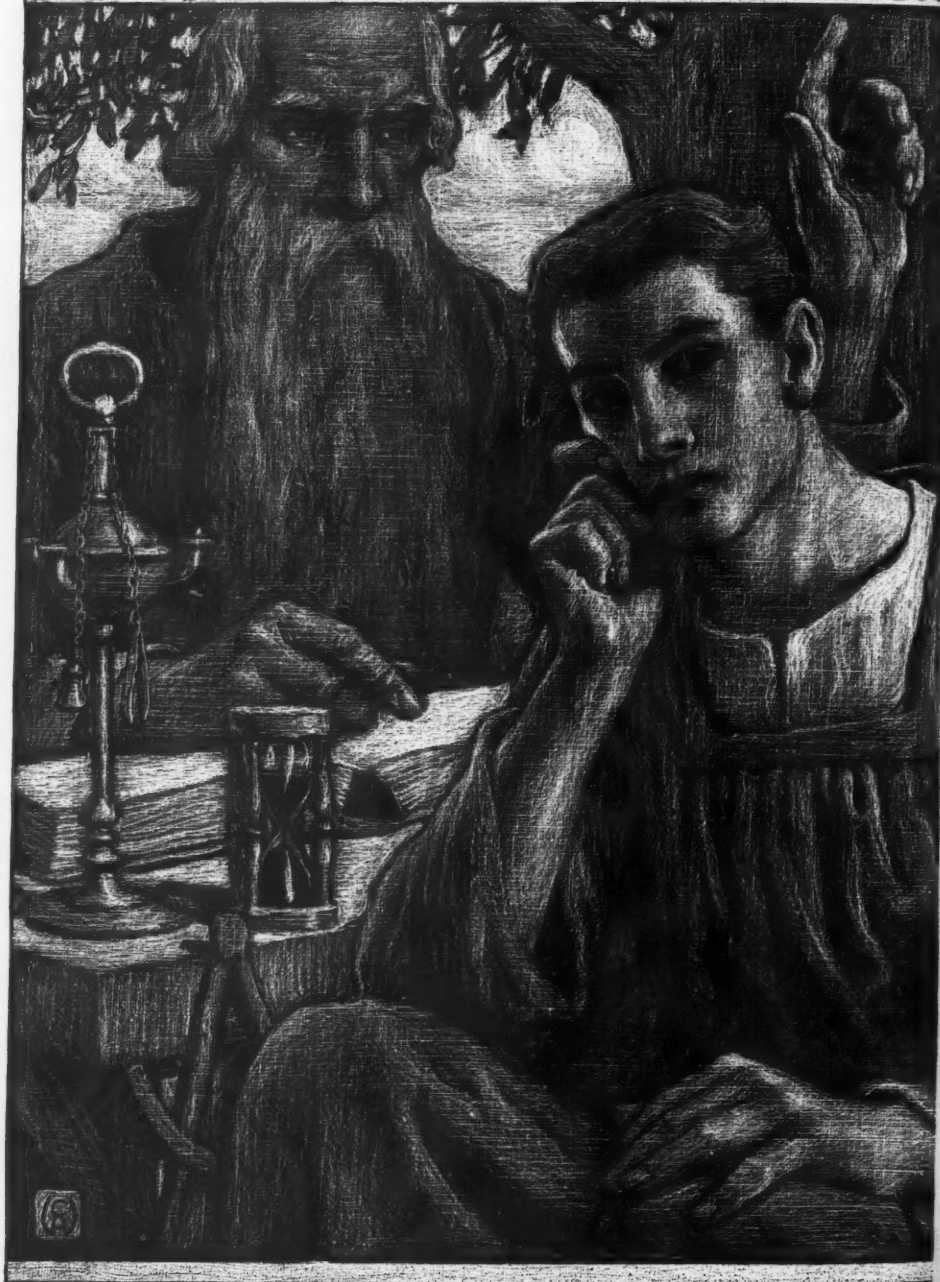
And the boys the handsome, brave hope of all, lying piled up on battlefields, their fair bodies chewed by the Minotaur of War; some dead, some anguished by thirst and wounds.

Commerce paralyzed, mills still and vacant, shops closed, banks barred, schoolhouses empty, mines deserted, fields and vineyards rotting, forests aflame, cities looted, the armies of contented laborers gone back to the jungle-business of man hunting; the cry everywhere of race-hate, "Kill, kill, kill!"

Did you count the cost?



REPLIES



By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Drawing by Charles A. Winter



YOU have lived long and learned the secret of life, O Seer!
Tell me what are the best three things to seek—
The best three things for a man to seek on earth?

The best three things for a man to seek, O Son! are these:
Reverence for that great source from whence he came;
Work for the world wherein he finds himself,
And knowledge of the realm toward which he goes.

What are the best three things to love on earth, O Seer!—
What are the best three things for a man to love?

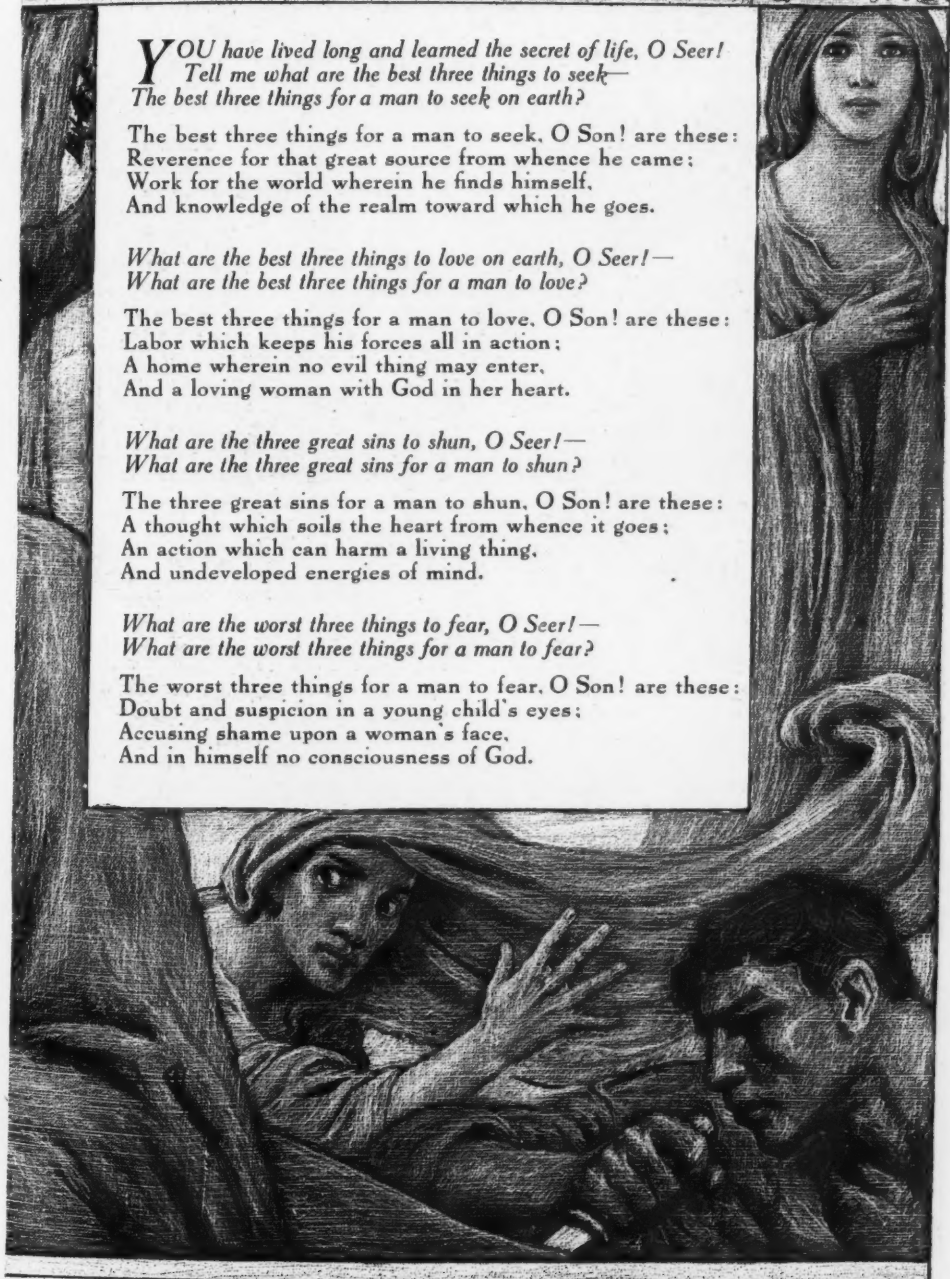
The best three things for a man to love, O Son! are these:
Labor which keeps his forces all in action;
A home wherein no evil thing may enter,
And a loving woman with God in her heart.

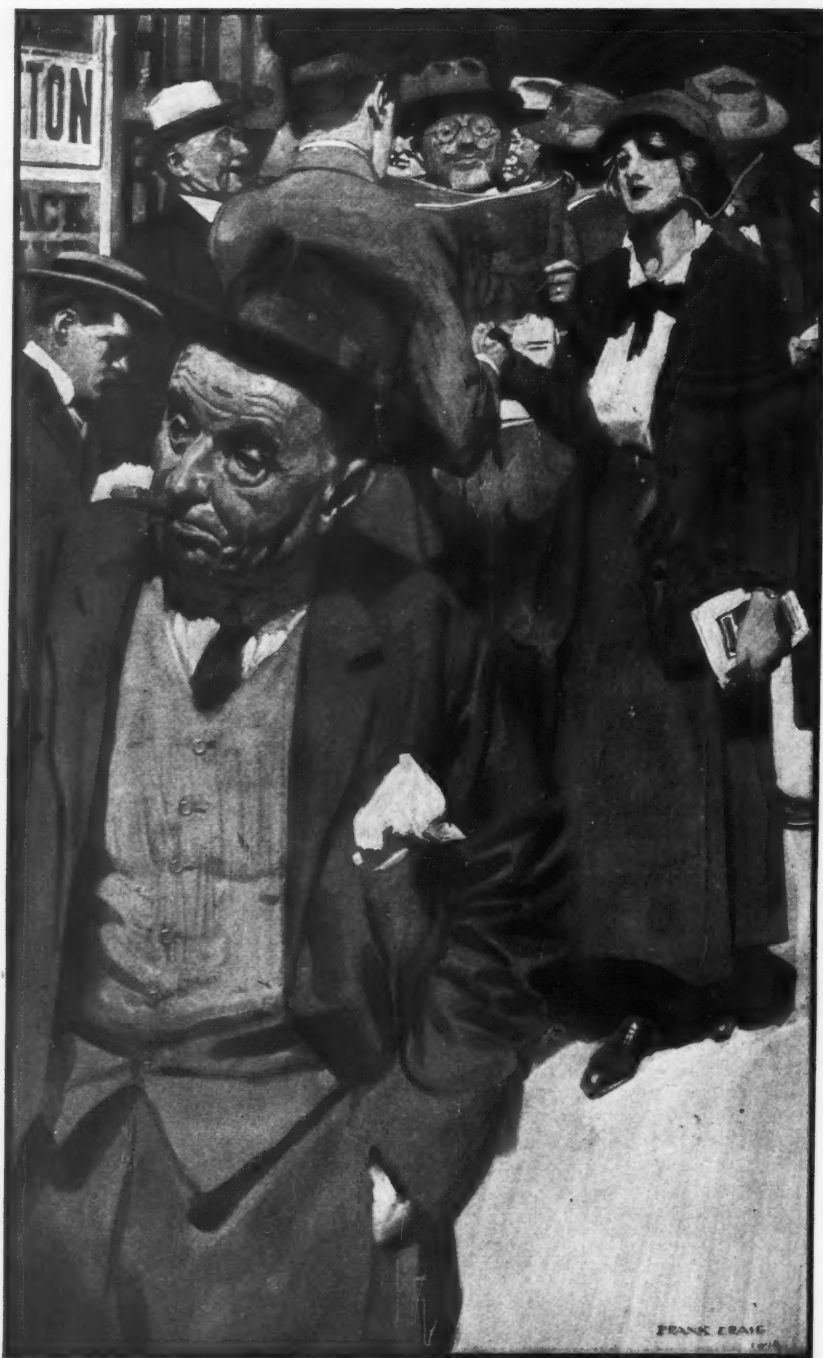
What are the three great sins to shun, O Seer!—
What are the three great sins for a man to shun?

The three great sins for a man to shun, O Son! are these:
A thought which soils the heart from whence it goes;
An action which can harm a living thing,
And undeveloped energies of mind.

What are the worst three things to fear, O Seer!—
What are the worst three things for a man to fear?

The worst three things for a man to fear, O Son! are these:
Doubt and suspicion in a young child's eyes;
Accusing shame upon a woman's face,
And in himself no consciousness of God.





DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG

"I'm glad I saw you," said the girl. "I hope you won't forget me. I am late; I must go—I suppose——"

(Athalie)

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Athalie

THE ROMANCE OF A GIRL WITH A STRANGE POWER

By Robert W. Chambers

Author of "The Common Law," "The Streets of Ascalon," "The Business of Life," etc.

Illustrated by Frank Craig

WHEN Mrs. Greensleeve first laid eyes on her baby, she knew it was different from the other children.

"What is the matter with it?" she asked.

The preoccupied physician replied that there was nothing the matter. In point of fact, he had been admiring the newly born little girl when her mother asked the question.

"She's about as perfect as they make 'em," he concluded, placing the baby beside its mother.

The mother said nothing. From moment to moment she turned her head on the pillow and gazed down at her new daughter with a curious, questioning expression. She had never gazed at any of her other children so uneasily. Even after she fell asleep, the slightly puzzled expression remained as a faint crease between her brows.

Her husband, who had been wandering about from the bar to the office, from the office to the veranda, and occasionally entirely around the exterior of the road-house, came in on tiptoe and looked rather vacantly at them both.

Then he went out again, as though he was not sure where he might be going. He was a little man and mild, and he did not look as though he had been created for anything in particular, not even for the purpose of procreation.

It was one of those early April days when birds make a great fuss over their vocal accomplishments and the brown earth grows green overnight; when the hot spring sun draws vapors from the soil, and the characteristic Long Island odor of manure is far too prevalent to please anybody but a native.

Peter Greensleeve, wandering at hazard around the corner of the tavern, came upon his business partner, Archer B. Ledlie, leisurely digging for bait in the barnyard. The latter was in his shirt-sleeves—always a good sign for continued fair weather.

"Boy?" inquired Ledlie, resting one soil-incrusted boot on his spade.

"Another girl," admitted Greensleeve.

"Gawsh!" After a moment's rumination he picked up a squirming angleworm from the edge of the shallow excavation and dropped it into the empty tomato-can.

"Going fishing?" inquired Greensleeve, without interest.

"I dunno. Mebbe. Your boy Jack seen a trout into Spring Pond."

Ledlie, who was a large, heavy, red-faced man with a noticeably small mouth, faded blue eyes, and gray chin-whiskers, picked a budding sprig from a bush, nibbled it, and gravely seated himself on the edge of the horse-trough. He was wearing a cigar behind his ear which he presently extracted, gazed at, then, reconsidering the extravagance, replaced.

"Three gals, Pete—that's your record," he remarked, gazing reproachfully out across the salt meadows beyond the causeway. "They won't bring you in nothin'," he added, shutting his thin lips.

"I kind of like them," said Greensleeve, with a sigh.

"They'll eat their heads off," retorted Ledlie; "then they'll git married an' go off som'ers. There ain't nothin' to gals nohow. You oughtn't to have went an' done it."

There seemed to be no further defense for Greensleeve. Ledlie continued to chew a sprig of something green and tender, revolving it and rolling it from one side of his small, thin-lipped mouth to the other. His thin little partner brooded in the sunshine. Once he glanced up at the sign which swung in front of the road-house: "Hotel Greensleeve: Greensleeve & Ledlie, Proprietors."

"Needs painting, Archie," he volunteered mildly.

"I dunno," said the other. "Since the gunnin'-season closed, there ain't been no business except them sports from New York. The bar done good; that's all."

"There were two commercial men, Wednesday week."

"Yes; an' they found fault with their vittles. They can go to the other place, next time." Which was as near as Ledlie ever came to profanity.

After a silence Ledlie said: "Here come your kids, Pete. I guess I'll let 'em dig a little bait for me."

Down the road they came dancing, and across the causeway over Spring Pond—Jack, aged four; Doris, three, and Catharine, two; and they broke into a run when they caught sight of their father, traveling as fast as their fat little legs could carry them.

"Is there a new baby? Is there a new baby?" shouted Jack, while still at a distance.

"Is it a boy? I want another brother! Is it a boy?" shrilled Doris, as she and baby Catharine came panting up with flushed and excited faces.

"It's a girl," said Greensleeve mildly. "You'd better go into the kitchen and wash your faces."

"A girl!" cried Jack contemptuously. "What did mamma do that for?"

"Oh, goodness!" pouted Doris. "I didn't want any more girls around. What are you going to name her, papa?"

"Athalie, I believe," he said absently.

"Athalie! What kind of name is that?" demanded Jack.

"I dunno. Your mamma wanted it in case the baby was a girl."

The children, breathing hard and rapidly, stood in a silent cluster, looking up at their father. Ledlie yawned frightfully, and they all instantly turned their eyes on him to discover, if possible, the solitary tooth with which rumor credited him. They always gazed intently into his mouth when he yawned, which irritated him.

"Go on in and wash yourselves," he said, as soon as speech became possible. "Ain't you heard what your papa told you?"

They were not afraid of Mr. Ledlie; they merely found him unsympathetic, and therefore concerned themselves with him not at all.

Ignoring him, Jack said, addressing his father: "I nearly caught a snake up the road. Gee, but he was a dandy!"

"He had stripes," said Doris solemnly.

"He wiggled," asserted little Catharine, and her eyes became very round.

"What kind was he, papa?" inquired Jack.

"Oh, just a snake," replied Greensleeve vaguely.

The eager faces of the children clouded with disappointment; dawning expectancy faded; it was the old, old tragedy of bread desired, of the stone offered.

"I liked that snake," muttered Jack. "I wanted to keep him for a pet. I wanted to know what kind he was. He seemed very friendly."

"Next time," suggested Ledlie, "you pet him on the head with a rock."

"What?"

"Snakes is no good. There's pizen into 'em. You kill every one you see, an' don't ask questions."

In the boy's face intelligence faded. Impulse lay stunned after its headlong collision with apathy, and died out in the clutch of ignorance.

"Is that so, papa?" he asked dully.

"Yes, I guess so," nodded Greensleeve. "Mr. Ledlie knows all about snakes and things."

"Go on in an' wash," repeated Ledlie. "You don't git no supper if you ain't cleaned up for table. Your papa says so; don't you, Pete?"

Greensleeve usually said what anybody told him to say.

"Walk quietly," he added. "Your poor mamma's asleep."

Reluctantly the children turned toward the house, gazing inquiringly up at the curtained window of their mother's room as they trooped toward the veranda.

Jack swung around on the lower step.

"Papa!" he shouted.

"Well?"

"I forget what her name is."

"Athalie."

II

HER first memories were of blue skies, green trees, sunshine, and the odor of warm, moist earth.

Always through life she retained this memory of her early consciousness—a tree in pink bloom, morning-glories covering a rotting board fence, deep, rich, sun-warmed soil into which her baby fingers burrowed.

A little later commenced her memory of her mother—a still, white-shawled figure sewing under a peach tree in pink bloom.

Vast were her mother's skirts, as Athalie remembered them—a wide, white tent, under which she could creep out of the sunlight and hide.

Always, too, her earliest memories were crowded with children, hosts of them in a kaleidoscopic whirl around her, and their voices seemed ever in her ears.

By the age of four she had gradually understood that this vaguely pictured host of children numbered only three, and that they were her brother and two sisters—very much grown up and desirable to play with. But at seven she began to be surprised that Doris and Catharine were no older and no bigger than they were, although Jack's twelve years still awed her.

It was about this time that the child began to be aware of a difference between herself and the other children. For a year or two it did not trouble her, or even confuse her. She seemed to be aware of it—that was all.

When it first dawned on her that her mother was aware of it, too, she could never quite remember. Once, very early in her career, her mother, who had been sewing under the peach tree, dropped her work and looked down at her very steadily where she sat digging holes in the dirt.

And Athalie had a vague idea in after-

life that this was the beginning; because there had been a little boy sitting beside her all the while she was digging, and, somehow, she was aware that her mother could not see him. She was not able to recollect whether her mother had spoken to her, or even whether she herself had conversed with the little boy. He never came again—of that she was positive.

When it was that her brother and sisters began to suspect her of being different, she could not remember.

In the beginning, she had not understood their half-incredulous curiosity concerning her, and, ardently communicative by nature, she was frank with them, confident and undisturbed, until their childlike and importunate aggressiveness and the brutal multiplicity of their questions drove her to reticence and shyness.

For what seemed to amaze them or excite them to unbelief or to jeers, seemed to her ordinary, unremarkable, and not worthy of any particular notice—even of her own.

That she sometimes saw things "around corners," as Jack put it, had seemed natural enough to her. That, now and then, she seemed to perceive things which nobody else noticed, never disturbed her, even when she became aware that other people were unable to see them. To her it was as though her own eyesight were normal and astigmatism the rule among other people.

But the blunt, merciless curiosity of other children soon taught Athalie to be on her guard. She learned that embarrassed reserve which tended toward secretiveness and untruth before she was eleven.

And in school she learned to lie, learned to deny accusations of being different, pretended that what her sisters accused her of had been merely "stories" made up to amuse them.

So, in school, she made school-life endurable for herself. Yet, always, there seemed to be *something* between her and other children that made intimacies impossible.

At the same time, she was conscious of the admiration of the boys, of something about herself that they liked outside of her athletic abilities.

She had a great many friends among the boys; she could outrun, outjump, outswim any of them in the big, country school. She was supple and trim, golden-haired and dark-eyed, and ready for anything that required enterprise and activity of mind or

body. Her ragged skirts were still short at eleven—short enough not to impede her. And she led the chase for pleasure all over that part of Long Island, running wild with the pack from hill to tide-water, until every farmer in the district knew “the Greensleeve girl.”

There was, of course, some devilry among cherry trees and apple orchards—some lawlessness born of sheer exuberance and superb health—some malicious trespassing, some harrying of unpopular neighbors. But not very much, considering.

Her home life was colorless, calm, comfortable, and uneventful as she regarded it. Business at the Hotel Greensleeve had fallen off, and, in reality, the children had very little. But children at that age who live all day in the open require little except sympathetic intelligence for their million daily questions.

This the Greensleeve children found wanting, except when their mother did her best to stimulate her own latent intelligence for their sakes.

But it rested on the foundation of an old-fashioned and limited education. Only the polite, simpler, and more maidenly arts had been taught her in the little New Jersey school her father had kept. And her education ceased when she married Greensleeve, the ex-“professor” of penmanship, a kind, gentle, unimaginative man, unusually dull, even for a teacher. And he was a failure at that.

They were married life by buying the house they were now living in; and when Greensleeve also failed as a farmer, they opened the place as a public tavern and took in Ledlie to finance it.

So it was to her mother that Athalie went for any information that her ardent and growing intellect required. And her mother, intuitively surmising the mind-hunger of youth and its vigorous needs, did her limited best to satisfy it in her children. And that is really all the education they had; for what they got in the country school amounted to—well, it amounted to what anybody ever gets in school.

Her most enduring, most vivid memories of her mother clustered around those summer days of her twelfth year, brief, lamp-lit scenes between long, sunlit hours of healthy, youthful madness—quiet moments when she came in flushed and panting from the

headlong chase after pleasure, tired, physically satisfied, to sit on the faded carpet at her mother's feet and clasp her hands over her mother's knees.

Then “what?” and “why?” and “when?” and “how?” were the burden of the child's eager speech. Nothing seemed to have escaped her quick ears or eyes; no natural phenomena of the open life—birth, movement, growth, the flow and ebb of tides, thunder pealing from high-piled clouds, the sun shining through fragrant, falling rain, mists that grew over swamp and meadow.

And, “why?” she always asked.

Nothing escaped her—swallows, skimming and sheering Spring Pond, trout that jumped at sunset, the quick, furry shapes of mink and muskrat, the rattling flash of a blue-winged kingfisher, a tall heron wading, a gull mewing.

Nothing escaped her—the casual caress of mating birds, procreation in farmyard and barnyard, fledglings crying from a robin's nest of mud and messy refuse, blind kittens tugging at their blinking mother.

Death, too, she saw—a dusty heap of feathers here, a little mound of fur there, which the idle breezes stirred under the high sky; and once a dead dog, battered, filthy, and bloody, shot by the roadside, and once some pigs being killed on a farm, all screaming.

Then, in that school—as in every school—there was the sinister minority, always huddling in corners, full of mean silences and furtive leering. And their half-heard words, half-understood phrases—a gesture, a look that silenced and perplexed her—these the child brought also to her mother, sitting at her feet, face against her knees.

For a month or two her mother had not been very well, and the doctor who had brought Athalie into the world stopped in once or twice a week. When he was with her mother, the children were forbidden the room.

One evening in particular, Athalie remembered. She had been running her legs off playing hounds and hares across country from the salt-hay stacks to the chestnut ridge, and she had come in after sunset to find her mother sewing in her own bedroom, her brother and sisters studying their lessons in the sitting-room, where her father also sat reading the local evening paper.

Supper was over, but Athalie went to the kitchen and presently returned to her

mother's room, carrying a bowl of bread and milk and half a pie.

Here on the faded carpet at her mother's feet, full in the lamplight, she sat her down and ate while her mother sewed.

Athalie seldom studied. A glance at her books seemed to be enough for her. And she passed examinations without effort, under circumstances where plodders would have courted disaster.

Rare questions from her mother, brief replies, marked the meal. When she had satisfied her hunger, she jumped up, ran down-stairs with the empty dishes, and came slowly back again—a slender, supple figure with tangled hair curling below her shoulders, dirty shirt-waist, soiled features and hands, and the ragged blue skirt of a sailor suit hanging to her knees.

"Your other sailor suit is washed and mended," said her mother, smiling at her child in tatters.

Athalie, her gaze remote, nodded absently. After a moment she lifted her steady, dark-blue eyes.

"A boy kissed me, mamma," she remarked, dropping cross-legged at her mother's feet.

"Don't kiss strange boys," said her mother quietly.

"I didn't. But why not?"

"It is not considered proper."

"Why?"

Her mother said, "Kissing is a common and vulgar practise except in the intimacy of one's own family."

"I thought so," nodded Athalie; "I soaked him for doing it."

"Who was he?"

"Oh, it was that fresh Harry Eldon! I told him if he ever tried to get fresh with me again I'd kill him. Mamma?"

"Yes?"

"All that about poor old Mr. Manners isn't true, is it?"

Her mother smiled. The children had been taught to leave a morsel on their plates "for manners"; and to impress it upon them their mother had invented a story about a poor old man named Manners who depended upon what they left, and who crept in to eat it after they had retired from table.

So leaving something "for Manners" had been thoroughly and successfully inculcated until the habit was formed. And now Athalie was the last of the children

to discover the gentle fraud practised upon her.

"I'm glad, anyway," concluded the child.

"We never left him enough to eat."

Her mother said: "I shall tell you only truths after this. You are old enough to understand reason, now, and to reason a little yourself."

"I do. But I am not yet perfectly sure where babies come from. You said you would tell me *that*, some day. I'd really like to know, mamma."

Her mother continued to sew for a while; then she looked down at her daughter.

"Have you formed any opinion of your own?"

"Yes," said the child honestly.

"Then I'd better tell you the truth," said her mother tranquilly, "because the truth is very wonderful and beautiful—and interesting."

So she related to the child, very simply and clearly, all that need be told concerning the mystery of life in its beginnings; and Athalie listened, enchanted.

And mostly it thrilled the child to realize that in her, too, lay latent a capability for the creation of life.

Another hour with her mother she remembered in after-years.

Mrs. Greensleeve had not been as well; the doctor came oftener. Frequently Athalie, returning from school, discovered her mother lying on the bed. That evening the child was sitting on the floor at her mother's feet as usual, just inside the circle of lamplight, playing solitaire with an ancient pack of cards. Presently something near the door attracted her attention, and she lifted her head and sat looking at it, mildly interested, until, suddenly, she felt her mother's eyes on her, flushed hotly, and turned her head away.

"What were you looking at?" asked her mother, in a low voice.

"Nothing, mamma."

"Athalie!"

"What, mamma?"

"*What* were you looking at?"

The child hung her head. "Nothing," she began, but her mother checked her. "Don't lie, Athalie. I'll try to understand you. Now, tell me what you were—what you thought you were looking at over there near the door."

The child turned and glanced back at the door over her shoulder.

"There is nothing there—now," she muttered.

"Was there anything?"

Athalie sat silent for a while; then she laid her clasped hands across her mother's knees and rested her cheek on them.

"There was a woman there," she said.

"Where?"

"Over by the door."

"You saw her, Athalie?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Did she open the door and come in, and then close it behind her?"

"No."

"How did she come in?"

"I don't know. She—just came in."

"Was she a young woman?"

"No; old."

"Very old?"

"Not very. There was gray in her hair—a little."

"How was she dressed?"

"She wore a nightgown, mamma. There were spots on it—like medicine."

"Had you ever seen her before?"

"I think so."

"Who was she?"

"Mrs. Allen."

Her mother sat very still, but her clasped hands tightened, and a little of the color faded from her cheeks. There was a Mrs. Allen who had been suffering from an illness which she herself was afraid she had.

"Do you mean Mrs. James Allen who lives on the old Allen farm?" she asked quietly.

"Yes, mamma."

In the morning they heard of Mrs. Allen's death. And it was several months before Mrs. Greensleeve again spoke to her daughter on the one subject about which Athalie was inclined to be most reticent. But that subject now held a deadly fascination for her mother.

They had been sitting together in Mrs. Greensleeve's bedroom, the mother knitting in bed, propped up upon the pillows. Athalie, cross-legged on a hassock beside her, was doing a little mending on her own account, when her mother said abruptly but very quietly,

"I have always known that you possess a power—which others cannot understand."

The child's face flushed deeply.

"I knew it when they first brought you to me, a baby just born. I don't know how I knew it, but I did."

Athalie, sewing steadily, said nothing.

"I think," said her mother, "you are, in some degree, what is called clairvoyant."

"What?"

"Clairvoyant," repeated her mother quietly. "It comes from the French, *clair*, clear; the verb *voir*, to see; *clair voyant*, seeing clearly. That is all, Athalie. Nothing to be ashamed of—if it is true—" For the child had dropped her work and had hidden her face in her hands.

"Dear, are you afraid to talk about it to your mother?"

"N-no. What is there to say about it?"

"Nothing very much. Perhaps the less said the better. I don't know, little daughter. I don't understand it—comprehend it. If it's so, it's so. I see you sometimes looking at things I cannot see; I know sometimes you hear sounds which I cannot hear. Things happen which perplex the rest of us, and, somehow, I seem to know that they do not perplex you. What to us seems unnatural, to you is natural—"

"That's it, mamma. I have never seen anything that did not seem quite natural to me."

"Did you know that Mrs. Allen had died when you—thought you saw her?"

"I did see her."

"Yes. Did you know she had died?"

"Not until I saw her."

"Did you know it then?"

"Yes."

"How?"

"I don't know. I seemed to know it."

"Did you know she had been ill?"

"No, mamma."

"Did it in any way frighten you—make you uneasy when you saw her standing there?"

"Why, no!" said Athalie, surprised.

"Not even when you knew she was dead?"

"No. Why should it? Why should I be afraid?"

Her mother was silent.

"Why?" asked Athalie curiously. "Is there anything to be afraid of with God and all his angels watching us? Is there?"

"No."

"Then," said the child, with some slight impatience, "why is it that other people seem to be a little afraid of me and of what they say I can hear and see? I have good eyesight. I see clearly. That is all, isn't it?"



DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG

"Boy?" inquired Ledlie, resting one soil-incrusted boot on his spade. "Another girl,"
admitted Greensleeve

And there is nothing to frighten anybody in seeing clearly, is there?"

"No, dear."

"People make me so cross," continued Athalie, "and so ashamed when they ask so many questions. What is there to be surprised at if sometimes I see things *inside* my mind. They are just as real as when I see them *outside*. They are no different."

Her mother nodded encouragingly.

"When papa was in New York," went on Athalie, "and I saw him talking to some men in a hotel there, why should it be surprising—just because papa was in New York and I was here when I saw him?"

"It surprises others, dear, because they cannot see what is beyond the vision of their physical senses."

Athalie said: "They tease me in school because they say I can see around corners. It makes me very cross and unhappy, and I don't want anybody to know that I see what they can't see. I'm ashamed to have them know it."

"Perhaps it is just as well you feel that way. People are odd. What they do not understand they ridicule. A dog that would not notice a horse-drawn vehicle will bark at an automobile."

"Mamma?"

"Yes, dear."

"Do you know that dogs, and I think cats, too, see many things that I do and that other people do not see?"

"Why do you think so?"

"I have noticed it. The other evening when the white cat was dozing on your bed, and I was down here on the floor sewing, I saw—something. And the cat looked up suddenly and saw it, too."

"Athalie!"

"She did, mamma. I knew perfectly well that she saw what I saw."

"What was it you saw?"

"Only a young man. He walked over to the window—"

"And then?"

"I don't know, mamma. I don't know where they go. They go—that's all I know."

"Who was he?"

"I don't know."

"Did he look at us?"

"Yes; he seemed to be thinking of something pleasant."

"Did he smile?"

"He—had a pleasant look. And once—

it was last Sunday—over by the bed I saw a little boy. He was kneeling down beside the bed. And Mr. Ledlie's dog was lying here beside me. Don't you remember how he suddenly lifted his head and barked?"

"Yes, I remember. Had you ever before seen the little boy?"

"No, mamma."

"Was he—alive—do you think?"

"Why, yes. They all are alive."

"Mrs. Allen was not alive when you saw her over by the door."

The child looked puzzled. "Yes," she said, "but that was a little different. Not *very* different. They are all perfectly alive—mamma."

"Even the ones we call dead? Are you sure of it?"

"Yes, yes, I'm sure of it. They are not dead. Nothing seems to die. Nothing stays dead."

"What! Why do you believe that?"

Athalie said slowly: "Somebody shot and killed a poor little dog, once—just across the causeway bridge. And the dog came into the garden afterward and ran all around, smelling and wagging his tail."

"Athalie! Athalie! Be careful to control your imagination."

"Yes," said the child thoughtfully; "I must be careful to control it. I can imagine almost anything if I try."

"How hard have you ever tried to imagine some of the things you see—or think you see?"

"Mamma, I never try. I—I don't care to see them. I'd rather not. Those things come. I haven't anything to do with it. I don't know these people, and I am not interested. I *did* try to see papa in New York—if you call that imagination."

But her mother did not know what to call it, because at the hour when Athalie had seen him, that mild and utterly unimaginative man was actually saying and doing what his daughter had seen and heard.

"Also," said Athalie, "I *was* thinking about that poor little yellow dog and wondering whether he was past all suffering, when he came gaily trotting into the garden, waving his tail quite happily. There was no dust or blood on him. He rolled on the grass, too, and barked and barked. But nobody seemed to hear him or notice him excepting me."

For a long while silence reigned in the lamp-lit room. When the other children

came in to say good-night to their mother, she received them with an unusual tenderness. They went away; Athalie rose, yawning the yawn of healthy fatigue.

"Good-night, mamma."

"Good-night, little daughter."

They kissed—the mother drew her into a sudden and almost convulsive embrace.

"Darling, are you sure that nothing really dies?"

"I have never seen anything really dead, mamma. Even the 'dead' birds—why the evening sky is full of them—the little 'dead' ones I mean—flock after flock, twittering and singing——"

"Dear!"

"Yes, mamma."

"When you see me—that way—will you—speak?"

"Yes."

"Promise, darling."

"Yes; I'll kiss you, too—if it is possible——"

"Would it be possible?"

The child gazed at her, perplexed and troubled.

"I—don't know," she said slowly. Then, all in a moment, her childish face paled, and she clung to her mother and began to cry.

And her mother soothed her, tenderly, smilingly, kissing the tears from the child's eyes.

The next morning, after the children had gone to school, Mrs. Greensleeve was operated on—without success.

III

THE black dresses of the children had become very rusty by spring, but business had been bad at the Hotel Greensleeve, and Athalie, Doris, and Catharine continued to wear their shabby mourning.

Greensleeve haunted the house all day long, roaming from bar to office, from one room to another, silently opening doors of unoccupied chambers to peer about in the dusty obscurity; then noiselessly closing them, he would slink away down the dim corridor to his late wife's room, and sit there through the long, sunny afternoon, his weak face buried in his hands.

Ledlie had grown fatter, redder of visage, whiter of hair and beard. When a rare guest arrived, or when local loafers wandered into the bar with the faint stench of fertilizer clinging to their boots, he shuffled

ponderously from office to bar, serving as economically as he dared whoever desired to be served.

Always a sprig of something green protruded from his small, tight mouth. His pale eyes, now faded almost colorless, had become weak and red-rimmed, and he blinked continually.

Always, now, he was muttering and grumbling his disapproval of the children.

"Eatin' their heads off, I tell you, Pete! What good is all this here schoolin' doin' 'em, when they ought to git out some'rs an' earn their vittles?"

But if Greensleeve's attitude was one of passive acquiescence, he made no effort to withdraw the children from school. Once, when life was younger, and Jack, his first baby, came, he had dreamed of college for him, and of a career—in letters, perhaps—something dignified, leisurely, profound beyond his own limits, and of a modest corner somewhere within the luster of his son's environment where he and his wife, gray-haired, might dream and admire, finding there surcease from care and perhaps the peace which passes all understanding.

The ex-"professor" of penmanship had been always prone to dream. No dull and sordid reality, no hopeless sorrow had yet awakened him. Nor had his wife's death been more real than the half-strangled anguish of a dreamer tossing in darkness. As for the children, they paid no more attention to Ledlie than they might have to a querulous but superannuated dog.

Jack, now fifteen, still dawdled at school, where his record was not good. Perhaps it was partly because he had no spending-money, no clothing to maintain his boyish self-respect, no prospects of any sort, that he had become sullen, uncommunicative, and almost loutish. Nobody governed him. His father was unqualified to control anybody or anything; his mother was dead.

With her death went the last vestige of any tie that had held the boy to the home anchorage—of any feeling of responsibility concerning the conduct expected and required of him.

He shirked his studies, came home only to eat and sleep, remained out late without explanation or any home interference, except for the constant disputes and quarrels with Doris and Catharine, now aged respectively fourteen and thirteen.

To Athalie he had little to say. Perhaps



DRAWN BY FRANK CRAGG

"I'd like to come down here for the summer vacation," said the boy awkwardly. "I don't know
Hotel Greensleeve. One thing he knew, he meant



whether my mother would like it." He offered no reason why his mother might not care for the
to urge his mother to come, or to let him come

he did not realize it, but he was slightly afraid of her. And it was from her that he took any pains at all to conceal his irregularities. Once, coming in from school, she had found the house deserted, and Jack smelling of alcohol, slouching out of the bar.

"If you do that again I shall tell father," she said, horrified.

"What do I care!" he had retorted sullenly. And it was true; the boy no longer cared what anybody might think, as long as Athalie already knew and detested what he had done.

There was a garage in the neighboring village. He spent most of his time hanging around it. Sometimes he came home reeking of oil and gasoline; sometimes his breath was tainted with tobacco and alcohol.

He was so much bigger and older than Athalie that the child had never entirely lost her awe of him. His weakness of character, his failings, and the fact that he was a trifle afraid of her opinion combined to astonish and bewilder her.

For a long while she tried to understand the gradual but certain reversal of their relations. And one night, still more or less in awe of him, she got out of bed and went softly into his room.

He was not asleep. The sudden apparition of his youngest sister considerably startled him, and he sat up in his ragged nightshirt and stared at her.

"You look like one of your own spooks," he said. "What's the matter with you?"

"I wanted to talk with you, Jack."

"What about?"

"You."

For a moment he sat there eyeing her uneasily; then,

"Well, go ahead!" he said ungraciously, and stretched himself back on the pillows.

She came and seated herself on the bed.

"Jack, please don't drink beer."

"Why not? Aw, what do you know about men, anyway? Don't they all smoke and drink?"

"Mamma asked you not to."

"Gee whiz! I was a kid, then. But a man isn't a baby."

Athalie sighed. Her brother eyed her restlessly, aware of that slight feeling of shame which always invaded his sullen, defiant discontent when he knew that he had lowered himself in her estimation.

For, if the boy was a little afraid of her, he also cared more for her than he

ever had for any of the family except his mother.

He was only the average boy, stumbling blindly, almost savagely, through the maze of adolescence, with no guide, nobody to warn or counsel him, nothing to stimulate his pride, no anchorage, no experience.

Whatever character he had, he had been born with; it was environment and circumstance that were crippling it.

"See here, Athalie," he said; "you're a little girl, and you don't understand. There isn't any harm in my smoking a cigarette or two or in drinking a glass of beer now and then."

"Isn't there, Jack?"

"No. So don't you worry, sis. And, say, I'm not going back to school!"

"What!"

"What's the use? I can't go to college. Anyway, what's the good of algebra and physics and chemistry and history and all that junk? I guess I'll go into business."

"What business?"

"I don't know. I've been working around the garage. I can get a job there if I want it."

"Did you ask papa?"

"What's the use? He'll let me do what I please. I guess I'll start in to-morrow."

His father did not interfere when his only son came slouching up to inform him of his decision.

After Jack had gone away toward the village and his new business, his father remained seated on the shabby veranda, his head sunken on his soiled shirt-front, his wasted hands clasped over his stomach.

For a little while, perhaps, he remembered his earlier ambitions for the boy's career. Maybe they caused him pain. But if there was pain, it faded gradually into the lethargy which had settled over him.

A gray veil seemed to have descended between him and the sun. There was grayness everywhere, and dimness and uncertainty—in his mind, in his eyesight—and sometimes the vagueness was in his speech. He had noticed that—for sometimes the word he meant to use was not the word he uttered. It had occurred a number of times, making foolish what he had said.

And Ledlie had glanced at him sharply once or twice out of his sore and faded eyes when Greensleeve had used some word while thinking of another.

When he was not wandering around the house he sat on the veranda in a great splint-bottomed armchair—a little untidy figure, more or less caved in from chest to abdomen, which made his short, thin legs, hanging just above the floor, seem stunted and withered.

To him, here, came his daughters in their soiled and rusty black dresses, just out of school, and always stopping on impulse of sympathy to salute him with, "Hello, papa!" and with the touch of fresh, warm lips on his colorless cheek.

Sometimes they lingered to chatter around him, or bring out pie and cake to eat in his company. But very soon his gaze became remote, and the children understood that they were at liberty to go, which they did, dancing happily away into the outer sunshine on pleasure bent—the matchless pleasures of the very young whose poverty has not as yet disturbed them.

As the summer passed, the sunlight grew grayer to Peter Greensleeve. Also, more often, he mixed his words and made nonsense of what he said.

The pain in his chest and arms which, for a year, now, had caused him discomfort, bothered him at night, now. He said nothing about it.

That summer, Doris had taken a course in stenography and typewriting, going every day to Brooklyn by train and returning before sunset.

When school began, she asked to be allowed to continue. Catharine, too, desired to learn. And if their father understood very clearly what they wanted, it is uncertain. Anyway, he offered no objections.

That winter he saw his son very seldom. Perhaps the boy was busy. Once or twice he came to ask his father for money, but there was none to give him—very little for anybody, and Doris and Catharine required that.

Some little money was taken in at the Hotel Greensleeve—commercial men were rather numerous that winter; so were duck-hunters. Athalie often saw them stamping around the bar, the lamplight glistening on their oilskins and gun-barrels, and touching the silken plumage of dead ducks—great strings of them lying on the bar or on the floor.

Once, when she came home from school earlier than usual, she went into the kitchen and found a hot peach turnover awaiting her, constructed for her by the slovenly

cook, and kept hot by the still more slovenly maid of all work—the only servants at the Hotel Greensleeve.

Sauntering back through the house, eating her turnover, she noticed Mr. Ledlie reading his newspaper in the office and her father apparently asleep on a chair before the stove.

There were half a dozen guests at the inn, duck-hunters from New York, but they were evidently still out with their baymen.

Still nibbling her pastry, Athalie loitered along the hall and deposited her strapped books on a chair under the noisy wall clock. Then, at hazard, she wandered into the bar. It was growing dusky; nobody had lighted the ceiling lamp.

At first she thought the room was empty, and had strolled over toward the stove to warm her snow-wet shoes, when all at once she became aware of a boy.

The boy was lying back on a leather chair, stockinged feet crossed, hands in his pocket, looking at her. He wore the leather shooting-clothes of a duck-hunter; on the floor beside him lay his cap, oilskins, hip-boots, and his gun. A red light from the stove fell across his dark, curly hair and painted one side of his face crimson.

Athalie, surprised, was not, however, in the least disturbed or embarrassed. She looked calmly at the boy, at the woolen stockings on his feet.

"Did you manage to get dry?" she asked, in a friendly voice.

Then he seemed to come to himself. He took his hands from his pockets and got up on his stockinged feet.

"Yes, I'm dry now."

"Did you have any luck?"

"I got fifteen—counting sheldrake. Two redheads, a black duck, and some buffleheads."

"Where were you shooting?"

"Off Silver Shoal."

"Who was your bayman?"

"Bill Nostrand."

"Why did you stop shooting so early?"

"Fifteen is the local limit this year."

Athalie nodded, and bit into her turnover reflectively. When she looked up, something in the boy's eye interested her.

"Are you hungry?" she asked.

He looked embarrassed, then laughed.

"Yes, I am."

"Wait; I'll get you a turnover," she said.

When she returned from the kitchen

with his turnover, he was standing. Rather vaguely she comprehended this civility toward herself, although nobody had ever before remained standing for her.

Not knowing exactly what to do or say, she silently presented the pastry, then drew a chair up into the red firelight. And the boy seated himself.

"I suppose you came with those hunters from New York," she said.

"Yes; I came with my father and four of his friends."

"They are out still, I suppose."

"Yes; they went over to Brant Point."

"I've often sailed there," remarked Athalie. "Can you sail a boat?"

"No."

"It is easy. I could teach you if you are going to stay a while."

"We are going back to New York tomorrow morning. How did you learn to sail a boat?"

"Why, I don't know. I've always lived here. Mr. Ledlie has a boat. Everybody here knows how to manage a catboat. If you'll come down this summer, I'll teach you. Will you?"

"I will if I can."

They were silent for a few minutes. It grew very dark in the barroom, and the light from the stove glimmered redder and redder.

The boy and girl lay back in their chairs, lingering over their peach pastry, and inspecting each other with all the frank *insouciance* of childhood.

Athalie still wore the red hood and cloak which had represented her outer winter wardrobe for years. Her dull, thick, gold hair curled crisply over the edges of the hood, which framed in its oval the lovely features of a child in perfect health.

The boy, dark-haired and dark-eyed, gazed fascinated and unembarrassed at this golden-blond visitor, hooded and cloaked in scarlet.

"Does your father keep this hotel?" he asked.

"Yes. I am Athalie Greensleeve. What is your name?"

"C. Bailey, Junior."

"What is the C for?"

"Clive."

"Do you go to school?"

"Yes; but I'm back for the holidays."

"Holidays," she repeated vaguely. "Oh,

that's so—Christmas will come day after to-morrow."

He nodded. "I think I'm going to have a new pair of guns, some books, and a horse. What do you expect?"

"Nothing," said Athalie.

"What? Isn't there anything you want?"

And then, too late, some glimmer of the real state of affairs illuminated his boyish brain. And he grew red with embarrassment.

They had finished their pastry. Athalie wiped her hands on a soiled and ragged and crumpled handkerchief, then scrubbed her scarlet mouth.

"I'd like to come down here for the summer vacation," said the boy awkwardly. "I don't know whether my mother would like it."

He offered no reason why his mother might not care for the Hotel Greensleeve. One thing he knew: he meant to urge his mother to come, or to let him come.

A few minutes later the outer door banged open and into the bar came stamping four men and two baymen, their oilskins shining with salt spray, guns glistening. Thud! went the strings of dead ducks on the floor; somebody scatched a match and lighted the ceiling lamp.

"Hello, Junior!" cried one of the men in oilskins, "how did you make out on Silver Shoal?"

"All right, father," he began; but his father had caught sight of Athalie, who had risen to retreat.

"Who are you, young lady?" he inquired, with a jolly smile. "Are you Little Red Riding-Hood, or the Princess Far-Away, or perhaps the Sleeping Beauty recently awakened?"

"I'm Athalie Greensleeve."

"Lady Greensleeves! I *knew* you were somebody quite as distinguished as you are beautiful. Would you mind saying to Mr. Greensleeve that there is much moaning on the bar, and that it will still continue until he arrives to instil the stillness of the still——"

"What?"

"We merely want a drink, my child. Don't look so seriously and distractingly pretty. I was joking, that's all. Please tell your father how very thirsty we are."

As the child turned to obey, C. Bailey

Senior put one big arm around her shoulder. "I didn't mean to tease you on such short acquaintance," he whispered. "Are you offended, little Lady Greensleeves?"

Athalie looked up at him in puzzled silence.

"Smile just once, so I shall know I am forgiven," he said. "Will you?"

The child smiled confusedly, caught the boy's eye, and smiled again, most engagingly, at C. Bailey, Senior's son.

"Oho!" exclaimed the senior Bailey laughingly and looking at his son. "I'm forgiven for your sake, am I?"

"For heaven's sake, Clive," protested one of the gunners, "let the little girl go and find her father. If I ever needed a drink, it's now."

So Athalie went away to summon her father. She found him as she had last noticed him, sitting asleep on the big leather office-chair. Ledlie, behind the desk, was still reading his soiled newspaper, which he continued to do until Athalie cried out something in a frightened voice. Then he laid aside his paper, blinked at her, got up leisurely, and shuffled over to where his partner was sitting dead on his leather chair.

The duck-hunters left that night. One after another, the four gentlemen came over to speak to Athalie and to her sisters. There was some confusion and crowding in the hallway, what with the doctor, the undertaker's assistants, neighbors, and the New York duck-hunters.

Ledlie ventured to overcharge them on the bill. As nobody objected, he regretted his moderation. However, the taking-off of Greensleeve helped business in the bar, whither, sooner or later, everybody drifted.

When the four-seated livery-wagon drove up to take the gunning party to the train, the boy lingered behind the others and then hurried back to where Athalie was standing, white-faced, tearless, staring at the closed door of the room where they had taken her father.

Bailey, Junior's touch on her arm made her turn. "I am sorry," he said. "I hope you will not be very unhappy. And—here is a Christmas present—"

He took the dazed child's icy little hand in his, and, fumbling the business rather awkwardly, he finally contrived to snap a

strap-watch over the delicate wrist. It was the one he had been wearing.

"Good-by, Athalie," he murmured, very red.

The girl gazed at him out of her lovely, confused eyes for a moment. But when she tried to speak no sound came.

"Good-by," he said again, choking slightly. "I'll surely, surely come back to see you. Don't be unhappy; I'll come."

But it was many years before he came to the Hotel Greensleeve.

IV

SHE was fifteen years old before she saw him again. His strap-watch was still on her wrist; his memory, unfaded, still enshrined in her heart of a child, for she was as yet no more than that at fifteen. And the moment she saw him she recognized him.

It was on the Sixth Avenue elevated station at Twenty-third Street, one sunny day in April; he stood waiting for an uptown train.

He did not notice her; so she went over to him and called him by name; and the tall, good-looking, fashionably dressed young fellow turned to her without recognition.

But the next instant his smooth, youthful face lighted up, and off came his hat with the gay college-band adorning it.

"Athalie Greensleeve!" he exclaimed, showing his pleasure unmistakably.

"C. Bailey, Junior," she rejoined, as steadily as she could, for her heart was beating wildly with the excitement of meeting him, and her emotions were not under full control.

"You have grown so," he said, with the easy, boyish cordiality of his caste, "I didn't recognize you for a moment. Tell me, do you still live down—er—down there?"

She said: "I knew you as soon as I set eyes on you. You are very much taller, too. No; we went away from Spring Pond the year after my father died."

"I see," he said sympathetically. And back into his memory flashed that scene with her by the stove in the dusky bar. And then he remembered her as she stood in her red hood and cloak staring at the closed door of the room where her dead father lay. And he remembered touching her frosty little hand, and the incident of the watch.

"I never went back there," he mused, half to himself, looking curiously at the girl before him. "I wanted to go—but I never did."

"No; you never came back," she said slowly.

"I couldn't. I was only a kid, you see. My mother wouldn't let me go there that summer. And father and I joined a club down South, so we did not go back for the duck shooting. That is how it happened."

She nodded, gravely, but said nothing to him about her faith in his return, how confidently, how patiently she had waited through that long, long summer for the boy who never returned.

"I did think of you often," he volunteered, smiling at her.

"I thought of you, too. I hoped you would come and let me teach you to sail a boat."

"That's so! I remember now. You were going to show me how."

"Have you learned to sail a boat?"

"No. I'll tell you what I'll do, Athalie, I'll come down this summer——"

"But I don't live there any more."

"That's so. Where do you live?"

She hesitated, and his eyes fell for the first time from her youthful and engaging face to the clothes she wore—black clothes that seemed cheap even to a boy who had no knowledge of feminine clothing. She was all in rusty black—hat, gloves, jacket, and skirt; and the austere and slightly mean setting made the contrast of her hair and skin the more fresh and vivid.

"I live," she replied diffidently, "with my two sisters in West Fifty-fourth Street. I am stenographer and typewriter in the offices of a department store."

"I'd like to come to see you," he said impulsively. "Shall I—when vacation begins?"

"Are you still at school?"

He laughed. "I'm at Harvard. I'm down for Easter just now. Tell me, Athalie, would you care to have me come to see you when I return?"

"If you would care to come."

"I surely would!" he said cordially, offering his hand in adieu. "I want to ask you a lot of questions, and we can talk over all those jolly old times"—as though years of comradeship lay behind them instead of an hour or two. Then his glance fell on the

slim hand he was shaking, and he saw the strap-watch which he had given her still clasped around her wrist.

"You wear that yet—that old shooting-watch of mine?" he laughed.

She smiled.

"I'll give you a better one than that next Christmas," he said, taking out a little note-book and pencil. "I'll write it down—'Strap-watch for Athalie Greensleeve, next Christmas'—there it is! And—will you give me your address?"

She gave it; he noted it, closed his little Russia-leather book with a snap, and pocketed it.

"I'm glad I saw you," said the girl. "I hope you won't forget me. I am late; I must go—I suppose——"

"Indeed I won't forget you," he assured her warmly, shaking the slender black-gloved hand again.

He meant it when he said it. Besides, she was so pretty and frank and honest with him. Few girls he knew in his own caste were as attractive; none as simple, as direct.

He really meant to call on her some day and talk things over. But days and weeks, and finally months slipped away. And somehow, in thinking of her and of his promise, there now seemed very little left for them to talk about. After all they had said to each other nearly all there was to be said, there on the elevated platform that April morning. Besides, he had so many, many things to do; so many pleasures promised and accepted, visits to college friends, a fishing-trip with his father—really there seemed to be no hour in the long vacation unengaged.

He always wanted to see her when he thought of her; he really meant to find a moment to do it, too. But there seemed to be no moment suitable.

Even when he was back in Cambridge he thought about her occasionally and planned, vaguely, a trip to New York so that he might redeem his promise to her.

He took it out in thinking.

At Christmas, however, he sent her a wrist-watch, a dainty French affair of gold and enamel, and a contrite note excusing himself for the summer delinquencies and renewing his promise to call on her.

The dead-letter office returned watch and letter.

The Rajah's Tunic

This is the second of "The Adventures of Dominica," for which, no doubt, you have been impatiently waiting after reading "Braga's Double" in the last issue of *Cosmopolitan*. It was a first-class yarn with a most unusual heroine—don't you think? Here is one that is even better. Dominica, with her strict code of personal morals and utter indifference to the property rights of others, is a young person whose career is ordained by fate to be filled with surprises. It is just these characteristics that get her into her present scrape and carry her through a remarkable series of daring exploits.

By Henry C. Rowland

Author of "Braga's Double," and other Dominica Meduna stories

Illustrated by John Alonzo Williams

SEÑOR EMILIO BRAGA was less disturbed over his failure to assassinate the police agent, Legrand, than to learn that Toni le Rat was back in Paris after his sojourn in Cayenne, and had been beaten into a pulp in the Café du Boeuf Gras by his, Braga's, understudy.

He opined that the air of Paris was no longer for him a wholesome atmosphere. He doubted that it would conduce to wealth or longevity. Legrand had taken the attempt upon his life too quietly to please Braga, who thought it most probable that he was busily engaged in spinning his net, but it was the fear of Toni's retaliation which decided him to transfer his business operations elsewhere. Toni's score against him was a long one.

Wherefore he decided to depart unostentatiously to Italy, and thence to Buenos Aires, where the means of a livelihood awaited him. He said nothing of this plan to Dominica, for the girl had shown herself markedly hostile since his attempt upon the life of Legrand. Besides, Braga owed her several thousand francs and he felt that, at this juncture, ready cash would be of greater value than even the cooperation of so charming and talented a girl as Nica.

When Dominica became convinced that Braga had actually departed for an indefinite period, she said things about him which even a Tammany brave of the old school would have been inclined to resent. She had always maintained that a certain code of honor should obtain among thieves of the high professional caste, and her

comments on Braga would have made a pariah writhe. Having thus relieved her feelings, she sat down to consider her own none too enviable position.

Dominica was a thief and an associate of thieves, but she was very far from belonging to the frail sisterhood, as was generally supposed by the police. Her code of ethics in this regard was curiously strict, and although she had, on certain occasions, experienced swift infatuations for certain men whose personalities appealed to her tempestuous temperament, such episodes had been few and far-between, short-lived, and never inspired by greed of gain. She was what is known in the slang of the French underworld as a *souris d'hôtel*, or house-mouse, and her "lay" was to gain admittance to some wealthy household whether in the capacity of maid or manicure or teacher of languages (all of which vocations she was admirably equipped to ply), and from this point of vantage to work in conjunction with the *cambrioleur*, or burglar.

After Braga's flight, Dominica found herself dangerously near the uppers of her pretty little high-heeled shoes. She was not a provident young person, and when in need of funds usually went to the South American, who never failed to supply her, though rather grumblingly, with enough to relieve her necessities. Braga had never been able to forgive the girl's imperviousness to his own powers of fascination, for Nica had always kept their relations on a strictly business basis. But she had proved herself invaluable to him in his profession

The Rajah's Tunic

of "fence," or disposer of stolen goods, not only in the assistance rendered his clients but in the occasional selling of pilfered wares. Her vivid, almost startling beauty was in itself sufficient explanation to the merchant for Nica's possession of a valuable jewel. "It was a present from a friend of mine, but I would rather have the money," was Nica's naive statement, and no more questions would be asked.

But here was Braga gone and Nica in debt and scarcely knowing which way to turn. The Paris season was at its height and there should have been plenty to do, but the police had been unusually vigilant, and several good workers of Nica's acquaintance had either been warned to leave or else, on looking the situation over, had left town of their own accord. Dominica was getting rather discouraged and seriously contemplating legitimate employment when, on strolling down the boulevard, she happened to run into English Jeff, alias "*milor*," alias "*le bec rouge*," this last *sobriquet* from the rubicund hue of a rather bulbous nose.

Jeff's specialty was confidence work rather than burglary, though he was known to be an exceedingly able cracksmen when it came to house entering and safe opening. He had graduated in the excellent school of plumbing, gas-fitting, electrical adjusting, with a postgraduate course in locksmith work. It was said of him, however, among his British associates, that he was a dangerous pal with whom to work, as he was apt to "funk" a job at the critical moment. He lacked the cold nerve requisite for inside operations, and this yellow streak had practically driven him from burglary to confidence games, in which he had not his superior.

Nica had met Jeff at the house of Léontine Petrovsky, in Passy, and rather liked him, though not placing him in a very high class. But she was glad to see him now, for things were very dull, and, with Nica, to be dull was to be sad and to reflect on by-gone days when she had been a good girl and went to mass and confessed her little venial sins to a good old priest who took them very seriously and sent her out feeling as light and joyous as a bird.

"Bless my soul, if it ain't Fussfoot!" exclaimed Jeff heartily, as his small, roving eyes fell on Nica. "What cheer, girlie?"

"Bad cheer, Jeff," answered Nica, giving him her small gloved hand. "Over for the races?"

"Right-o! And 'ow's everybody in gay Pa-ree? 'Ow's Emilio?"

"Don't mention that quitter's name to me," said Nica bitterly. She had passed the early years of her life in New York and was fond of affecting American slang. "Something threw a scare into him, and he flew the fortifs. He didn't even wait to square up his account with me."

"Oh, I s'y! Well, I always piped 'im down for a bally little rotter. Sorry to 'ear 'e's gone, though. I'd 'oped to do a little turn with 'im before going back 'ome. Let's go somewheres and 'ave a peg."

Nica consenting to this, they went to a near-by café, where Jeff ordered a whisky and soda for himself and an orangeade for his companion. The girl told him of the fiasco of Braga's double, and Jeff laughed heartily.

"Toni will be arfter 'm 'oofs and 'ide," said he. "Well, you can 'ardly blyme 'im, come to think. The Paris mob will miss Emilio, though. I s'y, Nica, w'y don't you take over his business?"

"Too risky," said Nica. "It's one thing to get rid of a few sparklers now and then and another to flood the market. Legrand's watching the bunch pretty close these days. He's got to send some boarders to the *Santé* before long or tell the prefect why."

Jeff sighed.

"Things ain't like they were in the good old d'ys when we had Ivan and Chu-Chu, and that's no mistyke. Nothin' left but a bloomin' string of amachures. But it ought not be 'ard for you." His eyes ran with admiring appraisal over the girl's delicious features and her slender, perfectly proportioned figure. "With a prince or a grand duke on the end o' the 'alter, you could shed gewgaws on the Rue de la Paix, and no one to say a blooming word."

"Nix on that, Jeff," answered Nica decidedly. "It's not in my line. I'm out for graft, but not the other. If you happen to know of any fat crib that wants cracking, you can count me in if it looks good, but I've got to be foot-loose."

"Well, everybody to their own tyste," said Jeff. He wrinkled his florid brow and sat for a moment moving his glass in little circles on the table—a mannerism of his when in thought, and one that might get him in trouble some fine day. "Speakin' o' cribs, there's a promisin' bit o' work right 'ere in Paris that was brought to my

notice not long since. I been tryin' to get my nerve up to the point o' tacklin' it. Ever hear o' Sutton Dalrymple?"

Nica raised her eyebrows. "The American sculptor?" she asked.

"That's the party. Sculps 'orses and stags and leopards and the like. Animal sculptor, 'e is, and the best, they tell me."

"I know his work," said Nica. "There was a big group of his in the Salon."

"Right!" said Jeff. "Tiger crouchin' down with a baby between its paws and snarlin' at a nigger woman r'ared up to drive a spear into 'im. Well, this 'ere Dalrymple is rich as cream, and, besides sculptin', 'e travels a lot and 'as a 'obby for collectin' Oriental costooms. I read a long

piece in a paper about some o' the jeweled clothes 'e 'ad, and not long ago there were some pictures of 'im showin' 'im rigged out for a fancy-dress ball. 'E 'ad on the costoom of a rajah which was sewn that thick with pearls that it would stand up on its own skirts. His turban was fastened with a brooch that 'eld a pigeon-blood ruby as big as a robin's egg, with brilliants set around it. It said under the picture that the whole rig out was valued at about a million francs."

Nica's eyes began to glow. It always excited her to talk about treasure, especially when in the form of jewels and precious objects.

"Where does he keep it?" she asked.

"That's what I want to find out," Jeff answered. "If I thought 'twas out in Neuilly, where 'e lives, I might tyke a chance though I'm a bit shy o' crib crackin', as per'aps you m'y 'ave 'eard. The 'ouse sets in a big garden and the studio's a wing abuttin' on the side street with an iron grill door. The windows are barred on the ground floor. The servants are Japs, and 'is valet a 'Indu, or the like."

"Has he any family?" Nica asked.

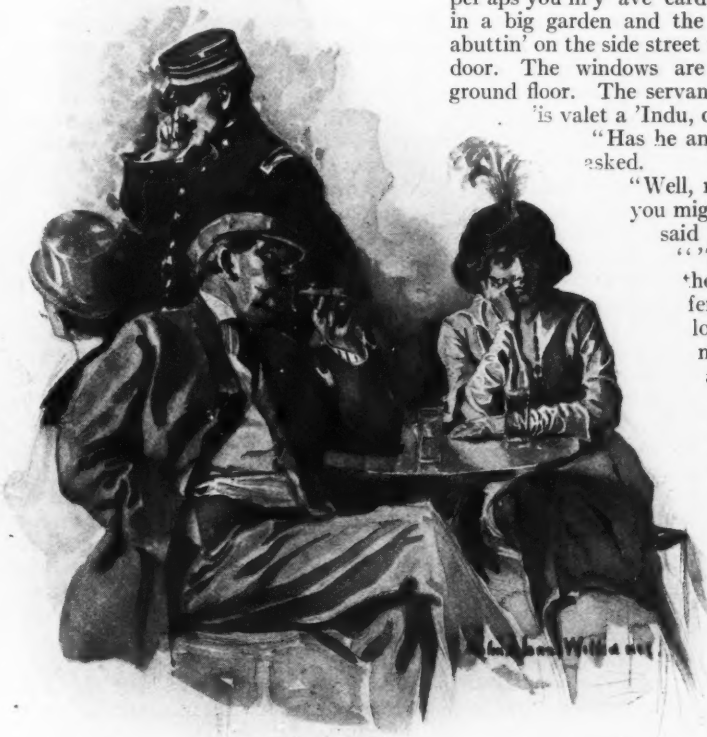
"Well, not exactly what you might call a family,"

said Jeff, with a grin.

"'Taint likely, though, that he suffers much from loneliness. You must ha' seen 'im around town.

Tall, lean, square-shouldered man about thirty-five. Smooth shaven and got a jaw on 'im that could bloomin' well bite the muzzle off a gun. Scar over his left eye. Decorated, o' course. Is'y,

Nica, if I was lookin' for something easy to go up against, 'e'd be about



"I s'y, Nica, if I was 'lookin' for something easy to go up against, 'e'd be about the larst choice"

the larst choice." He drew down the corners of his mouth and tugged at his florid mustache, with a scowl that wiped the false expression of good humor from his face and revealed the underlying cruel and cowardly nature.

Nica was not looking at him. Her blue eyes were watching the passing traffic, but her mind was on that pearl-encrusted rajah's tunic and the turban-brooch with its splendid ruby and satellite gems. It was precisely such a job as this that most appealed to her. She had a supreme contempt for pickpockets and shoplifters and sneak-thieves of a paltry class, whose gains were usually trifling and resulting in distress to simple victims, and whose risks were not of life but of short incarceration. On the contrary, she intensely admired such masters of their craft as the late M. de Maxeville, alias "*Chu-Chu le Tondeur*," whose consummate skill was only equaled by his daring, and beneath whose marvelous touch the most modern safe was a mere bonbon-box; also such a king of burglars as the retired Frank Clamart, alias "The Tidewater Clam," "The Swell," and so forth, who would remain a year inactive rather than undertake a petty piece of work.

But Nica was not very sure about Jeff. She had heard that his ability as a cracksmen was of a grade not far removed from that of Chu-Chu, but she had also heard that he was faint of heart and what he had just said about his reputation was a practical acknowledgment of this failing. But the stake was so big that Nica decided to try to spur him up to the attempt.

"All that sounds mighty good to me, Jeff," she said. "It seems a shame to let such a chance go by. There's not a man in Europe as fit to handle it as you are."

Jeff's scowl deepened. "Oh, I'm no duffer, when it comes to that," said he, "but the job 'as got its drawbacks. There's the servants, for one thing. These 'ere Orientals are light sleepers and proper cats to prowl. Then I misdoubt this 'ere Dalrymple would 'old up a cove if 'e was to catch 'im in the act. The blighter would drill you first and arrest you arfterward. Besides, 'ow am I to know that the stuff is in the 'ouse?"

"That would be my end of it," said Nica, whose active brain was already working on the problem. "What if we were to pull it off together, Jeff? Just you and me, working

on even shares. With a hundred thousand dollars apiece we could quit the business. You could buy a little farm and settle down to raising horses, like you told me once was what you always wanted to do."

For half an hour she talked to him earnestly, playing on his vanity as a cracksmen, bolstering up his courage, and picturing his pet desire. Under the spell of her persuasion, the burglar's scowl gradually gave way to an expression of eagerness.

"Look here, Jeff!" said Nica finally. "If I can manage to make sure that the stuff is there in the house, will you tackle it? Perhaps I might even work things so as to help you from the inside."

"Well," said Jeff slowly, "I'd about myde up my mind to chuck crib crackin'—but if you can do all that, w'y, then, you're on."

II

MR. SUTTON DALRYMPLE was a man whose acknowledged genius, great wealth, and striking personality had made him a conspicuous figure in whatever society he happened for the time to move. Besides being a celebrated sculptor, he had achieved fame as an explorer and had had the title of F. R. G. S. conferred upon him. He was accustomed to enjoy the hospitality of royalty, the adulation of artists, and the worship of women, and he had not hesitated to accept such tribute as his individual right.

Yet all these benefits had left him cold and far from content. He was less happy and self-satisfied than many a humble fellow craftsman toiling in his garret with but little to sustain him beyond his aspirations and perhaps the encouragement of a faithful friend or two. Dalrymple's frequent fits of dejection were formed by two factors—the one was an early and unfortunate love-affair which had made of him a misogynist; the other was because he had weighed his work in a balance and found the finished fragment invariably sent soaring by the imagined ideal.

When some big piece of his brought him great *réclame*, Dalrymple, instead of being pleased and proud, indulged in violent profanity. "Punk," he raved, "wormy, rotten punk! If I could have done the cursed thing as I felt it—oh, poison! I wonder if I ever shall?"

From maligning himself he turned to the

maligning of his models. "How the blistering sheol am I to make a silk purse out of one of these swivel-breasted, swine-eared things that have the nerve to pose for Olympians? Take this Artemis of mine that's turning my hair gray. If I get a girl with a decent neck, she's sure to have the bow-lines of a Dutch fishing-smack, and if I work in another for the torso, she's got legs like a dachshund. No wonder the thing looks like a crazy-quilt! If only I could find some girl with a shape that fitted her from truck to gudgeon, I might be able to do something!"

Dalrymple, laboring on an Artemis about to send her spear into the throat of a boar (he had killed the boar himself at a *chasse* in the forest of Nitry and had it mounted), was indulging in such reflections when his Japanese butler came in to say that a lady had called and wished to see him. She had not given a card.

"Another model?" snapped Dalrymple, for his needs were known and there had been no dearth of applicants.

"Unable to say, sar. She very nice. Plenty red hair. *Young lady, sar.*"

"Show her in here," said Dalrymple wearily, and added to himself, "Must be that Irish girl that old Lodin recommended."

The butler reappeared directly, ushering Dominica, who was simply but most effectively costumed in a last-season's model which had been ruined by a sudden shower during the Grand Prix de Steeplechase at Auteuil the year before. Dalrymple recognized the symptoms of some such tragedy, but only in an indefinite way and without giving much heed. His eyes, trained to anatomical proportions, were reading the full, free, sweeping lines of the figure beneath the jaded finery, and his lean face lighted with a sudden ray of hope. The girl had all the look of a model, and more than that, so far as he could ascertain, beneath her stylish shabbiness, the lithe, supple form appeared to be precisely of the type he so much needed for his Artemis.

"Good-afternoon," said Dalrymple, rising and laying down his pipe.

Nica made a timid little bow. "Good-afternoon," said she. "I hope you will excuse me for disturbing you. I called to ask if you happened to be in need of a model."

"I certainly am," said Dalrymple, in his heavy bass. "Just at this moment I am

more in need of the right sort of a model than anything I can possibly think of. Did Monsieur Lodin send you to me?"

"No," she answered, shyly; "I came of my own accord."

Dalrymple glanced sharply at the girl's lovely face. Her shrinking, diffident manner struck him as quite unlike that of the usual, matter-of-fact professional; also, English and American models were rare in Paris. He could not be sure to which nationality Nica belonged, but was inclined to think the latter, from her accent.

"Very well," said he, "it really doesn't matter a particle if you've got what I want, and I'm almost inclined to think that you have. He motioned to the dressing-screen. "Let me see your figure, please."

The girl's head drooped. "I—I don't pose undraped—" she faltered.

"What?" said Dalrymple harshly, "you don't pose for the nude? Good Lord, what d'you think I want? What d'you think any sculptor wants? I need a model to go on with that!" He pointed to his unfinished Artemis poised over the boar. "I've been hung up for three weeks and looked at I don't know how many models—fat girls and thin girls and big girls and little girls and white girls and black girls and yellow girls and pink girls—bless my soul, I feel as if I never wanted to look at a girl again! Not one of 'em was worth a lump of ice at the North Pole for my purpose. And now you come in here and seem to have just the figure I need, so far as I can see, and the face too, for that matter, and you have the cheek to tell me that you don't pose for the nude?"

Nica listened to this tirade with downcast eyes. "I'm very sorry, Mr. Dalrymple—" she began, but the irate sculptor cut her short.

"Sorry be hanged! A model with ideas like yours is like a canary-bird that won't sing! What the dickens does it matter, anyhow, whether you pose your face and neck and arms and legs or your whole body? If you had to have an operation, you wouldn't be so squeamish, would you? Well, my work is finer than any beastly operation. An operation is to prolong a single life, and my art is to perpetuate all beauty. Confound it, you ought to be proud to lend your figure to such a piece of work as I've got in my head!" He picked up his pipe and lighted it sulkily.

The Rajah's Tunic

Dominica, listening to this peroration, thought how greatly it would simplify matters if she were to conform with the irate artist's demands. She had no fear that her superb body might fall short of his requirements. She came of a race bred for centuries in the Venetian Alps (which border on the Dolomites), and it is probable that, at that moment, if the occasion had arisen, she could have balanced a bucket filled with water on her golden head and have mounted, thus laden, a thousand feet or two without undue fatigue to legs and lungs. She possessed an inheritance of supple strength which was delicately clothed by a life of comparative ease and gave to her figure that suggestion of latent physical force to furnish which the factors lay in a light disguise. No Artemis (or Diana, if one prefers the Roman name) could have boasted a more perfect body.

Perhaps it was the very consciousness of this which made Dominica so loath to reveal the beautiful body which she had always guarded far more jealously than she had her capricious soul. She was a thief, a criminal, but she could not bare her body to this stranger—even for the rajah's tunic.

Dalrymple, who was not accustomed to opposition where his craft was concerned, came at her again in a savage, dominant way.

"Don't be silly," said he, almost roughly. "If you are a model, as you say, then be a model. No good ever came of half-measures. If you've got the figure that I want, and I think you have, I'll pay you a hundred francs an hour for your pose. Look here! Have you ever posed before?"

"No," said Dominica faintly.

"I thought as much. What's the matter? Come over here to study art or music or dancing or some other fool thing, and the money run out?"

"Yes," faltered Dominica.

"And getting hard up and shoved to the wall, and, knowing that you were pretty, you thought that you might pick up a little posing—eh? Well, you can't. A model is a model. It's a profession—just like a *bonne à toute faire*. Maybe you're right. You'd be safe with me posing in nothing but your soul—but you wouldn't in most studios. What are you? English?"

"No; American," said Dominica.

"Well, then, maybe as a compatriot you'll let me help you out. What do you do? Paint or sing or what?"

"I sing," said Dominica, "but I don't want any help, thank you. I'll manage somehow. I thought that perhaps you might want a model for the head and neck and arms——"

"Well, and so I do!" snapped Dalrymple. "But I want the same model for the rest of it." He leaned back in his chair and, half closing his eyes, studied Dominica as she sat on the edge of the divan. "Perhaps I might be able to use you, after all."

"Draped?"

"Yes; draped. Come here to-morrow morning at ten, and I'll give you a Greek tunic. You'll see what I'm trying to get, and if it doesn't work you might be persuaded to slip it off."

"Don't count on that, Mr. Dalrymple," said Dominica earnestly, "because I'll do nothing of the sort."

"You won't be made to if you'd rather not," said Dalrymple. "I'll work at your head and neck to start with." He reached for his pipe, lighted it, and, leaning back in his chair, clasped his hands behind his head and surveyed Dominica through half-closed eyes. "American, are you? I should say that you were Italian—from the Veneto."

"My family came from there," said Nica, rather startled at this perspicacity but seeing no reason for denying its truth. "I'm Italian American."

Dalrymple waved his hand. "Oh, never mind the Italian," said he. "You're all American in your ideas—though, come to think of it, the people from your section have got us Americans beaten miles when it comes to personal modesty. Catholic?"

"Yes," said Nica.

"Then ask your father confessor what he thinks about your earning a few hundred francs for yourself and the Church by posing for a prospective masterpiece. If he objects, ask him for me if he thinks that the frescoes of the Sistine Chapel were painted from *chic*." He rose to his feet, stepped to a desk at the side of the studio, and took a hundred-franc note from the top of a layer of bills. "Here's a little on account—no; that's what I keep it there for. Come at ten to-morrow morning."

Dominica took the hundred francs, thanked him, promised to be on time the following day, and was ushered out by the Japanese. She went directly to Montmartre, where she met Jeff and told



"I'll pay you a hundred francs an hour for your pose. Look here! Have you ever posed before?" "No," said Dominica faintly

him that she was engaged to pose for Dalrymple.

"He thinks that I'm a stranded musical student," said Dominica, "and when I get to know him better, I'll try to find out about the costume. Perhaps I can get him to show it to me. Then, some afternoon, I'll be taken ill and ask him to let me sleep in the studio. As long as I'm posing for him, I'll meet you here every evening at eight o'clock. If I don't show up, that's your cue to turn the trick."

This seemed like good business to Jeff, who promised to play up to Nica's lead, and she presented herself at the studio the following day promptly on the hour, and

found Dalrymple in a very bad humor because the girl promised him by the great Lodin had called and revealed a figure far too boyish for his conception of the goddess of the chase.

"Maitre Lodin must be losing his mind to send me a type like that," he grumbled, as he took a Grecian tunic from an *armoire* and tossed it behind the dressing-screen. "She'd do for a vestal virgin or a Spartan girl, but, hang it all, I want a grown woman! Not a Madison Square Garden Diana or the Hans Makart sort but one that suggests the strength to send a hunting-spear through a pig like that—" And he jerked his head toward his stuffed boar, which had

The Rajah's Tunic

weighed three hundred and forty French pounds.

"I don't believe that I could," said Nica, looking doubtfully at the animal in question.

"Well, you could make him pretty sick, I fancy. Still obstinate about the altogether? Oh, come—be reasonable."

"I simply can't do it," said Nica positively. "I'd rather starve."

Dalrymple lighted his pipe. "I'll get an old Philadelphia lady to sit here in the studio while you're posing, if that'll induce you," he proposed.

Nica shook her golden head.

"It isn't that," said she. "I know that you are a gentleman and an artist, and I'm not the least bit afraid of your not being nice. Perhaps I may be foolish, but I simply can't bear the idea of it."

"All right," snapped Dalrymple, "if you must be stubborn, I'll see how much I can do with you draped. Slip off your clothes and put on that Grecian thing. Don't wear anything under it, though. Gad, you might as well pose in that flimsy dress you've got on as to swap it for the tunic! Bare feet and legs, mind. I don't suppose you object to my seeing that much of you."

Nica stepped behind the screen, presently to emerge in the Grecian costume which was a chiton of the Ionian form, girded at the waist and enveloping the entire figure. The material was a soft *crêpe de Chine*, white, but sufficiently opaque to conceal the figure except in such pliant poses as brought the stuff lightly against the anatomical structure beneath.

But to Dalrymple, skilled in an appreciation of human physical perfections, even as suggested through light drapery, two facts were immediately apparent—the first being that here indeed was precisely the form of which he stood in such dire need for his conception of a light, strong, beautifully proportioned Artemis, and the second that he could never hope to do justice to that superb figure thus partially concealed. With a dark frown on his handsome, virile face, he put Nica through several poses with a medieval hunting-spear; then, leaving her standing on her bare, pink feet in the middle of the splendid Aubusson rug, he flung his big frame upon a divan and swore.

"What's the matter?" asked Dominica timidly. "Don't you like me?"

"Like you?" groaned Dalrymple. "Good

Lord, that's just the trouble! I like you nearly to death. Unless I'm afflicted with snow-blindness in the middle of June, you've got exactly the figure for which I've been pawing Paris with a fine-toothed comb. Now, for goodness sake show me as much of your wonderful body as your maiden modesty will permit. Haul that cursed thing down over your shoulders and bare your arms. You ought not go to hell for that much of a concession."

Nica obeyed, feeling rather frightened. There was an honest intensity about this American sculptor which thrilled her despite herself.

"Just as I thought!" growled Dalrymple. "You've got it! Not a bone in sight—and yet you can feel 'em there. That full arch springing from the clavicles and suggesting the rush of free air—my soul!" (He was talking to himself, not to Dominica) "And those strong round arms that could bend a fifty-pound bow——"

"A fifty-pound bow?" echoed Dominica.

"Yes. Not fifty pounds in weight, my little dear, but requiring fifty pounds tension on the muscles of the right arm to draw a twenty-eight-inch arrow to the head. Queen Victoria could do it in her youth. Here—let's see if I'm not right!"

He stepped to the wall of the studio, which was like a museum in its display of savage ornaments and weapons, and took down a Lecco Indian bow which he had picked up on the Rio Mapiri in the course of an expedition across the Andes. Stringing it with no apparent effort, he fitted an arrow to the cord of jaguar gut and handed it to Dominica.

"Let's see if you can draw that to the head," said he. "Hook your two first fingers around the cord and pull to the right ear with a quick jerk. Look out how you point it!"

The warning came a second too late. Dominica, entering into the spirit of the game, gripped the bow and, with that resilient strength which was her inheritance from generations of mountaineers, and before Dalrymple could lift a hand to prevent her, had snatched the arrow to its head. The cord slipped from her fingers; the shaft sped. Dominica gave a stifled shriek of pain, for the cord had grazed her right breast. There was a crash at the end of the studio, and fragments of glass, with the splintered arrow, fell to the polished parquet.

Dalrymple gave a shout of triumph. "By gad, I knew it!" he exulted. Clean to the head—and I was the only man in the canoe that could do it! Oh, never mind that Italian Renaissance mirror—I say, did you hurt yourself?" For Dominica's face was contracted with pain from the sting of the cord.

"Oh, it's nothing!" she whimpered. "The cord slipped and—and——"

"By George, I'm sorry!" said Dalrymple contritely. "I should have thought. Hurt you much? You know, they say the Amazon women used to amputate the right breast in order to fight with the bow. Sit down."

Dominica obeyed. Her injury was merely a sting which quickly passed.

"It's really nothing," said she, drawing her tunic about her, then glanced at the sculptor, who seemed suddenly to have relapsed into his early gloom.

"It's everything!" he snorted. "I was watching your bare arm as the tension came on it. If I could get that with the muscular contraction of the *latissimus dorsi*—oh, come—see here, Miss—Miss—what the deuce is your name, anyhow?"

"Dominica Meduna."

"Dominica? Born on Sunday, I suppose?"

She nodded.

"Well, Dominica, strip off that silly tunic and get up here and pose. By George"—a sudden flame came into his eyes—"I've half a mind to strip it off you myself!"

Dominica sprang to her feet, her face aglow. "You wouldn't dare!" she cried.

"I dare," said Dalrymple grimly, "but I won't. I'm not altogether a cad. But, look here! Can't you understand what you're depriving me of? What you're depriving the world of? What you're depriving Art of? We all need you? Can't you lend us that body for a little while? Why, my dear girl, I'll tell you something that is God's truth, though nobody'd ever believe it. Of all the women who have posed for me, models, *femmes du monde*, and once or twice royalty itself, and nude, I have never seen any further than work. I tell you, on my honor, that all else is as impersonal as a body on his operating-table might be to a great surgeon. I have never so much as kissed a woman who posed for me. It's

for Art, Beauty, the Ideal—don't you understand?"

Nica nodded. "I understand," said she slowly, "but I can't—I simply can't!"

"Oh, very well," said Dalrymple curtly. "Then let's get to work and do the best we can with what we've got."

III

DOMINICA, feeling the urgent need peculiar to the Latin race of confessing her perplexities to somebody, took Jeff into her confidence. That muddy soul, whose singular combination of manual dexterity, lower-animal cunning, and utter absence of the qualities attendant on the higher evolution of race might have been likened to the anthropoid ape, was unhappily ill furnished with the sympathetic subtlety required of the situation. Nica's vehement explanation left the cracksman considerably confused. Jeff failed utterly to understand why a girl who was working to rob a house should be so coy in the question of clothes.

"W'y don't ye do as 'e arks?" Jeff demanded, "'tain't every gell can see her shape in the Salon? He pays 'arndsoms, too, I tyke it. No bloomin' 'arm to pick up a little on the side."

"Oh, rats!" said Nica angrily. "I won't, and that's all there is about it."

Although able to profit but little by the draped figure, Dalrymple continued to employ Dominica for the reason that he hoped, as she observed his efforts, her interest in the work might induce her to yield, but although he never lost an opportunity of urging his necessity, Nica remained obdurate. After four or five sittings, however, he began to lose his patience.

"You confounded little mule!" said he savagely, "how the deuce am I to do anything with you baled up like an Egyptian mummy?" He gave a bitter laugh. "I guess I'll have to marry you," said he. "That seems to be about the only way."

"I wouldn't marry you," said Dominica calmly.

"Oh, you wouldn't, hey? Why not?"

"I like my liberty too well. I wouldn't marry anybody."

"Well, I don't know but what you're right. Have you ever been in love?"

"Oh, yes," said Dominica indifferently; "several times—but never for very long."

Dalrymple chuckled. He was growing rather fond of the girl despite of, or perhaps because of, the fact that she was the second woman in his experience whom he had utterly failed to dominate, given every opportunity.

"Little cat!" said he, smoothing the deltoid of his Artemis into a simulacrum of Dominica's. "If I thought it would help any, I'd make love to you."

Dominica, seeing him in a good humor, which was rather rare, decided that the time had come to make her request. So she said, a little breathlessly:

"I saw a picture of you this spring in a paper. You had on the most gorgeous costume. I wish you'd let me see it, sometime."

Dalrymple wiped his fingers on his blouse and looked at her teasingly.

"I'll let you see it now, if you'll shed that tunic."

Dominica's lashes quivered. "Have you got it here?" she asked.

"Of course! Where do you think I'd keep it?"

"I should think that you'd keep anything so valuable in a safe-deposit," said she. "Underneath the picture it is said that the whole costume must be worth about a million francs."

"Well, what of it?" asked Dalrymple with a smile. "It wouldn't break me to lose that. Rest a bit."

"Won't you let me see it?" begged Dominica.

"Yes; I'll rig out in the whole paraphernalia for you—if you'll slip off that tunic."

Nica shook her head.

"I can't do that," she answered, "but I think you might let me see it. I do so love pretty things, and it's not often that I have a chance to see them close to."

Dalrymple hesitated for an instant, then shook his head.

"My dear girl," said he, "I fail to see the slightest reason why I should consider your pleasure for a single second. Listen to me: I have got in my mind at this moment the design for a group which would so far surpass anything that I have ever yet achieved that there is absolutely no comparison. The one thing needed to enable me to accomplish what I feel might be a real masterpiece is a proper model, and I am convinced that you are it. I have spent weeks searching for this, and now that I have

found it—" He threw out his hands with a gesture of despair. "I wonder if you realize what you are depriving me of?" he asked bitterly. "Money is no object. I will gladly pay you five hundred francs a pose for ten poses—or twenty, if I need them." He stepped to Dominica and shook his finger in her face. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" he growled.

For the fraction of a second Dominica wavered. Had Dalrymple been watching her, he might have followed up his advantage and gained his point. But the afternoon was late, and the spacious studio was becoming enshrouded in gloom. He stepped to the door and snapped on the lights, and the place was instantly suffused with a soft but brilliant glow, for the sculptor worked sometimes at night and the illumination had been arranged accordingly.

"Get on your clothes and paddle along," said Dalrymple wearily. "I've got to dress and go to a banquet to-night—farewell dinner to the painter Symone, who's starting on a trip around the world. And I'm very sorry, but I don't believe that I shall need you again. I've got as much as I can from what sticks out around the edges of your prudery. Hello! What's the matter?"

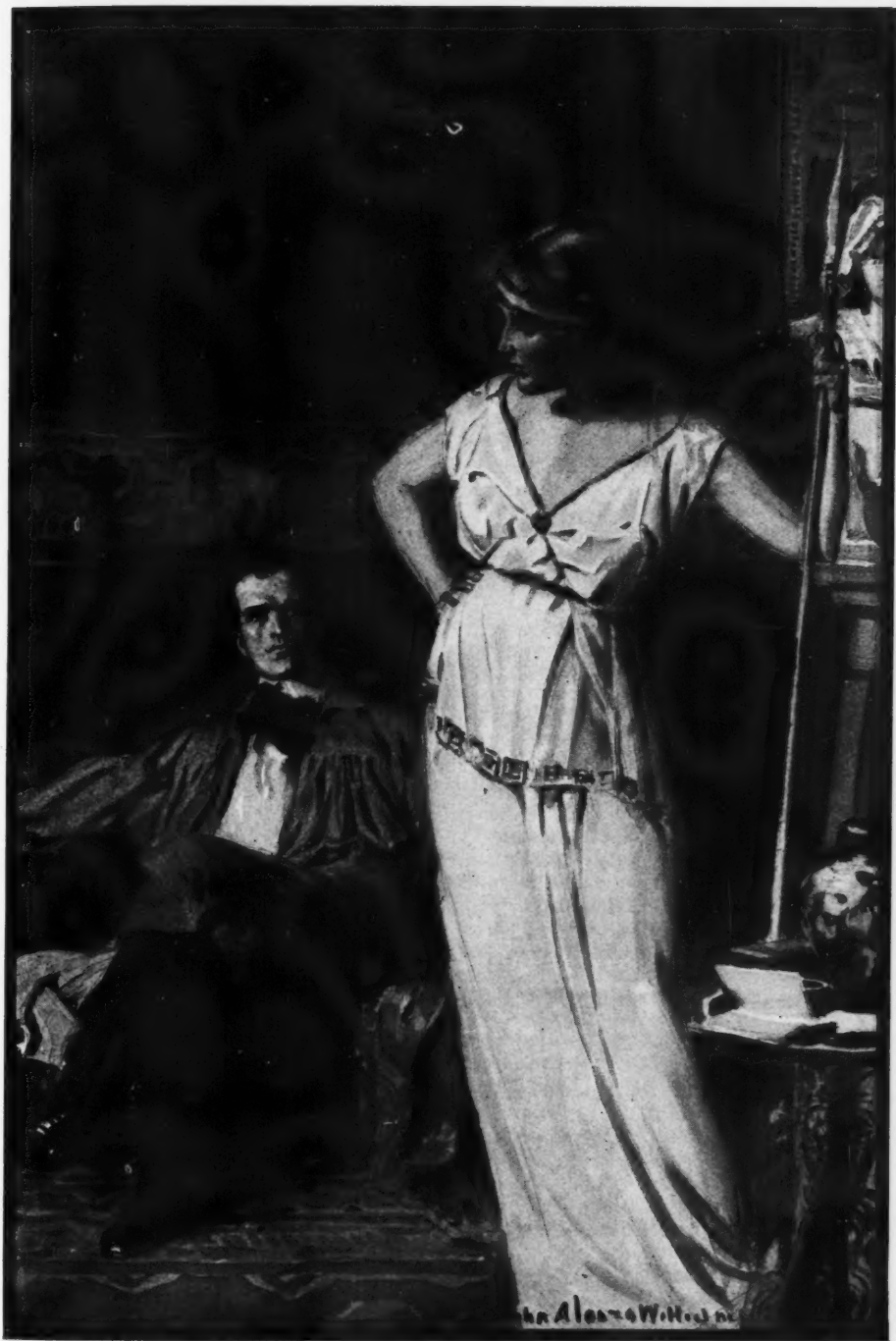
He stepped quickly to her side, for Dominica had fallen back against the cushions of the divan as though from a sudden fainting-spell. It was no new experience for Dalrymple. Models were sometimes so affected after a long pose, when his interest in his work had masked the flight of time and the person posing had not cared to interrupt his efforts. He stepped to the dressing-table and quickly took therefrom a vial of salts which he administered with a practised hand. Nica presently revived and looked about her with a bewildered air.

"A little cognac?" Dalrymple asked solicitously.

"No, thanks. I'm all right now. I'll dress and then, if I don't feel better, I'll lie down for a few minutes before going out."

"Very well," said Dalrymple; "I'll go dress and take you home in the car. I'm starting early as I want to stop at the Traveller's to see a man before going to the dinner. If you want anything, just ring. I've let the servants go out to-night, but Selim is down-stairs. Feeling better?"

"Yes, thanks," said Nica. "If you don't



DRAWN BY JOHN ALTON WILLIAMS

"What's the matter?" asked Dominica timidly. "Don't you like me?" "Like you?" groaned Dalrymple. "Good Lord, that's just the trouble! I like you nearly to death"

find me when you come down, you'll know I've gone."

"Better wait and let me give you a lift," said Dalrymple. He stepped to his desk and took from the money-drawer the last two remaining notes of a hundred francs each. "Here's a little token of appreciation from one artist to another," said he. "And I respect your scruples, my dear, even if they do operate to my own loss. I should want any woman in whom I had a personal interest to act the same—*à bientôt*—" And he strode through the door of the studio, flinging back the portières behind him.

Dominica waited until his heavy footfalls had died away. Then, rising to her feet with the feline lightness which had gained her the *sobriquet* of "*Patte-de-velours*" she slipped to the door and looked out into the dim-lit hall. There was nobody in sight. For ten minutes she stood listening, presently to hear from an upper story the swash of water as it fell from a shower-bath. This ceased directly, and Nica returned to where her clothes were lying and dressed hurriedly, throwing the Grecian costume across a chair.

The studio was an enormous room which abutted on the wall surrounding the grounds and was furnished with two means of exit: one, a small door which opened directly on a side street, and the other, a huge portal cut for the purpose of bringing in horses or other hoofed cattle (Dalrymple had once had a Bactrian camel borrowed from the *Jardin des Plantes* in the place) and for the egress of large pieces of statuary. At the far end of the studio was a gallery on which were placed, among other pieces of heavy furniture, three huge Normandy *armoires*.

Nica drew the portières, then opened the small door to the street, and slammed it with a crash which echoed through the house. She paused for an instant to listen, and thought that she heard Dalrymple's voice from above. Then, running lightly up the narrow staircase leading to the gallery, she opened one of the *armoire* doors, stepped inside, and closed it softly behind her.

Half an hour passed, as Nica, crouching in the *armoire*, with the carved door slightly ajar, could tell from the chiming clock in the main hall. A little later she heard a heavy step entering the studio. Peeping through

the chink in the door she saw Dalrymple in evening dress standing under the glow of the big central light and heard his "Humph!" of surprise to find the place untenanted. He paused for an instant, glanced at the small door which closed with a spring lock, then crossed the studio and shot a couple of heavy bolts. Then, with another grunt, more expressive of disgust than any other emotion, he snapped off the lights, turned on his heel, and went out. A few moments later Nica heard the deep-toned rumble of his big limousine car as it slid out into the broad avenue.

IV

SEEING nothing of Dominica at the appointed rendezvous, English Jeff decided with a little shudder of apprehension that the hour had struck for the loot of the rajah's costume and the big pigeon's-blood ruby. Jeff was, on the whole, rather glad. He was weary of suspense and growing flaccid around the jowls from lack of appetite and a good night's rest.

With his kit of tools variously distributed about his person under a loose, light, raglan coat, he proceeded to Neuilly and, dismissing his taxi at the corner of the Boulevards Bineau and du Château, took the shadow of the wall to the little side street which flanked Dalrymple's establishment. He was slinking down this, when a small door, which was partly hidden under a pendent mass of ivy, opened softly and a low voice whispered, "Jeff." The burglar was through the door like a plummet dropped into a pool. Nica had been watching for him through the narrow aperture.

"Well, here we are," she murmured in his lobeless ear. "Dalrymple's gone to a banquet, and the servants are all out except for the Indian valet, who is asleep in the kitchen."

"Where's the swag?" muttered Jeff.

"I'm not sure, but I think it might be in a big iron-bound chest up in the gallery of the studio. I asked him to let me see the costume this afternoon, and he wouldn't do it. But he's awfully careless about his things. There's a solid-gold paper-weight on his desk in the studio that must weigh five pounds. It's a cinch, Jeff. He doesn't know I'm in the house. I got faint just as he went to dress, and he told me to wait and he'd take me home in the car—"

"Right," interrupted Jeff. "Stow all that now. Let's 'ave a look at the chist."

Silent as two ghosts in their felt-soled shoes, Dominica led the way through the studio and up the narrow stairs to the gallery. The place was not entirely dark, because the spacious skylights let a certain tempered glow through from the bright sky. Dominica paused in front of the big antique strong box.

"I'm sure it's here," she whispered, "because when I asked to see it he looked this way. I think he was going to do it at first, but changed his mind. It can't be very hard to open, anyhow."

"They're 'ell to open," panted Jeff. "I'd rather tackle a proper syfe. 'Owever, 'ere goes. Slip down, you, and stand there by the door into the 'ouse. If you 'ear anything, give a bit of an 'iss."

Dominica obeyed his instructions. Several minutes passed. To the girl's tense ears came the faintest grating of a fine hack-saw. This presently ceased, and she heard the stairs creak under Jeff's solid bulk as he descended, slowly and cautiously.

"You haven't got it," she whispered, eagerly.

"Ho—'aven't I! That and some other swag besides. Little bit of all right, huh? Where's that gold paper-weight you was telling—"

He did not finish the sentence. There came a click, and the studio was flooded with light. Jeff, his arms full of the rajah's tunic, was taken sorely at a disadvantage, but the man was marvelously quick in spite of his apparent clumsiness and, startled and dazzled though he was, he had flung down his burden and snatched out an automatic pistol almost before his eyes could stand the glare. Then, as he peered about, tense and crouching, he saw nobody but Nica, who was standing, as though petrified, by the heavy portières of the big door leading into the house.

"Who's there?" whispered Jeff hoarsely.

"Nobody. The light must have been turned on from up-stairs," she gasped.

"Then come on—quick!" He gathered up his plunder and turned toward the small street entrance. Nica flew to his side, and, at the same moment, the dressing-screen fell forward with a crash and revealed the erect figure of Dalrymple standing as straight as a lance, both arms extended and each hand gripping a big army revolver.

"Hands up!" he said sternly. "Quick, now, or I'll blow your head off!"

Jeff's thick legs buckled under him. He obeyed the command as though lifting a hundredweight, and stood rocking on his feet and staring at Dalrymple with a blue, mottled face.

"You girl," said the sculptor harshly, "get up there in the gallery! Lively, now!"

Without a word, Nica turned and crept up the stairs.

"Now, Mr. Burglar," said Dalrymple, "turn your back."

Jeff obeyed. Dalrymple stepped forward, and, with the muzzle of one revolver against the clammy neck of the thief, he disarmed him, thrusting the pistol into his pocket.

"Now, then," said he, "do you see those big doors? Well, they're locked. Let's see how much of a cracksman you are. As soon as you can unlock 'em and get out, you can go."

"G'go where?" gurgled Jeff.

"To hades, for all I care."

"Y—you're goin' to let me off?" gasped Jeff incredulously.

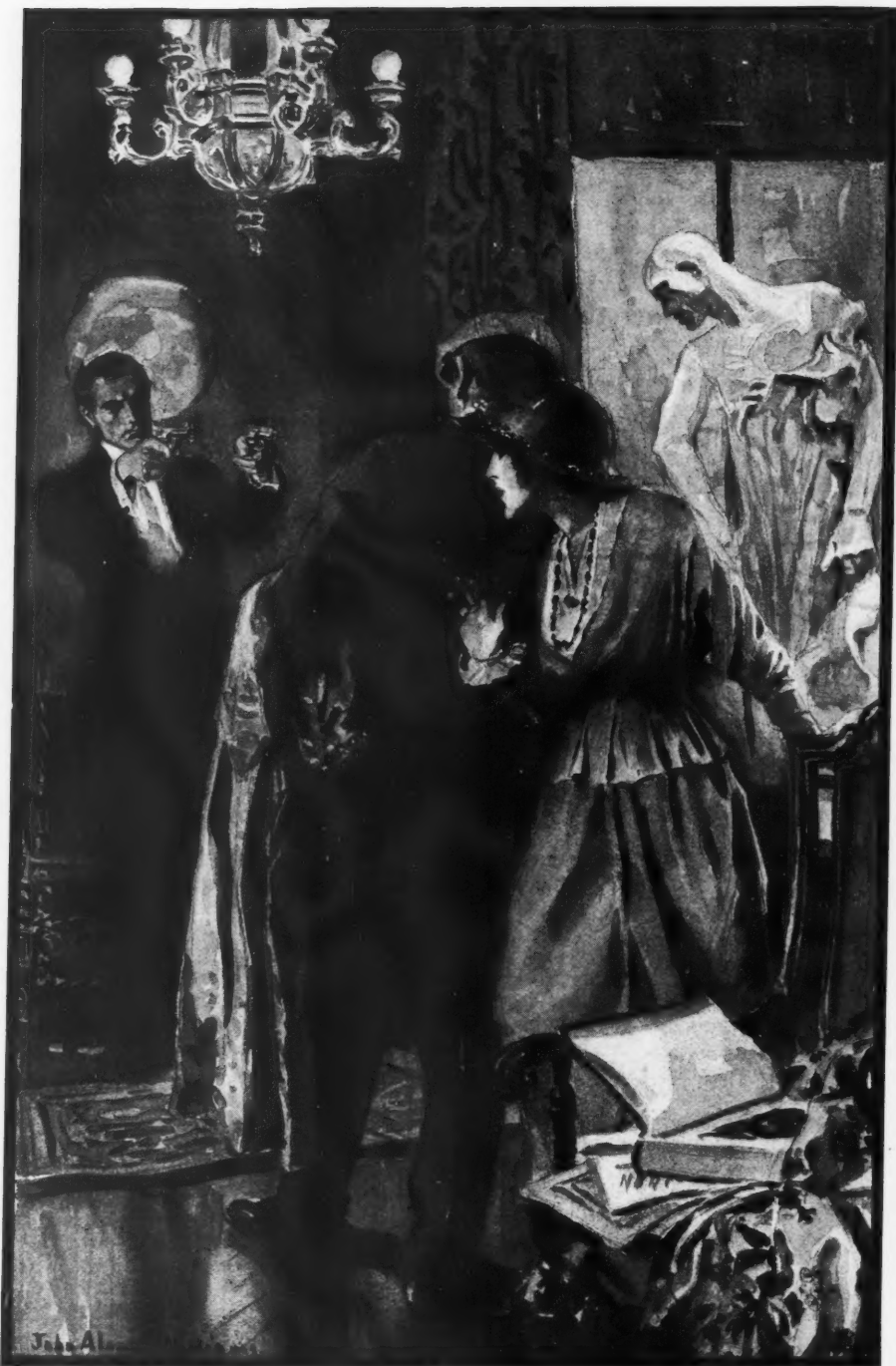
"Quite so. I'm going to let you off—with a lesson." Dalrymple stepped to the wall and unhooked a cruel, rhinoceros-hide sjambok, or Kaffir quirt, which was hanging with some other South African trophies. It was a fearful instrument of torture, and as Jeff's eyes fell on it he shrank away with a startled oath.

"Come now, my man," said Dalrymple, in a voice like ice; "get to work!"

With the revolver still covering the cowering thief, he swung up the whip. It whistled wickedly through the air and landed with a drawing cut across Jeff's burly shoulders, protected only by a light-serge coat. A strangling cry burst from the man, and he writhed about only to look into the muzzle of the big revolver.

"Better get on the job," advised Dalrymple. "The sooner you get out, the quicker your licking will be over. Start, now—" And again the whip fell with all the force of a strong, sinewy arm to lash the criminal across the thighs.

It is probable that, in the whole history of housebreaking, no cracksman ever worked at his profession under more painful circumstances. Jeff, seeing no alternative, whipped out such tools as the job required and set to work upon the heavy lock, his



DRAWN BY JOHN ALONZO WILLIAMS

"Hands up!" he said sternly. "Quick, now, or I'll blow your head off!"

operations punctuated by howls of anguish. Dalrymple, poised behind him, flogged mercilessly, his blows falling at the rate of about fifteen to the minute. He spared the head and neck, devoting his efforts principally to that part of Jeff's anatomy rendered most available by his stooping position.

Bawling like a branded calf, Jeff dropped to his knees when the sjambok cut him across the broad of his back. The pain of this becoming unendurable, he clambered to his feet and caught it lower down. But, despite the painfulness of the proceeding, he managed to keep his head and worked with a will, stifling his cries as best he might, lest they create a general alarm and the matter be taken from the hands of his ruthless captor. Jeff, all things considered, preferred a flogging to Cayenne. So stimulated were his manipulations that at the twentieth blow the door swung wide and he plunged out into the garden. The entrance gate was open, and through this Jeff fled with sobbing breaths, and the darkness swallowed him.

Dalrymple closed the doors, bolted them, and looked up at Nica, who was leaning over the gallery rail, staring down with a white face and her hands clutching her throat.

"Come down here, young lady," said Dalrymple curtly.

Nica crept down the stairs and stood before him, pale and trembling.

"Strip!" growled Dalrymple.

Dominica tottered on her feet. "My God," she faltered, "you're not going to whip me!"

The sculptor gave a short laugh and flung the sjambok into a corner.

"Whip you? Of course not. I don't intend to lay a hand on you. I'm going to immortalize your figure in marble." He stooped, raised the screen, and placed it in its proper position. "Go behind there!"

The blood came pouring back into Nica's face.

"I'll die first!" she cried, passionately.

"No," said Dalrymple, coolly, "you won't die—but you may go to prison." He stepped to his desk and laid his hand on the telephone, then turned and looked questioningly at Nica.

"Well," said he, "which is it to be? What I ask—or St. Lazare? Answer quick! My patience with you is at an end."

Nica hesitated for the fraction of a second.

Then, seeing no sign of relenting in the rigid face and the hard, granite-colored eyes, she turned slowly and walked with hanging head behind the screen.

V

"You see, my dear Dominica," said Dalrymple pleasantly, "it's really not so bad, once you break the ice. It's a bit like taking a plunge into a spring-fed lake."

"How long are you going to keep me a prisoner here?" asked Dominica, who was resting between poses which were, needless to say, undraped.

"About ten days, I'm afraid," said Dalrymple, stepping back to squint with profound satisfaction at his lovely Artemis. "You have got the most beautiful body in the world—and, what is a great deal more important, precisely the one I need for my group. You possess the *tout ensemble*—face, head, neck, hands and feet, legs and arms, and a torso that is a delight to the esthetic eye. Thanks to all these God-given features combined in the single individual, I may at last be able to achieve an actual masterpiece—and I can't afford to take any chances."

Dominica pouted. "I won't run away," said she. "Now that I've done it, I don't mind seeing it through."

Dalrymple smiled and shook his head.

"You did it under compulsion," said he, "and that makes the moral leash a frail one. But you ought not to find your captivity so very arduous. You are being treated like a captive queen—or goddess, to put it more precisely. You have every luxury at your command. The sultan's favorite could have no more in the Yildiz Kiosk—and you are not annoyed by the attentions of the sultan. This afternoon, if you like, I'll take you for a fast run over the road in my racing car."

"I wish you'd tell me one thing," said Dominica. "How did you know that I meant to steal the rajah's tunic?"

Dalrymple laughed.

"I didn't," said he, "but I couldn't help but think it probable that you had some cunning little design upon my poor goods. Ah, Dominica, Dominica—when you want to burgle the next time, don't pick out the house of a hunter! When I came into the studio and found you gone, I took a look at the floor. You'd been walking



"Well," said he, "which is it to be? What I ask—or St. Lazare? Answer quick!
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around in powdered plaster and there were some dainty little tracks. One trail led to the street door, when you went to open it and then close it with such unnecessary force, and there was another trail coming back. But this last went up the stairs to the gallery—and there was *no other coming down*. So I reasoned, most naturally, that you must still be in the studio—up topside. Little problems of this sort are far more interesting to me than good-by dinners, so I did a little stalking. You heard the car go out?"

"Yes," murmured Dominica.

"So did I—from behind the portières. And I heard your pal come in—from behind the screen."

Dominica was silent for a few moments; then, said she, "And now, when you've

finished with me, I suppose you'll drive me out—as you did Jeff."

Dalrymple shook his head. "No," said he; "you shall depart laden with gifts. If you are a good little girl and continue to pose as well as you have begun, I'll give you the rajah's tunic."

"The rajah's tunic!" gasped Dominica.

"That same. But don't fall over in a faint. The rajah's tunic cost me actually about five thousand francs, ruby and all. It is an excellent reproduction of a garment worn by a certain Indian potentate at the Durbar, and the jewels are all reconstructed ones furnished by a well-known house on the Rue de la Paix. Well, are you rested enough to take the pose?"

"In—just a minute," said Dominica faintly.

Happy Dust

It is not often that Craig Kennedy has an opportunity to interest himself in a matter of such vital social importance as that in which he eagerly undertakes to help, upon Mrs. Sutphen's anxious appeal. Cosmopolitan readers are doubtless alive to the gravity of the situation here described, and will be grateful for enlightenment upon a topic at present very prominent in the minds of all who are solicitous for the preservation of the mental and physical vigor of the race. Also, they will learn something of the wonderful new psychological methods which are replacing the crude and clumsy ways of the old-time detectives in fastening crimes upon the perpetrators.

By Arthur B. Reeve

Author of "The Family Skeleton," "The Devil-worshippers," and other Craig Kennedy stories

Illustrated by Will Foster

"I'VE called on you, Professor Kennedy, to see if I can interest you in the campaign I am planning against drugs."

Mrs. Clayton Sutphen, social leader and suffragist, had scarcely more than introduced herself than she launched earnestly into the reason for her visit to us.

"You don't realize it, perhaps," she continued, "but very often a little silver bottle of tablets is as much a necessity to some women of the smart set as cosmetics."

"I've heard of such cases," nodded Craig encouragingly.

"Well, you see, I became interested in the subject," she added, "when I saw some of my own friends going to pieces. That's how I came to plan this campaign."

She paused, evidently nervous. "I've been threatened, too," she went on, "but I'm not going to give up the fight. People think that drugs are a curse only to the underworld, but they have no idea what inroads the habit has made in the upper world, too. Oh, it is awful!"

Suddenly she leaned over and whispered: "Why, there's my own sister, Mrs. Garrett! She began taking drugs after an operation, and now they have a terrible hold on her. I needn't try to conceal anything. It's all been published in the papers—everybody knows it. Think of it: divorced, disgraced—all through these cursed drugs! Doctor Coleman, our family physician, has done everything known to break up the habit, but he hasn't succeeded."

Doctor Coleman, I knew, was a famous

society physician. If he had failed, I wondered why Mrs. Sutphen thought a detective might succeed. But it was evidently another purpose she had in mind in introducing the subject.

"So you can understand what it all means to me personally," she resumed, with a sigh. "I've studied the thing—I've been forced to study it. Why, now the exploiters are even making drug fiends of mere children!"

Mrs. Sutphen spread out a crumpled sheet of note-paper before us, on which was written something in a trembling scrawl. "For instance, here's a letter I received only yesterday."

Kennedy glanced over it carefully. It was signed "A Friend," and read:

I have heard of your drug war in the newspapers and wish to help you, only I don't dare to do so openly. But I can assure you that if you will investigate what I am about to tell you, you will soon be on the trail of those higher up in this terrible drug business. There is a little center of the traffic on West Sixty-sixth Street, just off Broadway. I cannot tell you more; but if you can investigate it, you will be doing more good than you can possibly realize now. There is one girl there, whom they call Snowbird. If you could only get hold of her quietly and place her in a sanatorium, you might save her yet.

Craig was more than ordinarily interested. "And the children—what did you mean by that?"

"Why, it's literally true!" asserted Mrs. Sutphen, in a horrified tone. "Some of the victims are actually school-children. Up there in Sixty-sixth Street we have found a

man named Armstrong who seems to be very friendly with this young girl whom they call Snowbird. Her real name, by the way, is Sawtelle, I believe. She can't be over eighteen—a mere child—yet she's a slave to the stuff."

"Oh, then you have actually already acted on the hint in the letter?" asked Craig.

"Yes," she replied; "I've had one of the agents of our Anti-Drug Society, a social worker, investigating the neighborhood."

Kennedy nodded for her to go on.

"I've even investigated myself a little, and now I want to employ some one to break the thing up. My husband had heard of you. Can you help me?"

There was a note of appeal in her voice that was irresistible to a man who had the heart of Kennedy.

"Tell me just what you have discovered so far," he asked simply.

"Well," she replied slowly, "after my agent verified the contents of the letter, I watched until I saw this girl—she's a mere child, as I said—going to a cabaret in the neighborhood. What struck me was that I saw her go in looking like a wreck and come out a beautiful creature, with bright eyes, flushed cheeks, almost youthful again. A most remarkable girl she is, too," mused Mrs. Sutphen, "who always wears a white gown, white hat, white shoes, and white stockings. It must be a mania with her."

Mrs. Sutphen seemed to have exhausted her small store of information, and as she rose to go, Kennedy rose also.

"I shall be glad to look into the case, Mrs. Sutphen," he promised. "I'm sure there is something that can be done."

"Thank you, ever so much!" she murmured, as she paused at the door, something still on her mind. "And perhaps, too," she added, "you may run across my sister, Mrs. Garrett."

"Indeed," he assured her, "if there is anything I can possibly do that will assist you personally, I shall be only too happy."

"Thank you again, ever so much!" she repeated, with just a little choke in her voice.

For several moments Kennedy sat contemplating the anonymous letter which she had left with him, studying both its contents and the handwriting.

"We must go over the ground up there again," he remarked finally. "Perhaps we can do better than Mrs. Sutphen and her drug-investigator have done."

Half an hour later we had arrived, and were sauntering along the street in question, walking slowly up and down in the now fast gathering dusk. It was a typical cheap apartment-block of variegated character, with people sitting idly on the narrow front steps and children spilling out into the roadway in imminent danger of their young lives from every passing automobile.

On the crowded sidewalk a creation in white hurried past us. One glance at the tense face in the flickering arc-light was enough for Kennedy. He pulled my arm, and we turned and followed at a safe distance. It was a girl who could not have been more than eighteen, if she were as old as that. She was pretty, too, but already her face was beginning to look old and worn from the use of drugs. It was unmistakable.

In spite of the fact that she was hurrying, it was not difficult to follow her in the crowd, as she picked her way in and out, and finally turned into Broadway where the white lights were welcoming the night.

Under the glare of a huge electric sign she stopped a moment, then entered one of the most notorious of the cabarets.

We entered, also, at a discreet distance, and sat down at a table.

"Don't look around, Walter," whispered Craig, as the waiter took our order, "but to your right is Mrs. Sutphen."

If he had mentioned any other name in the world, I could not have been more surprised. I waited impatiently until I could pick her out from the corner of my eye. Sure enough, it was Mrs. Sutphen and another woman. What they were doing here, I could not imagine, for neither had the look of habitués of such a place.

I followed Kennedy's eye and found that he was gazing furtively at a flashily dressed young man who was sitting alone at the far end, in a sort of booth upholstered in leather.

The girl in white, whom I was now sure was Miss Sawtelle, went over and greeted him. It was too far to see just what happened, but the young woman, after sitting down, rose and left almost immediately. As nearly as I could make out, she had got something from him which she had dropped into her hand-bag, and was now hugging the hand-bag close to herself, almost as if it were gold.

We sat for a few minutes debating just what to do, when Mrs. Sutphen and her friend rose. As they passed out, a quick, covert glance told us to follow. We did so, and the two turned into Broadway.

"Let me present you to Miss McCann," introduced Mrs. Sutphen, as we caught up with them. "Miss McCann is the social worker and trained investigator whom I'm employing."

We bowed, but before we could ask a question, Mrs. Sutphen cried excitedly: "I think I have a clue. We've traced the source of the drugs—as far as that young fellow, Whitecap, whom you saw in there."

I had not recognized his face, although I had undoubtedly seen pictures of him before. But no sooner had I heard the name than I recognized it as that of one of the most notorious gang-leaders on the West Side.

Not only that, but Whitecap's gang played an important part in local politics. There was scarcely a form of crime or vice

to which Whitecap and his followers could not turn a skilled hand, whether it was swinging an election, running a gambling club, or dispensing "dope."

"You see," Mrs. Sutphen explained, "even before I saw you, my suspicions were aroused, and I determined to obtain some of the stuff they are using up here, if possible. I realized it would be useless for me to try to get it myself, so I got Miss McCann from Neighborhood House to try it. She got it, and I have the bottle."

"May I see it?" asked Craig eagerly.

Mrs. Sutphen reached hastily into her hand-bag, drew forth a small brown-glass bottle, and handed it to him.

Craig retreated into one of the less dark side streets. There he pulled out the parafin cork from the bottle, picked out a piece of cotton stuffed in the neck of the bottle, and poured out some flat tablets that showed a glistening white in the palm of his hand.

"I may keep these?" he asked.

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Sutphen; "that's what I had Miss McCann get them for."

Kennedy dropped the bottle into his pocket. "So that was the gang-leader, Whitecap," he remarked, as we turned

again to Broadway.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Sutphen. "At certain hours, I believe, he can be found at that cabaret selling this stuff, whatever it is, to anyone who comes properly introduced. The thing seems to be so open and notorious that it amounts to a scandal."

We parted a moment later, Mrs. Sutphen and Miss McCann to go to the settlement-house, Craig and I to continue our investigations.



Mrs. Sutphen spread out a crumpled sheet of note-paper before us, on which was written something in a trembling scrawl. "For instance, here's a letter I received only yesterday"

Happy Dust

"First of all, Walter," he said, as we swung aboard an up-town car, "I want to stop at the laboratory."

In his den, which had been the scene of so many triumphs, Kennedy began a hasty examination of the tablets, powdering one and testing it with chemicals.

"What are they?" I asked, at length, when he seemed to have found the right reaction which gave him the clue.

"Happy dust," he answered briefly.

"Happy dust?" I repeated, looking at him a moment, in doubt whether he was joking or serious. "What is that?"

"The Tenderloin name for heroin—a comparatively new derivative of morphine. It is really morphine treated with acetic acid, which renders it more powerful than morphine alone."

"How do they take it? What's the effect?" I asked.

"The person who uses heroin usually powders the tablets and snuffs the powder up his nose," he answered. "In a short time, perhaps only two or three weeks, one can become a confirmed victim of happy dust. And while one is under its influence, he is morally, physically, and mentally irresponsible."

Kennedy was putting away the paraphernalia he had used, meanwhile talking about the drug. "One of the worst aspects of it, too," he continued, "is the desire of the user to share his experience with some one else. This passing-on of the habit, which seems to be one of the strongest desires of the drug fiend, makes him even more dangerous to society than he would otherwise be. It makes it harder for anyone once addicted to a drug to shake it off, for his friends will give him no chance. The only thing to do is to get the victim into an entirely new environment."

The laboratory table cleared again, Kennedy had dropped into a deep study.

"Now, why was Mrs. Sutphen there?" he asked aloud. "I can't think it was solely through her interest for that girl they call Snowbird. She was interested in her, but she made no attempt to interfere or to follow her. No; there must have been another reason."

"You don't think she's a dope fiend herself, do you?" I asked hurriedly.

Kennedy smiled. "Hardly, Walter. If she has any obsession on the subject, it is more likely to lead her to actual fanaticism

against all stimulants and narcotics and everything connected with them. No; you might possibly persuade me that two and two equal five—but not seventeen. It's not very late. I think we might make another visit to that cabaret and see whether the same thing is going on yet."

We rode down-town again and sauntered in, this time with the theater crowd. Our first visit had been so quiet and unostentatious that the second attracted no attention or comment from the waiters or anyone else. As we sat down, we glanced over and there, in his corner still, was Whitecap. Apparently his supply of the dope was inexhaustible, for he was still dispensing it. As we watched the Tenderloin habitués come and go, I came soon to recognize the dope fiend by the mere look on his face—the pasty skin, the vacant eye, the nervous quiver of the muscles, as though every organ and every nerve were crying out for more of the favorite nepenthe. Time and again I noticed the victims as they sat at the tables, growing more and more haggard and worn, until they could stand it no longer. Then they would retire, sometimes after a visit across the floor to Whitecap, more often directly, for they had stocked themselves up with the drug, evidently after the first visit to him. But always they would come back, changed in appearance, with what seemed to be a new lease of life but still recognizable as drug victims.

It was not long, as we waited, before another woman, older than Miss Sawtelle but dressed in an extreme fashion, hurried into the cabaret and, with scarcely a look to right or left, went directly to Whitecap's corner. She, too, had the look.

There was a surreptitious passing of a bottle in exchange for a Treasury note, and she dropped into the seat beside Whitecap.

Before he could interfere, she had opened the bottle, crushed a tablet or two in a napkin, and was holding it to her face as though breathing the most exquisite perfume. With one quick inspiration of her breath after another, she was snuffing the powder up her nose.

Whitecap, with an angry gesture, pulled the napkin from her face, and one could fancy his snarl under his breath, "Say—do you want to get me in wrong here?"

But it was too late. Some of the happy dust had taken effect, at least enough to

relieve the terrible pangs she must have been suffering.

As she rose and retired, with a hasty apology to Whitecap for her indiscretion, Kennedy turned to me and exclaimed:

"Think of it! The deadliest of all habits is the simplest—no hypodermic, no pipe, no paraphernalia of any kind. It's terrible!"

The woman returned, to sit down and enjoy herself, careful not to obtrude herself on Whitecap lest he might become angry at the mere sight of her, and treasure his anger up against the next time when she might need the drug.

Already there was the most marvelous change in her. She seemed captivated by the music, the dancing, the life which a few moments before she had totally disregarded.

She was seated alone, not far from us, and as she glanced about, Kennedy caught her eye. She allowed her gaze to rest on us for a moment, the signal for a mild flirtation which ended in our exchange of tables, and we found ourselves opposite the drug fiend who was following up the taking of the dope by a thin-stemmed glass of some liqueur.

I do not recall the conversation, but it was one of those inconsequential talks that bohemians consider so brilliant and everybody else so vapid. As we skimmed from one subject to another, treating the big facts of life as if they were mere incidents, and the little as if they overshadowed all else, I could see that Craig, who had a faculty of probing into the very soul of anyone when he chose, was gradually leading around to the subject he wanted to discuss.

It was not long before, as the most natural remark in the world following something he had made her say, just as a clever prestidigitator forces a card, he asked, "What was it I saw you snuffing over in the booth—happy dust?"

She did not even take the trouble to deny it but nodded a brazen "yes."

"How did you come to use it first?" he asked, careful not to give offense.

"The usual way, I suppose," she replied, with a laugh that sounded harsh and grating. "I was ill, and I found out what it was the doctor was giving me."

"And then?"

"Oh, I thought I would use it only as long as it served my purpose, and, when that was over, give it up."

"But—" prompted Craig hypnotically.

"Instead, I was soon using six, eight, ten tablets of heroin a day. I found that I needed that amount in order to live. Then it went up by leaps to twenty, thirty, forty."

"Suppose you couldn't get it?"

"Couldn't get it?" she repeated, with an unspeakable horror. "Once I thought I'd try to stop. But my heart skipped beats; then it seemed to pound away, as if trying to break through my ribs. I don't think heroin is like other drugs. When one has her 'coke'—that's cocaine—taken away, she feels like a rag. Fill her up, and she can do anything again. But heroin—I think one might murder to get it!"

The expression on the woman's face was almost tragic. I verily believe that she meant it.

"Why," she cried, "if anyone had told me a year ago that the time would ever come when I would value some tiny white tablets above anything else in the world, yes, and even above my immortal soul, I would have thought him a lunatic."

It was getting late, and as the woman showed no disposition to leave, Kennedy and I excused ourselves.

Outside Craig looked at me keenly.

"Can you guess who that was?"

"Although she didn't tell us her name," I replied, "I am morally certain that it was Mrs. Garrett."

"Precisely," he answered, "and what a shame, too, for she must evidently once have been a woman of great refinement." He shook his head sadly. "Walter, there isn't likely to be anything that we can do for some hours, now. I have a little experiment I'd like to try. Suppose we publish a story in the *Star* about the campaign against drugs. Tell about what we have seen to-night, mention the cabaret by indirection, and Whitecap directly. Then we can sit back and see what happens. We've got to throw a scare into them, somehow, if we are going to smoke out anyone higher up than Whitecap. But you'll have to be careful, for if they suspect us, our usefulness in the case will be over."

Together, Kennedy and I worked over our story far into the night, down at the *Star* office, and the following day waited to see whether anything came of it.

It was with a great deal of interest tempered by fear that we dropped into the cabaret the following evening. Fortunately, no one suspected us. In fact, having been

there the night before, we had established ourselves, as it were, and were welcomed as old patrons and good spenders.

I noticed, however, that Whitecap was not there. The story had been read by such of the dope fiends as had not fallen too far to keep abreast of the times, and these and the waiters were busy quietly warning off a line of haggard-eyed, disappointed patrons who came around as usual.

Some of them were so obviously dependent on Whitecap that I almost regretted having written the story, for they must have been suffering the tortures of the damned.

It was in the midst of a reverie of this sort that a low exclamation from Kennedy recalled my attention. There was Snowbird, with a man considerably older than herself. They had just come in and were looking about frantically for Whitecap.

The pair, nerve-racked and exhausted, sat down mournfully in a seat near us, and, as they talked earnestly in low tones, we had an excellent opportunity for studying Armstrong for the first time.

He was not a bad-looking man, or even a weak one. Back of the dissipation of the drugs, one fancied he could read the story of the wreck of a brilliant life. But there was little left to admire or respect. As the couple talked earnestly, the one so old, the other so young in vice, I had to keep a tight rein on myself to prevent my sympathy for the girl getting the better of common sense and kicking the man out of doors.

Finally Armstrong rose to go, after a final imploring glance from the girl. Obviously she had persuaded him to forage about to secure the heroin by hook or crook.

It was also really our first chance to study the girl carefully under the light, for her entrance and exit the night before had been so hurried that we had seen comparatively little of her. Craig was watching her narrowly. Not only were the effects of the drug plainly evident on her face but it was apparent that snuffing the powdered tablets was destroying the bones in her nose, through shrinkage of the blood-vessels, as well as undermining her nervous system and causing her brain to totter.

I was wondering whether Armstrong knew of any depot for the secret distribution of the drug. I could not believe that Whitecap was either the chief distributor or the financial head of the illegal traffic. I wondered who, indeed, was the man higher

up. Was he an importer of the drug, or was he the representative of some chemical company not averse to making an illegal dollar now and then by dragging down his fellow man?

Kennedy and I were trying to act as if we were enjoying the cabaret show and not too much interested in the little drama that was being acted before us. I think little Miss Sawtelle noticed, however, that we were looking often her way. I was amazed, too, on studying her more closely, to find that there was something indefinably queer about her, aside from the marked effect of the drugs she had been taking. What it was I was at a loss to determine, but I felt sure from the expression on Kennedy's face that he had noticed it, also.

I was on the point of asking him if he, too, observed anything queer in the girl, when Armstrong hurried in and handed her a small package, then almost without a word stalked out again, evidently as much to Snowbird's surprise as to our own.

She had literally seized the package, as though she were drowning and grasping at a life-buoy. Even the surprise at his hasty departure could not prevent her, however, from tearing the wrapper off, and, in the sheltering shadow of the table-cloth, pouring forth the little white pellets in her lap, counting them as a miser counts his gold.

"The old thief!" she exclaimed aloud. "He's held out twenty-five!"

I don't know which it was that amazed me more—the almost childish petulance and ungovernable temper of the girl, which made her cry out in spite of her surroundings and the attendant circumstances, or the petty rapacity of the man who could stoop to such a low level as to rob her in this seemingly underhand manner.

But there was no time for useless repining, now. She dumped the pellets back into the bottle hastily and disappeared.

When she came back, it was with that expression I had come to know so well. At least for a few hours, there was a respite for her from the terrific pangs she had been suffering. She was almost happy, smiling. Even that false happiness, I felt, was superior to Armstrong's moral sense blunted by drugs. I had begun to realize how lying, stealing, crimes of all sorts might be laid at the door of this great evil.

In her haste to get where she could snuff the heroin, she had forgotten a light wrap



DRAWN BY WILL PORTER

We sat for a few minutes debating just what to do, when Mrs. Sutphen and her friend rose.
As they passed out, a quick, covert glance told us to follow

lying on her chair. As she returned for it, it fell to the floor. Instantly Kennedy was on his feet, bending over to pick it up.

She thanked him, and the smile lingered a moment on her face. It was enough. It gave Kennedy the chance to pursue a conversation, and in the free and easy atmosphere of the cabaret to invite her to sit over at our table.

At least all her nervousness was gone, and she chatted vivaciously. Kennedy said little. He was too busy watching her. It was quite the opposite of the case of Mrs. Garrett.

Still the minutes sped past and we seemed to be getting on famously. Unlike his action in the case of the older woman, where he had been sounding the depths of her heart and mind, in this case, his idea seemed to be to allow the childish prattle to come out and perhaps explain itself.

However, at the end of half an hour, when we seemed to be getting no further along, Kennedy did not protest at her desire to leave us, "to keep a date," as she expressed it.

"Waiter, the check, please," ordered Kennedy leisurely.

When he received it, he seemed to be in no great hurry to pay it, but went over one item after another, then added up the footing again.

"Strange how some of these waiters grow rich," Craig remarked finally, with a gay smile.

The idea of waiters and money quickly brought some petty reminiscences to her mind. While she was still talking, Craig casually pulled a pencil out of his pocket and scribbled on the back of the waiter's check.

From where I was sitting beside him, I could see that he had written some figures similar to the following:

5183
47395
654726
2964375
47293815
924738651
2146073859

"Here's a stunt," he remarked, breaking into the conversation at a convenient point. "Can you repeat these numbers after me?"

Without waiting for her to make excuse, he said quickly, "5183."

"5183," she repeated mechanically.

"47395," came in rapid succession, to

which she replied, perhaps a little slower than before, "47395."

"Now, 654726," he said.

"654726," she repeated, I thought with some hesitation.

"Again, 2964375," he shot out.

"269," she hesitated, "73—" she stopped.

It was evident that she had reached the limit.

Kennedy smiled, paid the check, and we parted at the door.

"What was all that rigmarole?" I inquired, as her white figure disappeared down the street.

"Part of the Binet test—seeing how many digits one can remember. An adult ought to remember from eight to ten, in any order. But she has the mentality of a child. That is the queer thing about her. Chronologically, she may be eighteen years or so old; mentally, she is scarcely more than eight. Mrs. Sutphen was right. They have made a fiend out of a mere child, a defective who never had a chance against them."

As the horror of it all dawned on me, I hated Armstrong worse than ever, hated Whitecap, hated the man higher up, whoever he might be, who was enriching himself out of the defective, as well as the weakling and the vicious—all three typified by Snowbird, Armstong, and Whitecap.

Having no other place to go, pending further developments of the publicity we had given the drug war in the *Star*, Kennedy and I decided on a walk home.

We had scarcely entered the apartment when the hallboy called to us frantically.

"Some one's been tryin' to get you all over town, Professor Kennedy. Here's the message. I wrote it down. An attempt has been made to poison Mrs. Sutphen. They said at the other end of the line that you'd know."

We faced each other aghast.

"My God!" exclaimed Kennedy. "Has that been the effect of our story, Walter? Instead of smoking out anyone—we've almost killed some one."

As fast as a cab could whisk us, around to Mrs. Sutphen's we hurried.

"I warned her that if she mixed up in any such fight as this, she might expect almost anything," remarked Mr. Sutphen nervously, as he met us in the reception-room. "She's all right, now, I guess, but if it hadn't been for the prompt work of the ambulance surgeon I sent for, Doctor Coleman says she would have died in fifteen minutes."

"How did it happen?" asked Craig.

"Why, she usually drinks a glass of vichy and milk before retiring," replied Mr. Sutphen. "We don't know yet whether it was the vichy or the milk that was poisoned, but Doctor Coleman thinks it was chloral in one or the other, and so did the ambulance surgeon. I tell you I was scared. I tried to get Coleman, but he was out on a case, and I happened to think of the hospitals as probably the quickest. Doctor Coleman came in just as the young surgeon was bringing her around. He—oh, here he is, now!"

The famous doctor was just coming down-stairs. He saw us, but, I suppose, inasmuch as we did not belong to the Sutphen and Coleman set, ignored us.

"Mrs. Sutphen will be all right now," he said reassuringly, as he drew on his gloves. "The nurse has arrived, and I have given her instructions what to do. And by the way, my dear Sutphen, I should advise you to deal firmly with her in that matter about which her name is appearing in the papers. Women, nowadays, don't seem to realize the dangers they run in mixing in all these reforms. I have ordered an analysis of both the milk and vichy, but that will do little good unless we can find out who poisoned it. And there are so many chances for things like that; life is so complex nowadays——"

He passed out with scarcely a nod at us. Kennedy did not attempt to question him. He was thinking rapidly.

"Walter, we have no time to lose," he exclaimed, seizing a telephone that stood



"I knew it!" he ground out. "It was all a fake about how you got the habit"

on a stand near-by. "This is the time for action. Hello—Police Headquarters? First Deputy O'Connor, please."

As Kennedy waited, I tried to figure out how it could have happened. I wondered whether it might not have been Mrs. Garrett. Would she stop at anything if she feared the loss of her favorite drug? But then there were so many others and so many ways of "getting" anybody who interfered with the drug traffic, that it seemed

impossible to figure it out by pure deduction.

"Hello, O'Connor!" I heard Kennedy say. "You read that story in the *Star* this morning about the drug fiends at that Broadway cabaret? Yes? Well, Jameson and I wrote it. It's part of the drug war that Mrs. Sutphen has been waging. O'Connor, she's been poisoned—oh, no—she's all right now. But I want you to send out and arrest Whitecap and that fellow Armstrong immediately. I'm going to put them through a scientific third degree up in the laboratory to-night. Thank you. No—no matter how late it is, bring them up."

Doctor Coleman had gone long since. Mr. Sutphen had absolutely no interest further than the recovery of Mrs. Sutphen, just now, and Mrs. Sutphen was resting quietly and could not be seen. Accordingly, Kennedy and I hastened up to the laboratory to wait until O'Connor could "deliver the goods."

It was not long before one of O'Connor's men came in with Whitecap.

"While we're waiting," said Craig, "I wish you'd just try this little cut-out puzzle."

I don't know what Whitecap thought, but I know I looked at Craig's invitation to "play blocks" as a joke, scarcely higher in order than the number-repetition of Snowbird. Whitecap did it, however, sullenly and under compulsion, in, I should say, about two minutes.

"I have Armstrong here myself," called out the hearty voice of our old friend O'Connor, as he burst into the room.

"Good!" exclaimed Kennedy. "I shall be ready for him in just a second. Have Whitecap held here in the anteroom while you bring Armstrong into the laboratory. By the way, Walter, that was another of the Binet tests, putting a man at solving puzzles. It involves reflective judgment, one of the factors in executive ability. If Whitecap had been a defective, it would have taken him five minutes to do that puzzle, if at all. So, you see, he is not in the class with Miss Sawtelle. The test shows him to be shrewd. He doesn't even touch his own dope. Now for Armstrong."

I knew enough of the underworld to set Whitecap down, however, as a "lobbygow"—an agent for some one higher up, recruiting both the gangs and the ranks of street-women.

Before us, as O'Connor led in Armstrong, was a little machine with a big black cylinder. By means of wires and electrodes, Kennedy attached it to Armstrong's chest.

"Now, Armstrong," he began, in an even tone, "I want you to tell the truth—the whole truth. You have been getting heroin tablets from Whitecap."

"Yes, sir," replied the dope fiend defiantly.

"To-day you had to get them elsewhere."

No answer.

"Never mind," persisted Kennedy, still calm. "I know. Why, Armstrong, you even robbed that girl of twenty-five tablets!"

"I did not," shot out the answer.

"There were twenty-five short," accused Kennedy. The two faced each other. Craig repeated his remark.

"Yes," replied Armstrong; "I held out the tablets, but it was not for myself. I can get all I want. I did it because I didn't want her to get above seventy-five a day. I have tried every way to break her of the habit that has got me—and failed. But seventy-five—is the limit."

"A pretty story!" exclaimed O'Connor.

Craig laid his hand on his arm to check him, as he examined a record registered on the cylinder of the machine.

"By the way, Armstrong, I want you to write me out a note that I can use to get a hundred heroin tablets. You can write it—all but the name of the place where I can get them."

Armstrong was on the point of demurring, but the last sentence reassured him. He would reveal nothing by it—yet.

Still the man was trembling like a leaf. He wrote:

Give Whitecap one hundred shocks. A VICTIM.

For a moment Kennedy studied the note carefully. "Oh—er—I forgot, Armstrong, but a few days ago an anonymous letter was sent to Mrs. Sutphen, signed 'A Friend.' Do you know anything about it?"

"A note?" the man repeated. "Mrs. Sutphen? I don't know anything about any note, or Mrs. Sutphen, either."

Kennedy was still studying his record. "This," he remarked slowly, "is what I call my psychophysical test for falsehood. O'Connor, you know that lying, when it is practised by an expert, is not easily detected

by the most careful scrutiny of the liar's appearance and manner.

"However, successful means have been developed for the detection of falsehood by the study of experimental psychology. Walter, I think you will recall the test I used once, the psychophysical factor of the character and rapidity of the mental process known as the association of ideas?"

I nodded acquiescence.

"Well," he resumed, "in criminal jurisprudence, I find an even more simple and more subjective test which has been recently devised. Professor Stoerring, of Bonn, has found out that feelings of pleasure and pain produce well-defined changes in respiration. Similar effects are produced by lying, according to the famous Professor Benussi, of Graz.

"These effects are unerring, unequivocal. The utterance of a false statement increases respiration, of a true statement decreases it. The importance and scope of these discoveries are obvious."

Craig was figuring rapidly on a piece of paper. "This is a certain and objective criterion," he continued, as he figured, "between truth and falsehood. Even when a clever liar endeavors to escape detection by breathing irregularly, it is likely to fail; for Benussi has investigated and found that voluntary changes in respiration don't alter the result. You see, the quotient obtained by dividing the time of inspiration by the time of expiration gives me the result."

He looked up suddenly. "Armstrong, you are telling the truth about some things—downright lies about others. You are a drug fiend—but I will be lenient with you, for one reason. Contrary to everything that I would have expected, you are really trying to save that poor half-witted girl, whom you love, from the terrible habit that has gripped you. That is why you held out a quarter of the one hundred tablets. That is why you wrote the note to Mrs. Sutphen, hoping that she might be treated in some institution."

Kennedy paused as a look of incredulity passed over Armstrong's face.

"Another thing you said was true," added Kennedy. "You can get all the heroin you want. Armstrong, you will put the address of that place on the outside of the note, or both you and Whitecap go to jail. Snowbird will be left to her own devices—she can get all the 'snow,' as some

you fiends call it, that she wants from those who might exploit her."

"Please, Mr. Kennedy—" pleaded Armstrong.

"No," interrupted Craig, before the drug fiend could finish; "that is final. I must have the name of that place."

In a shaky hand Armstrong wrote again. Hastily Craig stuffed the note in his pocket, and ten minutes later we were mounting the steps of a big brownstone house on a fashionable side street just around the corner from Fifth Avenue. As the door was opened by an obsequious colored servant, Craig handed him the scrap of paper signed with the password, "A Victim."

Imitating the cough of a confirmed dope-user, Craig was led into a large waiting-room.

"You're in pretty bad shape, sah," commented the servant.

Kennedy nudged me, and, taking the cue, I coughed myself red in the face.

"Yes," he said; "hurry—please!"

The servant knocked at a door, and as it was opened we caught a glimpse of Mrs. Garrett.

"What is it, Sam?" she asked.

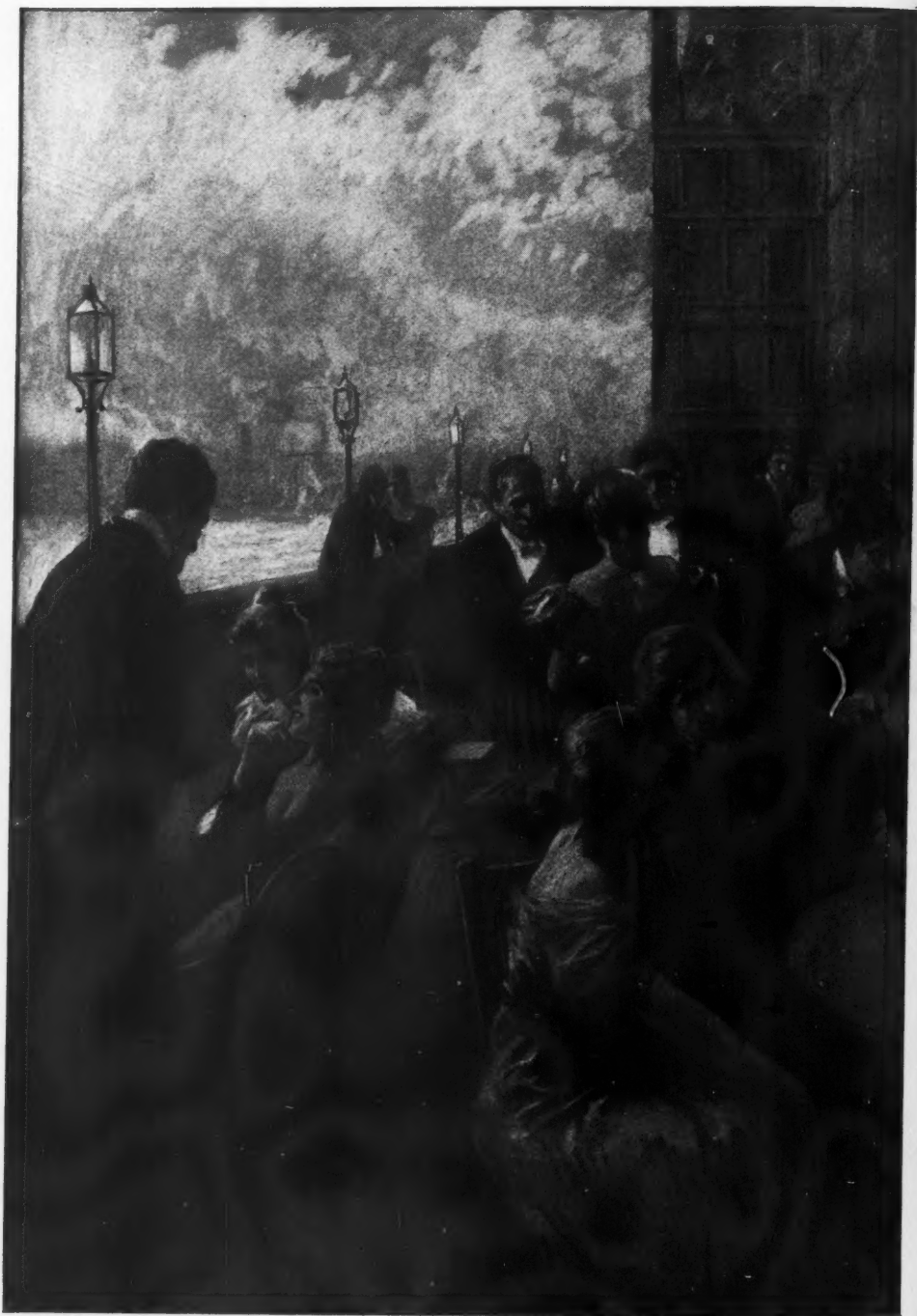
"Two gentlemen for some heroin tablets, ma'am."

"Tell them to go to the chemical works—not to come to my office, Sam," growled a man's voice inside.

With a quick motion, Kennedy had Mrs. Garrett by the wrist.

"I knew it!" he ground out. "It was all a fake about how you got the habit. You wanted to get it, so you could get and hold him. And neither one of you would stop at anything, not even murder of your own sister, to prevent the ruin of the devilish business you have built up in manufacturing and marketing the stuff." He pulled the note from the hand of the surprised negro. "I had the right address, the place where you sell hundreds of ounces of the stuff a week—but I preferred to come to the doctor's office where I could find you both."

Kennedy had firmly twisted her wrist until, with a little scream of pain, she let go the door-handle. Then he gently pushed her aside, and the next instant Craig had his hand inside the collar of Doctor Coleman, society physician, proprietor of the Coleman Chemical Works down-town, the real leader of the drug-gang that was debauching whole sections of the metropolis.



DRAWN BY GEORGE GIBB

Olive had decided that it would be pleasanter to await her arrival on the Terrace

Shadows of Flames

A STUDY IN IMPERFECTION

By Amélie Rives

Author of "The Quick or the Dead," "World's End," etc.

Illustrated by George Gibbs

SYNOPSIS—Sophy Taliaferro, a girl from Virginia, has, when the story opens, in 1890, in London, been married over three years to Cecil Chesney, younger brother of Lord Wychcote. Wychcote, who is sickly and unmarried, is devoted to his American sister-in-law. The young wife, however, finds little favor with Cecil's mother, Lady Wychcote, who hates Americans and is also greatly displeased with her able and brilliant younger son because he has flouted the pronounced Toryism of the family and become a Radical; he has, moreover, spent some time in India and in African exploration against his mother's wishes. Chesney, usually an affectionate husband and father (there is one child, a boy of two years) is becoming more and more subject to ugly fits of temper, often followed by quite unaccountable illnesses. One of these outbursts causes a distressing scene between husband and wife as they are about to go to dinner at the Arundels, and Chesney, in a fit of jealousy, tears from Sophy's neck a pearl necklace that Lord Wychcote (Gerald) has given her as a wedding-present. Sophy goes to her friends alone, and in a confidential talk with Olive Arundel learns that Lady Wychcote has been accusing her of teaching Cecil the use of drugs in order that she may get rid of him and marry Gerald. Although much upset by the revelation, Sophy is persuaded to accompany Mrs. Arundel after dinner to a musicale, where Sophy declares she feels that something important is going to happen to her. Here she meets an Italian nobleman, the Marchese Amaldi, a friend of Count Attilio Varesca, who, rumor has it, is Olive's lover. Amaldi makes a deep impression on Sophy. After the musicale the party attends a ball, where the Italian devotes himself to Sophy. She finds that his mother is an American, and asks him to call on her.

Mrs. Chesney has no chance to talk with her husband until the second day after these occurrences. He has one of his mysterious attacks of illness and is attended by his faithful valet, Gaynor. When she finally sees him, he is most contrite, apologizes for his conduct, assures her of his love, but still acts strangely. In the midst of their talk, Amaldi's card is brought to Sophy.

WHEN Sophy entered the drawing-room, Amaldi was standing with his hands behind him, looking down at a drawing of herself that stood on a table near the fireplace. The drawing had been made when she was eighteen by a young Polish artist. It was done in yellow and brown chalks. It had a curious glow, a look of golden light about it, and Chesney disliked it. He pronounced it too "mystical." The truth was that it revealed a side of Sophy's nature which was forever inaccessible to him.

As she gave Amaldi her hand, she said: "You were looking at that old drawing. It's a strange thing, isn't it?"

"Yes; like the shadow of a flame," he answered. Then, as Sophy started and looked at him inquiringly, he added, smiling: "Varesca told me of your poems. I read them yesterday. I won't bore you by telling you how beautiful I thought them. And the title—I wondered so much how you came to think of that lovely title. That, in itself, is a poem."

Sophy blushed like a girl. She was very sensitive about that book of verse. Since she had known more of life, she had often wondered at her own naïveté which had allowed her to pour out from her heart, as from a cup, those inmost feelings for any chance buyer to possess in common with her. The voice in that little volume was the voice of one crying in the wilderness of youth—now she was a woman, and she blushed for the passionate ignorance of the girl she had been.

Amaldi said quickly:

"Have I been indiscreet? Perhaps you don't like to talk of your writing. Please forgive me if I've been indiscreet."

"No, no; indeed you haven't been," she answered. "I'm very glad you like my verses. Only—well, I wrote them so long ago. One changes—I was very young—"

"And now," said Amaldi, smiling again, "you feel very old, I suppose?"

She smiled in answer.

"I certainly feel older," she said lightly.

Amaldi was thinking how much like a young girl she looked, sitting there in her plain white gown, with her hands clasped

about one knee. There was no look of the married woman about her in any way. Having read those impassioned early poems, he marveled at a spirit that could be at once so fiery and so virginal. He felt sure that there could be no other like her in the world—so deeply was he in love with her already. But this love was quite different from anything that he had ever felt before. It had in it both mysticism and fatality. It was a desire of the soul as well as of the body. He had had "loves" before—this was Love.

And in Sophy's mind was the consciousness of what Olive Arundel had told her, only the day before, about the tragedy of Amaldi's life. It seemed that when he was only twenty-three he had made a *mariage de convenance* to please his father. He had married his cousin, Clelia Castelli. Two years afterward she had been unfaithful to him. Amaldi had fought with her lover. Then husband and wife had separated. There is no divorce in Italy.

Sophy was thinking now: "When he was twenty-five—two years younger than I am—he was fighting his wife's lover with a bare sword. He was living out those real, dreadful things when he was a mere boy."

And she could not help glancing curiously at his dark, slender hand, to which a sealing of sapphire engraved with his arms gave such a foreign look. Only thirty-one, and cut off forever by the laws of his country and its religion from family, from children. Yes—that was tragic. That was real tragedy.

Amaldi said suddenly, in his grave, clear voice,

"May I know how you came to call your book 'The Shadow of a Flame'?"

"Yes; it's very simple," she answered. "I was rather unhappy. I had stayed awake all night—reading by candle-light. My window looked to the east. When the sun rose, my candle was still burning. And as I started to blow it out, I noticed that, in the sunlight, its flame cast a shadow on the page of my book. And it came to me that we were all like that—like little flames casting shadows in some greater light. And that our passions were also like little flames that cast shadows—of sorrow—regret—despair—weariness—"

"Yes," said Amaldi, "yes; it is like that."

Something in the timbre of her voice as she said the words "sorrow—regret—despair—weariness" moved him deeply. He did

not dare to say more. He was not at any time a man of fluent speech; now, his earnest desire not to be "indiscreet" in the least degree made him feel oddly dumb.

Sophy herself changed the note of their conversation to a lighter key.

"Tell me," she said suddenly, "is the home that you care for most in the town or in the country? I can't help thinking that your real home is in some beautiful country part of Italy."

"Yes," he said, his face lighting; "on Lago Maggiore."

"Ah—you see! I was sure of it! I'd thought of Como. Is your lake as beautiful as Como?"

"I think it more beautiful. I believe you would think so, too. How I should like to show it to you—the lake and our old *podere*."

"What is a—*podere*?"

"How prettily you said that!" exclaimed Amaldi, delighted. "You rolled the 'r' like a little drum. Most Americans and English people half swallow it."

Sophy flushed and laughed, much pleased. "I tried to imitate the way you said it. It's nice to think I succeeded. But you haven't told me what it means—that word."

She was too shy to repeat it.

"What? *Podere*?" said Amaldi. "It means an estate—a big farm. But I really ought to have said '*tenuta*'. '*Podere*' is a Tuscan term. '*Tenuta*' is Lombard. We have a dear old place. I live there most of the time with my mother. We are great friends, my mother and I."

"That is beautiful!" she said warmly. "That is what I want my son to feel for me."

Amaldi winced inwardly. He had for an instant an almost overpowering sense of the bleakness of his lot. Like all Italians, he adored children. He would never have a son. And now he learned suddenly that she had a son—the child of another man. "Ah," he said, now mechanically, "you have a son? Is he like you?"

"No; like himself. But some people think that his eyes are like mine. You shall judge for yourself. Only, please don't be vexed if he doesn't go to you at once. He's rather stiff with strangers."

The butler here brought in tea, and as Sophy finished pouring it, she turned suddenly, exclaiming,

"I think that's my boy coming in now!"

She sprang up and, crossing the room with

her light, joyous step, opened the door before Amaldi could overtake her. When she turned again, her little son was in her arms.

"You needn't wait, Miller," she said, over her shoulder, to the nurse. "I'll send him up to you later."

The boy leaned with one arm about his mother's neck, his slim, polished legs emerging from white socks, hanging down against the soft curve of her breast. His little face, grave and concentrated, regarded the stranger with impartial attention.

Sophy seated herself, slipped off his quaint little hat, and ran her hand over the bright-red curls. It seemed to Amaldi that the white hand quivered with ecstasy over the child's head like a white moth over a flower. The boy was not beautiful, but he had his mother's eyes, though he did not look like her.

"This is my little man—this is Bobby!" said Sophy, smiling from the boy to Amaldi, and sliding the child from her knee upon his feet. "You really mustn't mind if he isn't friendly. He doesn't seem to like many people—and none, just at first."

Amaldi and the boy were looking gravely at each other. Suddenly Amaldi smiled. His face seemed to put off a certain delicate mask when he smiled like that. He held out his hand.

"Will you come and try my stick, Bobby?" he said. "It makes a splendid horse."

The boy pressed back hard against his mother's knee for an instant, his eyes still on Amaldi's. Then he twisted around as he leaned against Sophy, looked up inquiringly into her face, smiled suddenly, showing his little crimped teeth, and, drawing himself erect, walked straight up to Amaldi.

"Oh!" said Sophy, in a hushed breath, as when a bird alights near one. Never before had Bobby gone to a stranger. A feeling of delight came over her. The child was ratifying her own instinct about Amaldi. She looked on with lips parted and eyes softly shining, while Bobby, leaning, now, against Amaldi's knee, fingered the dark, smooth stick that made "a splendid horse." But while his small hands wandered over the curved handle, he was gazing not at the stick but into Amaldi's face.

Suddenly he pushed the stick aside.

"Take Bobby," he said.

Amaldi lifted him upon his knee, and the child, putting one hand against the young

man's breast, continued gazing up into his eyes. Then he said,

"Stan' up Bobby; stan' up."

Amaldi put his hands about the firm little body and raised it, so that Bobby stood like a tiny Rhodian Apollo, with a foot on either knee of his new friend. For some moments he stayed so, looking down into Amaldi's face with deep consideration. Then, as if having thought everything out to his entire satisfaction, he bent forward, and set the soft, damp ring of his small mouth against the young man's cheek.

"Bobby man!" he announced; and at once burst into the wildest chuckles, hugging Amaldi's head to him with both arms, springing in his grasp like a bewitched india-rubber ball—repeating over and over: "Bobby man! Bobby man!"

Amaldi clasped him close. His dark face glowed with pleasure. All at once it came back to Sophy afresh that his tragic marriage had been childless. Her heart felt very pitiful toward him. Here the door opened, and Chesney entered.

Amaldi rose, with Bobby still in his arms.

"My husband—Marchese Amaldi," said Sophy.

"How d'ye do?" said Chesney. Then he turned to Sophy.

"Isn't it rather late for the little chap to be down-stairs?" he asked.

"I was going to send him away in a few moments. But he's made such friends with the *marchese*. Isn't it odd? Just look at him!"

Chesney sank into an armchair, and Amaldi also sat down, keeping the boy in his arms. Bobby remained with his hand against Amaldi's breast, his thumb in his mouth, looking fixedly at his father. His blurs of reddish eyebrow were drawn together.

"Little monkey! He's scowling at me," observed Chesney, with his short laugh. "He's not a filial character—young Robert," he flung out carelessly, as though he might be addressing Amaldi.

Sophy spoke in a low aside, meant only for his ear. A flush had come into her cheeks.

"Now, Cecil, don't excite him. He doesn't sleep well when you worry him."

Chesney acted as though he had not heard her. He sat erect, then leaned forward, and, with his great hands hanging loose between his knees, said in a firm tone, "Come here, Bobby!"

The child did not stir. Then he took his thumb from his mouth.

"No," he said, in a clear, distinct, little voice. He put back his thumb and began sucking it vigorously, swinging one foot to and fro in a sort of accompaniment.

Sophy knew well this sign in Bobby. It meant flat rebellion and rising temper.

"Cecil," she murmured. "Cecil——"

He took not the slightest notice of her.

"Charmingly you're brought up, ain't you—you cheeky little brat," said he to his son, in a lazy sort of drawl. Then he barked at him, "Come here to me!"

Again Bobby removed his thumb, and again he said, "No," clearly and firmly. Chesney got up. When the child saw this, he relinquished his small arms of mutiny, and flattening himself against Amaldi's breast, clung to him crying: "No! No! Teep Bobby—teep Bobby."

Amaldi was very pale. Sophy stepped in front of Chesney. She tried to take Bobby in her arms, but nervous dread made him refuse, and he clung like a burr to Amaldi.

"Cecil——" said Sophy again, for he had actually laid his hand on her arm as though to put her from his way.

Amaldi felt in an impossible nightmare. An icy rage congealed him. And suddenly, over the boy's head, the eyes of the two men met. Strange to say, Amaldi's were absolutely expressionless. Something in their still, blank look checked Chesney. He stood a second undetermined, then gave that self-conscious, embarrassed laugh that Sophy knew so well. It was over then. That especial laugh always meant yielding on Cecil's part. She turned again to Bobby, her lip quivering in spite of all her will.

"Come, darling; come to mother," she whispered.

Suddenly the boy let her take him. He was trembling all over, but scorned to cry.

Amaldi murmured a few formalities and left. With Bobby close in her arms, Sophy went quickly past her husband out of the room. He made no effort to detain her.

VII

It was very hard to get Bobby to sleep that night. At last, however, he wearily subsided against Sophy's breast, and, thumb in mouth, demanded "All a gees." This meant the old nursery song of "All the pretty little horses." Obediently she began to

sing in her rich contralto that was like the flutes and viols of love, tempered to the inanity of the nursery rime:

When you wake, you shall have a cake,
And all the pretty little horses—
Blacks and bays, sorrels and grays,
All the pretty little horses!

But though she sang and sang, it was after seven o'clock before the boy fell fast asleep. She dressed hurriedly for dinner, slipping into a tea-gown of dull orange and silver that Cecil particularly liked. She had made up her mind to talk to him about his attitude toward Bobby. She wished it to be as quiet a talk as possible, so she put on the orange tea-gown to please him, and set in her hair some tiny orange lilies that had been sent down from Dynehurst that morning. He liked her to wear flowers in her hair. But though she made these preparations, she was quite determined to face anything in the matter of having "her say out" about his relations with the boy. She had long realized in silence that there was a strong antagonism between father and son. It seemed terrible, but she knew that such things were. It had been the same between Cecil and his own father. But she would not have the child terrorized and herself treated with indignity because of Cecil's moods. No; not even his illness could make her put up with that. And she thought, with a hot wave of pain and shame, of the scene that Amaldi had just witnessed.

Chesney came in to dinner rather late and very much excited. He began rattling politics to her. The Government was going under. He'd give it two more years. Then, by Jove!—he was going to cut in and give his radicalism a fling! The Conservatives were pretty well played out; they'd been in just four years too long, confound 'em! 'Twas Kitty O'Shea had saved the Union for 'em, and none of those rotters in office. As a clever Irish Unionist had said, they ought to raise statues to Kitty O'Shea all over Ulster—and so on, and so on.

Sophy listened pleasantly, putting in a word every now and then, to show that she was really attentive. She was thinking all the time how pale his face was, and how dark and excited his eyes. This last was all the more noticeable, as of late his eyes had been so dull and faded-looking. Now, the pupils almost covered the iris. And she noticed, too, that, though he helped himself



DRAWN BY GEORGE CHAM

"May I know how you came to call your book 'The Shadow of a Flame'?" "Yes: it's very simple," she answered

freely from every dish, he ate scarcely anything. This made her apprehensive. He was so much more apt to be irritable when he did not eat. Then he suddenly ordered a pint of champagne.

"Will you have some, too?" he asked her. "But you don't like it, do you?"

"Sometimes—when I'm thirsty. Not to-night."

"And just send another pint up to my room, Parkson. I shall read late to-night," he added, as an explanation to Sophy.

In the drawing-room, after dinner, he was very restless, roaming to and fro, smoking those great cigarettes, one after the other. He kept glancing at the clock. Sophy had drawn on a pair of long gardening-gloves and was peeling the stems of some roses. The butler had placed a great trayful of them on a low table before her, and as she peeled the long, thorn-armed stems, she arranged the roses in a crystal vase. They kept for days longer when stripped of their outer rind in this way. The tranquil monotony of her movements seemed to get on Chesney's nerves.

"For God's sake," he said finally, halting near her, "get through with that business and sing me something!"

She sat down at once to the piano and sang some of Schumann's *Lieder*. She was glad that he had asked her to sing. Many a time had she played David to his Saul. Music, her singing especially, always softened him. Now it would be easier to talk with him of Bobby.

When she paused, he looked up at her from the chair in which he had stretched himself, his head sunk moodily forward.

"By Jove! You're a sweet woman," he said.

Sophy rose, and, going over to him, sat on the arm of the big chair.

"I want to talk to you about something, Cecil—something very important. Will you be nice to me?"

She had yielded him her hand, and he was looking at it earnestly, turning it this way and that in his great fingers, which were covered between the knuckles with a light furze of reddish hair—playing with the rings that he had given her.

As she spoke, he clutched the hand with which he had been toying and looked up.

"Eh?" he said. "What's up?"

"It's about you and Bobby, Cecil."

He put her hand back upon her knee.

"Oh, the tigress and her cub! I see."

"No, Cecil, you don't see. I want to try to explain things to you."

"Your son's high-priestess interpreter?"

"No, dear; just a woman who understands babies better than a man could."

"Well?"

"I think the boy gets on your nerves."

"He does—cross-grained little beggar!"

"Yes, he is cross-grained. But harshness only makes him worse. He's one of those natures that can only be controlled by love."

"Like yours, eh?"

"Exactly."

Chesney thrust his hands deep into his pockets and smiled. It was an ugly, secretive smile.

"What the little monkey needs is a good thrashing," said he.

Sophy got up from the chair-arm.

"What's the use of talking like that, Cecil?" she said, in a voice that labored to be mild and reasonable. "You don't really mean it."

He smiled again, looking straight before him. "Egad, but I do!" he said.

"No," she said firmly; "I know you better than you know yourself."

"It's a wise wife who knows her own husband."

"I know *that* much about you, at any rate."

"What?"

"That you would never beat a baby two years old."

"Wouldn't I, though!"

Sophy struggled desperately to keep her voice natural. Her heart was beginning to beat so fast that she felt her voice must surely tremble.

"Ah, Cecil, do be nice to me!" she murmured. "You were so gentle and kind this afternoon."

"Gentle and kind—O Lord!" He went off into a sort of frenzy of smothered laughter. "Gentle and kind—that's your ideal of manhood—husbandhood—eh, what?"

Sophy retreated from him. She remained standing, very quiet, very pale.

"As for being nice to you," he continued, between his chuckles, "I thought it was your offspring you wanted me to be nice to."

Sophy said nothing. She was so angry, and so mortified at her own lack of self-command in allowing him to make her angry, that she was literally afraid to speak.

Chesney got up and lounged toward her.

"Look here!" he said, putting his face close to hers. "I'd like you to realize, once for all, that that boy is mine as well as yours—at least I hope he is—" he interpolated brutally. "And what's more, if I choose to, I'll go up-stairs this moment and thrash him in his crib!"

There was no doubt of it. At that moment Sophy felt the full force of the expression to have murder in one's heart. In her heart there was certainly murder. She felt herself saying over and over in thought, as to some dark power: "Let him fall dead! Let him fall dead! Before he can touch my son—let him fall dead, *dead!*"

"Phew! What eyes—" said Chesney, somewhat sobered. "You look a regular Jael—glowering at me like that."

Suddenly his mood took another turn. He gave her a glance of would-be shrewdness, very hateful.

"I'll tell you what's at the bottom of all this," he said sullenly. "It's that dirty little foreigner who was coddling the brat when I came in this afternoon. You've been discussing me with him behind my back. A pretty——"

"*How dare you!*" It came in a slow, fierce whisper. "*How dare you!*"

"All the better—if I'm mistaken," he retorted, again rather sobered for the moment.

"Oh—" Sophy drew a long breath, another. She shuddered convulsively, then grew rigid. "Oh," she said finally, "to think I ever thought myself—in love with you!" Her emphasis on the words, "in love," was sick with self-contempt.

A ghastly look came over Chesney's face. He collapsed all at once into a chair, leaning his forehead on his hands.

"By God—I'm an ill man!" he stammered. Sophy stood an instant in doubt. He was a great actor in his way. But that livid face was not one that could be assumed at will. She rang for help—went over to him.

"What is it? Do you feel faint?" she asked, in a constrained voice. He seemed unable to answer. Parkson appeared in the doorway. "Send Gaynor at once. Mr. Chesney is very ill."

Gaynor came within two minutes. He was a small, quiet man, a little older than his master. He had been in his service ever since Chesney left Cambridge, and traveled with him, knew his every idiosyn-

crasy. Chesney would have no one but Gaynor with him during his mysterious attacks. Parkson was waiting at the door to know if he could be of assistance.

"It's nothing serious, madam," the valet assured Sophy. "I'll just get the butler to help me assist Mr. Chesney up-stairs. He'll come round in half an hour. Pray don't worry, madam." Gaynor spoke very prim and correct English—when he did speak. He was singularly taciturn. Chesney used to boast that he had trained Gaynor to be silent in season and out of season, as some people train a pet dog to "speak."

Three-quarters of an hour later, as Sophy was sitting before her dressing-table, while Tilda brushed out her long hair for the night, there came a knock at the door. Tilda went to answer it, and returned with an envelop in her hand. It was a note from Chesney, written by himself. It said that he felt much better—implored Sophy to come to his room before going to bed. She gazed down at the handwriting, feeling mystified. It was strong, flowing, and abounded in eager flourishes. Yet she had seen Cecil only a short while ago in a state of collapse that really alarmed her.

"Who gave you this?" she said to Tilda.

"Mr. Gaynor, m'm."

"Very well. Tell Gaynor to say to Mr. Chesney that I will come in a few moments."

VIII

WHEN she entered her husband's bedroom, he was already in bed, lying propped up against a heap of pillows. A shaded lamp burned on a table close by—the same lamp that Sophy had extinguished at five o'clock the other morning. Gaynor was folding some garments and laying them away in a cupboard. As soon as Sophy came in he slipped out in the mousy way that she so disliked. She had never been able to overcome her antipathy toward Gaynor. Then she looked earnestly at Chesney and was startled by the change in him. His face was slightly flushed but looked gay and good-humored. He smiled, with an almost childlike, ingenuous expression, and held out both hands to her.

Sophy felt bewildered. She did not know how to return this look. Her heart felt sore and outraged; yet something in this eager, humble look of his melted her against her will. She went up to the bed and let

him take her hands. "You'll forgive a chap won't you, eh, Daphne?" (Oh, if only he wouldn't call her "Daphne" on these occasions!) "A rum, seedy duffer, who's devilish crusty at times, but who worships your shoe-soles!" (So he called it being "crusty"—those ways and words that seared her most intimate womanhood like a hot iron!)

"Are you really better? What was it?" she said, evading a direct answer and trying to infuse extra kindness into her voice to make up for the evasion.

"Oh, it's just the fag end of that beastly jungle-fever I got in India. Gaynor understands it like a native. Gave me some drops—Indian specific for the thing, you know. So I'm forgiven—eh? It's *pax* between us?"

"Yes—*pax*," said Sophy. She felt very tired, and turned as if to draw up a chair, but the big hands held her fast.

"No—no—sit here—on the bed—close to me."

She let him draw her down. She could not keep her eyes from his face. There was something in it—a strangeness. It was Cecil's face, and yet it was not quite his face. Or was it his voice that was strange? Yes; there was something in his voice. It was almost as though he were imitating himself. She felt that her own thoughts were becoming mixed. But the impression of strangeness—of something queer—grew upon her. And all at once, as she became accustomed to the shaded lamp, she noticed—with an odd little start of the spirit, as it were—that his eyes were pale and dull again. It was doubly striking—this change in his eyes, because of the way that they had been overdark and dilated only a little while ago. His lips, too, she noticed, were very dry. As he talked eagerly, volubly, he kept sipping champagne from the glass that Gaynor had filled just before leaving the room. Sometimes his lips stuck to his teeth, they were so dry. And his upper lip caught up for an instant in this way, gave him a peculiar, unnatural look.

"Isn't the medicine that Gaynor gives you very strong?" she asked anxiously.

She was so utterly ignorant of the effects of opium or morphia, that she put aside the things that Olive Arundel had told her as she listened to his excited, garrulous talk. Opium gave wonderful dreams—deep sleep. Morphine was used to quiet delirium. This

could not be the effect of either of those drugs. It seemed much more probable to her that what he had said was the simple truth, and that Gaynor had given him some strong Oriental medicine to check the effects of fever.

"No—no—nonsense!" he cried, in answer to her question, a fretful look crossing his forehead. Then a sort of slow, ecstatic expression crept over his face. He caught her hands in his again.

"Oh, the bliss—the sheer bliss of relief from pain!" he murmured. "Half an hour ago I was in hell—quite so. Now"—he drew away one of his hands, and spread it out slowly at arm's length, smiling at it—"now," he went on, "my very hands are happy. It's a pleasure—a thrilling joy just to move my fingers—quietly, like that."

"You aren't feverish now, are you?" asked Sophy. She put her hand on his forehead. It was dry and warm, but not feverish.

"No—no; not in the least," he said, and again that fretful look crossed his face. But the next instant he was rambling on.

"Yes—bliss just to be—just to breathe. To stretch out—so." He elongated his limbs under the bedclothes, stretching luxuriously like a great cat. "If I were a Titan—by Jove! I could fill up space just by stretching myself like that. Rum fancy, eh?" He laughed softly and took several sips of champagne—then lighted a cigarette.

"Ought you to smoke?" faltered Sophy. Somehow, the more gay and garrulous he grew, the more depressed and anxious she felt. She did not trust Gaynor. What was this sinisterly benevolent medicine that could change a man from an angry, brutal invalid into a huge, merry child as it were, chirping at the toys of fancy?

"Do you know anything about epilepsy, Sophy? Bless you, you darling, don't look so frightened! I haven't got epilepsy—but there was that Russian chap—Dostoevsky—who had it. He speaks of a wonderful moment—a luminous moment that comes just before an attack—before the fit, you know. He says you seem to understand everything, and know everything, and be in harmony with everything—as if there were no more Time. Well—I have not only one moment like that but hundreds, thousands—when I'm as I am now—after a collapse like that. By God, it's worth the suffering!"



She sat down at once to the piano and sang some of Schumann's *Lieder*

Sophy took one of his excited hands and held it in both her own.

"Cecil—dear Cecil," she said, "please, for my sake, consult a doctor about that medicine Gaynor gives you."

For a second—the merest flash—a look of fury narrowed his eyes. Then he laughed—gaily, good-naturedly, patted her hand. "My good child, haven't you ever heard the expression 'crazy with joy'? Well—I'm crazy with the joy of relief from pain—that's all. Can't a chap babble a bit to his own wife without being threatened with a doctor? Come—I suppose I *am* talking a bit too much. Tell me a story, as the

children say—and I'll keep quiet. By the way—talking of children—I sent for you chiefly to tell you that you were right about the boy. He's a devil of a little individual, that's all. I'm rather an individual, myself. Naturally we clash. Relationship doesn't alter such things. Relationship is a big farce. There aren't any true relationships except those of the spirit. You're Queen of Bobs from this time forward. There—I *am* forgiven now, ain't I?"

"Yes; truly—from my heart," said Sophy, quite melted. She put her face down against his hand. "If only——"

"If only what?"

"If only you could always be your true self—*this* self."

Chesney said nothing. He was lighting another cigarette.

"Oh, poor dear! You can't do it that way; here's your other hand," she said, smiling and releasing the hand she held. Chesney closed his eyes for a moment. Dreamily he said:

"Won't you tell me that story? You tell such lovely stories when you're in the mood."

"I can't think of one, somehow. *You* tell me one."

In that thick, dreamy voice, his dry lips cleaving together now and then, he began to speak.

"Once there was a man who was shut by his arch-enemy into a dark dungeon. This enemy's name was Bios." (Sophy knew no Greek, and somehow it pleased him to fling out to her this clue to the parable that he was inventing, knowing that she could not use it.) "Bios shut the man up in his foul dungeon. But worse than the darkness and the stone walls was the legend of the place. It was told that out of the crevices there came a horrid Thing like a winged scorpion, with steely horns and a sting of living fire. And in the darkness this Thing would dart upon the prisoner in that dungeon, and drive him round and round. By the light of its fiery sting, he could see just enough to run from it but not to escape. This man thought: 'I will not run from this Thing until I die from exhaustion. I will bare my breast to it and die at once from its sting.' Pour me out a bit more champagne, there's a dear girl."

"Did—did Gaynor say that champagne was good to take with that medicine?"

"Yes—yes"—impatiently. "Don't you want to hear the end of my story?"

"Of course—but—yes, go on."

He drank half a glass of the wine at a draft, and dropped the lighted cigarette on the bedclothes. Sophy hastily brushed it upon the floor, then lifted it and put it in the ash-tray. He went on:

"So the man bared his breast. And he felt the little sting go in—delicately—deliberately—" His slowly modulated voice seemed to make her see this fiery sting going into the man's flesh in the dark.

"Oh, finish!" she cried. "I don't like this story, Cecil!"

"Wait," he murmured. "And as the sting went into his living flesh—there flowed

through him, not death—but rapture—rapture—rapture—" His voice trailed off. He seemed to have fallen suddenly asleep.

She started to rise softly—at once his hand gripped her holding her down. "I'm not asleep," he said; "I'm only thinking. I'm thinking how badly I told that story, when it is really beautiful—quite beautiful. But I don't want to talk any more. Tell me one of those poems you used to make up for me—when we were sweethearts."

Sophy put up her hand to her throat. Tears blinded her. It was as if he had said, "When we were in The Garden in the days of our innocence." And a poem—how could she make a poem for him? Just as she thought this, a fancy came to her. "Will you try to sleep if I make you one?" she said softly.

"Yes—yes." His voice was very drowsy.

"Then," said she, "I will tell you one and it is called 'The Beautiful Beggar.'"

"I like that—it's so Daphne-like," trailed the drowsy voice. "Just put your hand on me while you tell it—will you?"

"It's very short, dear. It's the story of the first beggar that ever went begging on the earth. He begged from everyone, but people were afraid of him. They cowered and tried to hide when they saw him coming. He was so huge and so terrible to look at, for he was covered from head to feet by a garment of bright, party-colored rags made like a shroud with great eyeholes. The people said that his eyes were blind and bleeding behind these eyeholes, and that he was a leper and his breath pestilence. Some said that he was bone-white under his rags, and others that he was a blackamoor, only white in patches. All whispered that he was a cannibal. But only those who gave him what he asked, through fear or courage or weariness or for whatever reason, saw him as he really was. Because what he begged for was souls—only souls. When a man gave him his soul and he fled away with it, the soul in the beggar's arms looked back at its body, and lo! the dear flesh that it had prized was like the rags that the beggar had cast away, like a wisp of party-colored stuff—a little rag—and then the soul looked again on the naked beggar, Death, and saw that he was beautiful."

She waited a moment—then said, in a soft, even whisper, "Asleep, dear?"

Only his heavy breathing answered her. He had not heard the story of "The Beau-

tiful Beggar." She lifted her hand from his breast little by little, turned down the lamp, and stole from the room. Neutral-tinted in face and figure, quietly alert, Gaynor sat on a chair outside the door. He rose for Sophy to pass. For some reason, that even she herself could not quite make out, she broke down and wept when she reached her own room. Kneeling beside her bed, her face buried in her pillow, her arms clasping it, she kept sobbing: "Oh, poor Cecil! Poor Cecil!"

IX

FOR a week after this, Chesney was much better, if rather languid. He kept his room a good deal, or lay on the big leather lounge in the smoking-room, reading incessantly. His interest in politics, however, seemed suddenly to have revived, and he continually assured Sophy that the party which had been in power since 1886 was on its last legs, and that the G. O. M. would be reinstated as prime minister within two years. "If I wasn't so handicapped with this rotten

fever, I'd throw off my coat and jump into the ring," he kept telling her.

"With the Liberals?" Sophy ventured.

He scowled, then grinned. "Do I strike you as Conservative?" he asked.

"No—but your family——"

"Confound the family!" he said cheerfully.

He took up his book again—a heavy volume on German politics, and Sophy sat watching him quietly as she embroidered a collar for Bobby. She wished with all her heart that he would "go in" actively for politics. She felt that what he needed, perhaps most of all, was some steady, vital interest and occupation. He was only thirty-three, and she had heard from many people that much had been expected from him by men whose opinion in such things mattered. Of course his mother was furious at his Radical tendencies and called him "turncoat" to his face, among other terms as frank and equally harsh. He always met this with the secretive smile that so enraged her. At twenty-seven his brilliant series of articles, "The Liberalism of

a Tory-born," had been much talked of. In them he showed originality, a singular grasp of

matters for so young a

man, and, in addition,

that perhaps most valuable gift for

the man

who wishes

to "arrive"—a

tremendous power

of conviction

that there is

but one

side to a

question

—the

side on

which



"Oh, finish!" she cried. "I don't like this story, Cecil!"

he stands. He saw the other side, of course, but he saw it as the side of the wave which breaks—as froth.

There were people, however, who said that Cecil Chesney was “agin’ the Government,” as he was against most facts that happened to be established, that they had prophesied from the first that his “staying power” was *nil*—and his brilliancy of the unstable, sky-rockety sort that peters out in talk and scribbling. Certainly he had made an odd *volte-face* when he whipped about at twenty-eight and went off on that exploring expedition to Africa.

Sophy was very ignorant about politics. She imagined that if Cecil only chose, he could easily become a member of the House of Commons and make a stir in that august and portly body. This innocent belief shows how really and sincerely and extremely ignorant she was. But, then, she had had few opportunities of information. The first year of her marriage had been spent chiefly in learning how to adapt herself in some way to her eccentric, passionate husband, to the new characters and customs with which she found herself surrounded, to the amazing difficulties of her intercourse with Chesney’s family. Lady Wychcote had been hostile to her from the first. But Sophy had a gift, rare even in those days, of natural, fiery dignity, which constrained even her imperious mother-in-law to treat her, if not with kindness, at least with a certain measure of outward respect. Gerald was a kindly, quiet, scholarly man of thirty-six who cared nothing whatever for politics. His books and the welfare of the miners, whose labor was one of the chief sources of the Wychcote riches, amply filled his time. It may be imagined what a severe thorn her eldest son proved in the proud flesh of his mother. And as her disappointment in Cecil waxed, her love for Gerald waned. When she realized that there had sprung up a quiet affection between him and his young sister-in-law—“the Daughter of Heth” as Lady Wychcote called her to her own circle—she came near to hating him. That he had not married and showed no inclination to enter that respectable state so incumbent on the heirs of old titles and large fortunes, was like a continual draft on the smoldering embers of her grievance against him for having been born sickly. He had suffered from childhood with an obscure form of heart-trouble.

Sophy’s second year of marriage had brought Bobby and the first, serious symptoms of her husband’s malady. She had certainly had scant time for the study of politics. What little she did know was gleaned from the glib, rattling talk of Olive Arundel, who, as the wife of an M. P., had the political patter at her tongue’s tip.

So Sophy worked on the little collar for Bobby, and dreamed that she was sitting behind the gratings of the Ladies’ Gallery in the House of Commons, to hear Cecil’s maiden speech. She had just arrived at the pleasant moment, when Mr. Gladstone, reinstated as premier, was listening, hand at ear, with unmistakable signs of surprised approval to the eloquence of his new supporter, when Cecil himself destroyed the vision. He let the heavy German book fall to the floor with a bang and said:

“What’s on for this week in the way of society? Anything promising?”

“We’ve had lots of invitations, Cecil, but I’ve refused them.”

He looked peevish.

“Hang it all! Why didn’t you consult me before making such a holocaust as that? I’m feeling much more fit. Think I’d like to mix with pleasant fools for a time.”

Sophy looked doubtful.

“Don’t you think it’s too soon, Cecil? You were awfully ill that night.”

“Well—I didn’t stay ill, did I?”

“N-no. You recovered wonderfully quickly.” She stopped stitching on the little collar, and looked at him earnestly.

Chesney got up.

“I think I’ll go out for a bit,” he said. “Just a turn in the park.”

“Would you like me to come with you?”

“You forget—don’t you?—you told me Olive Arundel was coming for tea.”

“Oh, so I did! Well, then—but don’t overtire yourself.”

He scowled frankly this time.

“Confound it, Sophy—I told you I felt quite fit.” He reached the door, then turned. “Mind you hold on to the next invitation that seems promising. I need bucking up a bit; mixing with my fellows—confound ’em! It will give me something to vent my spleen on. So long.”

As it happened, Mrs. Arundel came with an invitation. It was for a dinner at the House of Commons. She had coaxed her Jack to give this dinner. Varesca had never been to a dinner at the House of Commons.

"You *must* come, Sophy," she said urgently. "It's going to be *brilliant*." (Whenever Olive grew very intense she missed her "r's," and this suited her Greuze type charmingly.)

Sophy needed no urging. This was the very thing for which Cecil had been wishing. She accepted for them both.

Olive leaned over and kissed her.

"Oh, I *am* so pleased! And that duck of an Amaldi will be in the seventh heaven!"

Sophy could not help smiling at the idea of the quiet, reserved Amaldi being called "a duck."

"Why do you smile, Sophy? Varesca says he is madly in love with you."

Sophy was annoyed to feel herself blushing, for this blush came wholly from vexation, and she knew that Olive would interpret it otherwise.

"It's very stupid of Count Varesca to say such things," she said a little haughtily.

"Oh, *no*, darling! Attilio may be impulsive—but he *isn't* stupid."

Sophy's gray eyes narrowed with laughter.

"I think Attilio is such a funny name, Olive. Do you really call him Attilio?"

"Of course I do. But I don't think it is a *funny* name exactly—only sweetly quaint. Besides—there's positively *no* shortening it. Tilio is *too* silly, and one *couldn't* call a *man* Tilly. Now, *could* one?"

Sophy laughed and laughed, and Olive, after pouting for a second, joined in.

As Sophy thought, Chesney was much pleased with the idea of this dinner at the House of Commons.

"It will be mostly made up of the Conservative gang, I suppose," he commented. "All the more fun baiting them. I know a thing or two that will wring the withers of the Honorable John—stodgy duffer! Thank God, his career will end in the *cul-de-sac* of the House of Lords!"

Sophy felt suddenly anxious. Suppose he had one of his outbursts of rage at that dinner? She had forgotten his violent antipathy to the Powers that Were, when she accepted the invitation.

"I suppose there'll be Liberals, too, at the dinner," she ventured rather timidly.

"There'll be *one* Liberal there, by Jove!" said Chesney, and he added a few chuckles to his grin.

As the evening of the dinner drew near, Sophy grew more and more apprehensive.

Chesney was no longer in the amiably apathetic mood that had followed the first days of his recovery from his last attack. His face had taken on again that waxen pallor, and his pupils seemed to her unnaturally dilated.

At tea-time an unfortunate incident occurred. They were sitting together while he drank what she called his "tea stew," when William brought in a parcel.

"Fallals for to-night?" asked Chesney.

"No; I haven't bought anything. I can't think what it is," said Sophy, puzzled. She fetched the little scissors from her writing-table and cut the cord on the parcel. It contained an odd little boat, like the fishermen's boats on Lago Maggiore. When it was wound up the little men in it worked their oars. Amaldi's card lay on top. He had written on it: "For my friend Bobby, from his Man."

Chesney put down his cup, and came over. "What the devil is that?" he said, scowling at the toy. Then he picked up Amaldi's card. "I call that a confounded liberty!"

Sophy paled. Amaldi had promised Bobby this toy the afternoon of his call. Then she said, in as commonplace a tone as she could manage:

"I see no liberty in it—only a natural piece of kindness. Bobby took a great fancy to him. He promised to send this toy."

Chesney turned on her.

"Throwing a nubbin to the calf to catch the cow, as you say in Virginia, eh?" he said brutally. She flushed with such crimson intensity that the tears sprang to her eyes. In a ringing voice she cried out, as she saw him eyeing the flush jeeringly,

"It's for *you* that I am blushing!"

Without another look at him, she took up the toy and went out of the room.

She was so pale in her gown of white crêpe when she came down-stairs, dressed for dinner, that he said, after eyeing her discontentedly:

"Good Lord! You look like the family ghost. Can't you stick on a bit of rouge?"

"No; I don't like rouge."

His eyes fixed on the chaplet of ivy leaves in her shaded hair.

"I suppose that garland is to complete the impression of an Iphigenia about to be sacrificed, eh?"

"Cecil!" she said it earnestly, impressively; "don't let's quarrel to-night."

"Why not to-night, especially?"

"Because"—her lip quivered—"I've so looked forward to being proud of you to-night."

He struggled against it but she had touched him. His face softened. He just brushed her shoulder with his great hand.

"You're a fine thing, by God!" he said, in a husky voice.

They drove to Westminster in silence.

X

ONE of the guests was late—a noted beauty who was famous among other things for always being from a half to three-quarters of an hour behind time, unless there were royalties. Olive had decided that it would be pleasanter to await her arrival on the Terrace. At half-past eight the twilight was still clear and soft. The women's bare shoulders and jeweled heads gleamed charmingly against the dark sheen of the light-scattered river. Such of them as were made up for artificial light looked as though they had strayed from another century and forgotten to have their hair powdered also. Those that were prettily painted reminded Sophy of strange orchids that would show best by candle-light. She herself felt still and listless.

Olive found the chance to whisper a few words. Sophy had told her frankly how ill Cecil had been only two weeks before, and of his renewed interest in present political questions. She had begged Olive to "arrange" things a little. She was so afraid that he would get excited if he found himself surrounded entirely by men who were of the Government or on its side.

"Poor dear," Olive now whispered; "you're so pale! I'm sure it's anxiety. Don't be anxious. I've given Cecil the beauty to take in, and I've put him at the uttermost end from Jack. Poor, darling Jack *does* so irritate him with his honest platitudes. I know! Then he'll have that rabid Radical, Cunyngham Smythe, near by. He'd have to out-Herod Herod you know, to fall foul of Cunny Smythe. And there's the Russian ambassador, Suberov, opposite. You told me that Cecil read the Russians, didn't you? Well—that ought to be soothing. I've gathered all the ultra-Tories at my end. Amaldi's to take you in, and I've put Oswald Tyne on your right—Two poets together, you know— There's

that provoking Sybil Chassilis—at least half an hour late."

She went forward to greet Lady Chassilis (the beauty), and Amaldi came up to Sophy. She saw her husband glance their way, then deliberately turn his back and begin talking to the man next him. Something in that great, stolid, well-shaped back struck Sophy as ominous. She felt herself grow even paler. Her very lips felt cold as they rested on each other. She was filled with a presentiment of coming disaster. But, somehow, as she looked into Amaldi's eyes and listened to his quiet voice, a feeling of reassurance stole over her.

"Did Bobby approve of my offering?" he asked, noticing her extreme pallor. He thought that she looked even more lovely pale like this.

"Yes; it was good of you. He went to sleep with the little boat in his arms."

Here Oswald Tyne approached. He was one of the most remarkable characters of his day. Years ago, when she was a school-girl, Sophy had heard him lecture in her own country. He himself had then been a youth but just graduated from Oxford. She remembered him, a slender, poetic figure, with the poet's locky mane, and a long, clear face in which the most striking feature was the eyes, light gray, mysteriously mocking, of a somewhat exaggerated oval. Now he was a heavy, middle-aged man. The long face had become jowled; the light irises of his eyes showed too broad a crescent of white below them. The sensual, heavy-lipped, good-natured mouth seemed to weigh upon the chin, creasing it downward. But if he had lost in personal looks, he had gained in the subtler charm of wit. There was no such "talker" in all England as Oswald Tyne. He was always delightful to Sophy, but she always felt ill at ease with him. This feeling was obscure to her. She had never tried to analyze it. With the oddest contradiction, at one and the same time she admired his gifts and felt a great compassion for him—the man. And this compassion could not have been called forth by anything in his life, for his circumstances were all fortunate and brilliant.

"Thank you for being so pale to-night, dear lady," he said, in his abrupt, whimsical way. "One gets so weary of color. How Iris must have hated her rainbow at times! Our Englishwomen are too beautifully tinted. One longs sometimes for the sight



DRAWN BY GEORGE GIBBS

There, as she sat lightly talking, in her white gown and the slender wreath of ivy that made her look like some pure, woodland being, her husband called down the long table to her, "You lie!"

of an albino. Think of an assembly of negroes and albinos. How austere and weird at the same time! Would you have such an assembly garmented all in black or white or dull orange?"

"But orange is a color—" ventured Sophy.

Tyne grew extremely serious and impressive. "No; no! Pardon me. Orange is only the earthly body of light. I think we should dress our assembly in orange—the albinos in a clear tulip tint, the negroes in a fierce saffron."

"Oswald, what *flightful* nonsense you talk at times!" cried Mrs. Arundel, overhearing this. "Please go and take in Countess Hohenfels. She's dying to hear you talk."

Tyne looked at her out of his heavy, swimming eyes.

"A German? You have given me a German for dinner? I see. You divined that my mood would be musical. But Germans are not musical in spirit. It is only their bodies that are musical. Their souls are an eternal dissonance. They have mathematical imaginations. Their music is the integral calculus of the spheres——"

Olive firmly drew him away, still pouring forth this flood of easy nonsense.

At table, Sophy noticed that her husband glanced from her to Amaldi once or twice. His look was hard and hostile. She determined to try to talk as much as possible with both Tyne and Amaldi. This would be easier—as it became at once evident that the dinner would be one of those delightful occasions on which little groups talk together, even across the table.

"When are you going to make me see another beautiful dawn?" asked Tyne abruptly.

Sophy gazed at him. She wondered what was coming.

"How did I make you see a beautiful dawn?" she asked, knowing that he wanted her to put the question.

"By writing your 'Shadow of a Flame' and letting me read it. Yes—all night I played with those lovely, flickering verses."

"You are too kind to me," she said shyly.

"Tell me when I am to read another of *your* books—that are not shadows of flames but flames themselves."

"Lovely—lovely!" he murmured. "That is quite lovely of you. But as for a new book—it is so prosaic to publish a book in London. Nothing really happens. Now in

Paris—why—one day all the boulevards blossom like beds of daffodils. You are amazed. You ask, 'Why this delicious flowering?' You are answered, 'Paul Bourget has published a new novel.'"

He went airily on for some moments in this strain. From across the table, a clever critic and man of letters was listening with pleased amusement. Suddenly he said,

"Tell me, Oswald, have you ever read the works of an American called Edgar Saltus?"

"Why Edgar Saltus, like a stiletto from the blue?"

"Because the American boulevards seem to blossom with his flowers of rhetoric in the way that you describe. I have often wanted to parody him. But parody crouches at his feet."

Tyne held up one of his suave, heavy hands.

"Softly, please," he murmured. "Tread softly there. I have a certain tenderness for Mr. Edgar Saltus. I know nothing in literature more touching than the way that passion and grammar struggle for mastery on every one of his wonderful pages."

Amaldi listened with his quiet smile, as the two wits flung the light ball to and fro between them. He was not himself in a talkative mood that night. Besides, he was one of those men, who, while seeming outwardly unconscious of what is not directly in contact with them, notice everything that takes place, and he had caught those dark looks cast by Cecil Chesney at Sophy and himself. Now he was glad to see that she was becoming diverted and roused from her pale listlessness by the talk of Oswald Tyne and his friend. He also observed that Chesney, too, had apparently changed his humor and was engaged in an animated conversation with the men and women nearest him. After a while, he saw that Chesney was holding forth alone. But it was evidently a perfectly amiable harangue, for the others were listening with animated faces. Still, Sophy, who could not catch the gist of her husband's talk, looked suddenly anxious, and Amaldi was relieved when the critic, who had been talking with Tyne, and whose name was Ferrars, said to Sophy:

"Your husband's having a brilliant go at Russian literature, Mrs. Chesney. Are you as keen on that subject as he is?"

"Yes, quite, I think."

"Tolstoy and Dostoevsky are our living

Pillars of Hercules," said Ferrars, a little didactically. "They guard the portals of modern literature. They are our colossi—we others fuss and potter about under their huge limbs like pigmies."

"Speak for yourself, Charles," said Tyne coolly. "I may not be a colossus, but I have wings. Gauzy, iridescent, little vans, maybe, but sufficient to lift me. I am not what sportsmen call a 'heavyweight' of literature—but I can coruscate, which your colossi cannot. And I am not sure that I don't prefer fireflies to eagles."

"Which do you think greater—Tolstoy or Dostoevsky?" Sophy slipped in, before Ferrars could launch a sarcasm.

During the excited discussion that followed, Sophy turned to Amaldi. But try as she might, she could not overcome the *gêne* cast upon her by those hostile looks of her husband. Once, in spite of herself, her eyes strayed toward Cecil. But he was not looking at her. He was leaning close to Lady Chassilis. A flush had come into his face. His eyes glittered. He seemed to be saying something delightful but rather shocking, for Sybil Chassilis gave him a sidelong flash out of her black eyes—then flushed and cast them down, smiling in a peculiar way. Sophy noticed with a sinking heart that he drank glass after glass of champagne.

Suddenly Tyne turned again to Sophy.

"I have a grievance—a sorrow—a real sorrow," he said.

"What is it?" asked Sophy, in a low voice. He seemed never to be in earnest, yet, at that moment, the queer feeling of compassion that he always excited in her, rose in her heart.

He drew a deep sigh. Now she was sure that there was a mocking light, far back in his pale but deep-gray eyes.

"It is that no one will believe in my real wickedness—my beautiful vileness. I have no disciple who really believes in me. Yet I am wonderfully vile. Virtue seems like a pale, pockmarked wench to me. I feel like crying out on her like old Capulet: 'Out you tallow-face! You baggage!' But Sin, with the clear black flames curled about her naked feet like the petals of a lotus—Sin, with her delicate, acrid lips that never satiate and are never satiated—her I worship, her I serve! Do you believe me?"

Sophy gazed at him. Something strange and wild and unbelievable took place in her. She saw—no, she *knew*, not by ratiocina-

tion but as one knows when one falls into the sea that one is wet—she *knew* that this man was truly vile, that he was speaking the truth to her. But even more wonderful, she knew that horror and tragedy unspeakable waited for him.

"Do you believe me?" he said again, keeping up the bravado of his light tone, but some chord in his voice stirred oddly.

Sophy drew a long breath. She felt herself shivering. Then, "Yes," she said almost inaudibly. He continued to look at her—a strange, musing look.

"Thank you," he said blandly. "So I have a disciple at last."

Then that passion of horror and pity broke down all conventional restraint in Sophy.

"But *why?*" she said, in a passionate whisper. "Why; *why?*"

He was silent just for an instant's pressure; then he answered by the most extraordinary and appalling piece of blasphemy.

"Because," he said, "'before Abraham was, I am.'"

IX

THE Countess Hohenfels, a very clever Austrian who had written some decadent plays in verse, here demanded Tyne's attention. Sophy felt that she ought to turn to Amaldi again, but it was as if that terrible glimpse into the unveiled soul of another being had paralyzed her will for the moment. She sat white and still, her profile toward him, playing with the spray of orchids at her plate. Then, all at once, she realized that Cecil was speaking louder than he had been. His words reached her distinctly. She glanced toward him in terror. What a horrible evening! What—what was going to happen?

What Chesney said was this:

"Russia is an epileptic, like so many of her people. She has the inspired moment, the convulsion, the apathy. Again inspiration—again convulsions—apathy—*e da capo—e da capo.*"

As he uttered these words, his eyes were fixed insolently on Prince Suberov.

Sophy saw several heads turn hastily in her husband's direction. The faces of those near him wore a scared expression.

Suberov was a tall, impassive man of sixty-five with a singularly gentle face and small, deep-set, sad, gray eyes.

While everyone waited, scarcely daring to glance at him, he replied tranquilly.

"Yes—my country is called 'Holy Russia' by us who love her. Her sickness, to us, is certainly 'the sacred sickness.'"

One felt relief stir like a draft around the table. But Chesney would not let it go at that. His eyes gleamed malevolently. He thrust out his jaw in a way that Sophy knew well.

"*Oui*," he said, in French, which his execrable English accent rendered more brutal. "*oui, 'cette sacrée maladie'!*" His accent on the word "*sacrée*" made it sheer insult.

Suberov looked at him intently.

"I fear *monsieur* is not feeling well this evening," he said gravely. "I have heard that *monsieur* has been ill. Of course an invalid's opinions on sickness are always interesting, though not conclusive."

For a second it was as though everyone at the table held his breath. A look of fury crossed Chesney's face; then he thrust out his chin with that self-conscious, slightly embarrassed smile so familiar to his wife, and cried, "*Touche, monsieur, touche!*"

It seemed to Sophy, that, at the same moment, a very pandemonium of voices broke out on every side. People seemed saying anything that came uppermost in their minds. Sophy herself found that she was talking feverishly to Amaldi of the little boat that he had just sent Bobby. She talked and talked—telling him anecdotes of Bobby's funny ways and speeches. Everyone was laughing a little exaggeratedly over just such trivialities.

The bell rang for a division in the House. Several men got up and left the table to vote. Sophy glanced up vaguely a moment as they went out, then returned to her light chatter with Amaldi.

No one seemed to notice this particularly, or, if they did notice it, it was probable that they understood only too well the nervous excitement which led her to keep up this gay rattle as if not daring to pause.

Suddenly Chesney leaned his arms on the table, pushing the glasses to one side. He thrust forward his face in his wife's direction. It was livid. The people near him gazed appalled.

Several times Amaldi, who had also caught glimpses of this face, had tried to let the conversation drop naturally. Sophy had been talking steadily with him for at least fifteen minutes. But it was as if she

were afraid to stop for a moment—like a nervous skater who knows that if she pauses she will fall. And all at once it happened—the monstrous, the incredible thing!

What he had thought that she was saying, Sophy could never divine. Even long afterward, when she could think of it with comparative calmness, she could not imagine what he could have thought—or could she ever remember what it was that she had really been saying. But whatever it was, as the words came from her smiling lips, suddenly, barking it out at her, before that brilliant company, before some of the most famous men and women of the day—there, as she sat lightly talking, in her white gown and the slender wreath of ivy that made her look like some pure, woodland being, her husband called down the long table to her, "You lie!"

She was so startled—the thing was so incredible—that, thinking she had not heard aright, she turned toward him and said,

"What, Cecil?"

He called again, distinctly: "I say you lied. What you said just now was a lie."

Then, his arms still on the table, his shoulders hunched, he began sipping a fresh glass of wine, staring moodily before him, with a sort of vacant, bovine ferocity in his fixed eyes.

Everyone has noticed how some trivial fact always imprints itself indelibly on one's mind in such ghastly moments. Opposite Sophy sat the beautiful Duchess of Maidsdowne. As Chesney shouted his deadly insult at his wife, the blood rushed in a scarlet wave to the roots of the duchess' chestnut hair, and the lovely, violent crimson glowed, painfully overbrilliant, on her cheeks for the rest of the evening. This agonized blush was the one thing that Sophy could ever clearly recall of the moments that followed. All went black about her the next instant; then her fine will conquered, and she sat still and conscious, but all that she was conscious of was that the Duchess of Maidsdowne had blushed crimson, and that this crimson still dyed her lovely face. Sophy had heard that the duchess was consumptive and that she rouged to conceal her illness. Now she kept thinking: "No; she does not rouge. I must remember to tell Olive. She does not rouge at all. What a wonderful color! And how it rushed up to the very edge of her hair!"

Next, there came over her another strange

feeling with which also everyone is familiar. She felt that she was in one of those dreams wherein one finds oneself on the street or in a crowded assembly, insufficiently clad—perhaps quite naked. Yes—she felt as though she sat there quite naked, for everyone to stare and wonder at. Quite naked she felt. Even the sheath of her soul had been stripped off— She sat there with body and soul—both bared to curious, amazed, horrified eyes.

Beside her sat Amaldi, no paler than some others at that table, yet realizing how much worse than the most painful death it is to love a woman whose husband insults her, and yet, for the sake of that very woman, to be unable to avenge the insult.

Before the company could assume more than a strained semblance of naturalness, those guests who had gone out to vote in the division returned. One of them, a sporting member, a good-natured but typically John Bullish type of M. P. and a country neighbor of John Arundel's, called out, as he took his seat:

"Hello, John! What's gone wrong with your feast? Somebody's been throwing wet blankets over the table-cloth."

He was quickly suppressed. The other men looked curious, but having more "gumption" began talking commonplaces with a commendable show of having noticed nothing unusual. Later on, Oswald Tyne murmured to the Countess Hohenfels:

"I have often thought that the exquisite virtue of Nero's vice is much underestimated. Suppose him as presiding in the present case, for instance. I presume that the brute over there is regarded by many as 'a Christian gentleman'. Think how many 'Christian gentlemen' Nero disposed of by the simple device of wrapping them in pitch and applying fire. Do you not think that this festival would have been much more festive had it been lighted by the Honorable Cecil as a living torch?"

But the Countess Hohenfels, although she was not noted for sensibility, could not rally, even to the persiflage of one so audaciously and charmingly witty as Oswald Tyne.

When Arundel was apologizing to Prince Suberov after dinner, the impassive Russian said quietly:

"I beg you not to give the matter another thought. The young man is evidently demented. Our sympathy should all be for

his wife. What a beautiful, distinguished creature! When all is said, living is a sad *métier!*"

As soon as the guests rose from table, Chesney left. Sophy's pride would not allow her to go before the usual hour for such things. Everyone was charming to her—almost too charming. At moments, she felt that she could not bear it, that she must scream frantically, childishly—like Bobby when he had had a bad dream—or throw herself over the parapet into the Thames. But her face, though it had a pinched, frozen look, was very quiet.

Olive managed to whisper to her once, as they stood close together:

"He's a *cwuel brute!* We must get you out of his power somehow."

"Don't, Olive—don't speak of it!" Sophy had gasped out.

"Very well. But I'll be with you first thing to-morrow."

"No—please. I must be alone. I must think."

Olive, whose heart was sound though so elastic, understood perfectly.

"Very well," she said again. "But mind you send for me the first moment you feel you need me."

"Thanks," murmured Sophy. "Thanks—dear Olive."

Amaldi did not try to talk to her. She was very grateful to him for this. He understood too well. These others pitied but did not understand. To have felt the close contact of a compassion that comprehended was more than she could have endured. It would have broken her down utterly. But he watched her from afar with a quiet yet absorbed look, that was not without meaning to Suberov, on whom, also, Sophy had made a deep and poignant impression.

He came near the young man, and said in Italian in his sweet, melancholy voice, after himself regarding Sophy in silence for a moment,

"A strong soul—heroic!"

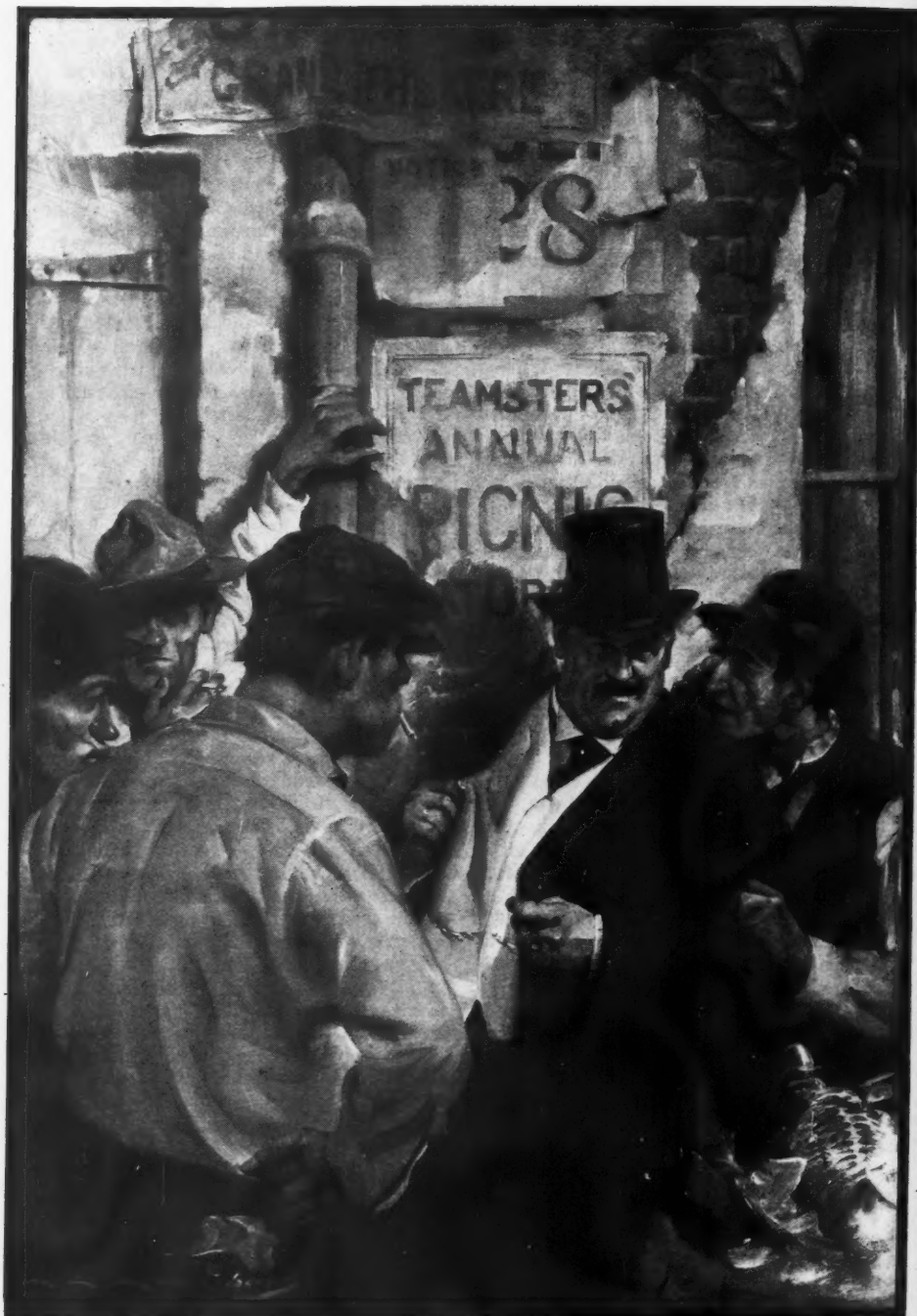
Amaldi answered dreamily, as though it were quite natural for the old statesman to address him in his native tongue.

"Yes, Excellency—but souls like that are made for sorrow."

"And sorrow for such souls," said Suberov, with his mournful, delicate smile.

"Perhaps," said Amaldi.

"Undoubtedly," said Suberov gently, but with profound conviction.



DRAWN BY CHARLES E. CHAMBERS

"Say, bo; wouldn't it make it stronger if I was to croak one of these guys? And if I do, what do I get?"

(Wallingford, Strike-breaker)

Wallingford, Strike-breaker

"The New Adventures of Wallingford," we do not hesitate to say, have kept a longer and firmer hold on the affections of the public than any series of stories ever written. "They never get tiresome; there is always a new surprise," is the burden of the comment of *Cosmopolitan* readers. In this "adventure," J. Rufus very nearly lets a brilliant opportunity get by him. But suggestive Blackie Daw is on hand, as usual. Then Wallingford has a chance to think, and—well, read and see what happens.

By George Randolph Chester

Author of "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," "The Cash Intrigue," etc.

Illustrated by Charles E. Chambers

"**A** SCRAP!" exulted Blackie Daw, and stopped the big racer so abruptly that J. Rufus Wallingford slid forward from the seat and skinned his knees.

"You nut!" he grumbled, as he picked himself up, but the harsh words fell on deaf ears, for Blackie Daw was out at the roadside, in the mud, among the scrapers and dirt-wagons, and edging his way into the circle of delighted teamsters.

"Soak his other eye, Tommy!" yelled a copper-faced man next to Blackie. He turned, as the newcomer jostled him, and his eyes met those of the black-mustached stranger. The two men exchanged a smile of mutual pleasure in the proceedings, then paid strict attention to the wiry little man and the solid fat man, who were industriously pommeling each other in the center of the ring.

"Go it, Alf!" shouted a yellow-mustached Irishman on the opposite side of the circle.

Alf was the solid fat man. His face was purple and his breath was short, but he kept his arms swinging while the little fighter they called Tommy danced around him and landed punch after punch. Every time he struck a blow and dodged away, big Alf grunted.

It was hard to tell, from the shouts of encouragement, just which was the favorite in the fight; for some of the spectators were shouting for both.

"What's the fight about?" asked Blackie, with eager interest, as the nimble Tommy ducked under a swing which would have felled a beef.

The copper-faced teamster grinned.

"It ain't a fight; it's a debate," he replied, as Tommy soaked the other eye of Alf. "Great work, Tommy!"

The puffing contestants began circling about each other cautiously, while they sparred for wind, and the copper-faced teamster enlivened the monotony of this wait with more information.

"Tommy Terrence is district organizer for the Universal Allied Workmen, and Alf Burgess is for the International Allied Workmen. They're both trying to organize a teamsters' union in this town."

At that moment, the commendably persistent Alf Burgess, by some lucky accident, landed one of his big swings just behind the ear of little Tommy Terrence, and little Tommy made a dent in the ring of spectators; whereupon big Alf swayed a moment from the force of that mighty smash, and himself went down with a thud, too much out of breath to stand up. Many kind hands lifted the debaters to their feet and faced them; but there was no more steam in them, and, after a moment of puff-eyed glaring, they were led away to be washed.

"Tough luck!" commented Blackie. "I wanted to know which was the better organization."

"That's what we all do," grinned the copper-faced teamster. "They'll settle it, I guess, at the teamsters' picnic, next Saturday."

"Can you get me a job as a teamster?" Blackie immediately begged.

"So you can see the scrap," surmised the copper-faced driver. "Say, you fellows,

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line up on your ditch! The fun's over." He turned back to Blackie, and inspected that thin gentleman from his heavy outing-shoes to his auto-cap; then he exhibited his humor-loving, white-toothed grin again. "The picnic's public. Come out; it's at Poplar Grove."

"Fine!" accepted Blackie promptly. "I'll bring my saxophone."

Wallingford still sat in the racer when Blackie rejoined him, and was looking down the road toward the town with some disfavor. The place was torn-up with street-making and building operations; and Wallingford had a catlike distaste for dirt.

"Great scrap, Jim!" reported Blackie, as he threw in the clutch. "We'll go out to the teamsters' picnic on Saturday and see the finish of it."

"Oh, will we?" And J. Rufus hastily lit a cigar before they should be going too fast for him to strike a match. "By Saturday we'll be a thousand miles from this hick town."

Blackie notched her up to the fourth speed as rapidly as he could change the gears.

"You can make your reservations for one," he decided, as he swung around a hole and clattered onto the edge of a wooden culvert, with one inch to spare. "You can flavor your cigar with this: I'm going to find out which is the better organization—the Universal Allied Workmen or the International Allied Workmen. If they fight a draw again, I might organize the teamsters myself. I'm for the laboring man!"

Wallingford was silent during the next two miles—for a very good reason. There was no chance to talk in that speed. A knot of traffic at the beginning of the street-car line, however, compelled Blackie to slow down.

"That might not be a bad idea," commented J. Rufus, who had been thinking it over. "With all the hauling there is in this town, I see a way to cash an independent teamsters' union." He chuckled, his broad chest heaving and his round, pink face wreathing in smiles. "I'll stay; but we'll work."

II

THERE was everything at Poplar Grove to make a picnic perfect—everything from pickles to yellow cake. There were wives

and babies, and strong sons, and trim, pretty daughters, and shining big horses with ribbons in their tails, and happy, blue-shirted teamsters without number, and just enough heat to promote an agreeable thirst. The Krafft band was there, and well did it deserve its name. It played strongly; it played loudly; it played untiringly, and in such accurately accentuated time that dancing was compulsory; even the very trees seemed to surge with the movement.

There was a piper, too—a little fellow with a big lung; and scarcely had he struck up his first skirl when Sandy McNab and Jack Scott, otherwise known as Scotty, were up on the platform stamping it off, with a marvelous lightness of foot considering that they were ten years away from the Hiellan's.

There was a tall, thin gentleman, with black hair and a black mustache and black eyes, and a saxophone. He played nothing but doleful melodies—long-drawn, wailing notes to such tunes as "Down in the Corn Field" and "Home, Sweet Home" and other pathetic ballads, which would have been most mournful had it not been for the tremendous twinkle in his eye. There was a rousing laugh in everything he did, and he was most popular. He wore a rough outing-suit and a slouch hat, and the one spot of color about him was a big red lapel-button the size of a half-dollar, on which was the head of a perky white horse. Over the head hung the scales of justice, and beneath were the initials, "I. T. O."

It was about this button that Tommy Terrence spoke to the copper-faced foreman. Tommy, the district organizer for the Universal Allied Workmen, still had a swollen nose from his fight of the previous Tuesday, but he wore the smile without which no district organizer is complete.

"Pipe the red button!" he gaily observed, poking the foreman in the ribs, as an old friend should, and handing him a cigar; for Dan Glickerty was a man who spoke for twenty men. "What's it? A Sunday-school badge?"

"Independent Teamsters' Organization," said Dan, with a quiet smile.

"But who's back of the I. T. O.?" It was big Alf Burgess who asked this. He had a split lip and a splendidly blackened eye.

"Mr. Daw." And Dan glanced up at the grinning Blackie with both speculation and amusement. "Haven't you met him? He's

been mixing it up with the men all week. There's a thousand teamsters at this picnic, and I think he's a friend to half of them. He says that our men can hold their own against all odds, without any outside help."

"Bunk!" scorned Tommy Terrence, and exchanged a worried glance with big Alf.

"If you get in a strike, who'll support you?" demanded big Alf, handing Dan Glickerty a cigar.

"If your bosses put on scab drivers, do you suppose U. A. W. men will refuse to take their goods at the door?" And Tommy Terrence stuck his thumbs in the armpits of his shirt.

"Or will I. A. W. men recognize your strike?" Big Alf exchanged a smile with Tommy. "Who's this yellow Daw, anyhow?"

"Blackie Daw's all right!" This was the voice of Jerry Cain, a small Irishman with red hair and an abundance of freckles. "If you don't believe he's a good man, tackle him. He has a punch in each elbow, and a word that a horse understands, and a smile that kids will follow. Do you notice me? I'm wearing one of his buttons." And Jerry hauled off his coat to display the red badge pinned on his shirt.

"Listen a minute." Dan Glickerty held up his hand. "Daw's going to make a speech."

Daw was already at it. Friends and fellow workmen, he was there to organize the I. T. O. purely as a labor of love! He cast off his soft hat, and threw it on the platform beside his shining saxophone. He wanted no dues or initiation fees from any man. He'd pay the expenses of organization himself. Even the red badges and the membership cards were free. There was to be no graft in the I. T. O.

At this point in the proceedings, Blackie found the round, purple face of Alf Burgess and the long, red face of Tommy Terrence at the edge of the platform, glaring up at him in deadly enmity.

Independence! Liberty! Freedom! Those were the watchwords of their friend Blackie Daw, and one long arm swept out toward the horizon. Labor was under the heel of Capital, ground to earth by that despicable tyrant! There was a cheer from the hearty lungs of a thousand teamsters. Blackie Daw was a friend of the working man—from the bottom of his heart he was a friend of the working man. That was why he was here.

He would not see Labor ground under the heel of Capital or enslaved by the decrepit labor organizations, which, he said, were born of graft, lived on graft, and would die by graft.

"It's a lie!" screamed the voice of Tommy Terrence.

"You're a liar!" roared big Alf Burgess.

Horace G. Daw, who had both long arms stretched upward, as a finish to that last rousing sentiment, now dropped his oratorical pose and calmly placed both hands on the rail of the dancing-platform.

"Come up here and prove it!" he invited.

Tommy Terrence was the first one to reach the steps, but big Alf Burgess jostled him on the way up. This was a matter of business. There was a curious surging in the crowd; all the men pushed forward, and all the women were swept back.

Horace G. Daw was a dead-game sport. He did not hit the district organizers as they came up the steps. He waited in the center of the platform with the ease of a dancing-master, and when Tommy Terrence rushed at him, he took one pace sidewise, one pace back, one pace over, smilingly dodged a blow, swung on his heel, and clouted Tommy Terrence behind the ear with such precision that Tommy rolled off the edge of the platform in sound slumber. Blackie Daw did not pause to see where Tommy Terrence landed, nor did he bow to the wild applause. Crossing his right foot over, to catch himself at the end of his swing, he wheeled, and ducked under the lunging arms of big Alf Burgess, who was not so good a boxer as Tommy but a terror if he ever landed. Blackie, now receiving advice from a thousand throats, kept out of the range of those sledge-hammer strokes for one complete round of the platform, with such agility in his long legs that it was as if he were teetering on springs. In that round he picked his spot, and when he was good and ready, he let big Alf have the entire Daw momentum in the exact geometrical center of his wind.

"Agck-ha!" gasped big Alf, and sat down, with his tongue popping out. For a solid minute he struggled to get the breath back in his lungs; then he crawled over to the edge of the platform, where willing hands helped him down and led him beneath the shade to rest.

The champion of the working man, having thus proved himself truthful, advanced

to the rail and received the plaudits of his friends; whereupon he made such a speech as had never reverberated through Poplar Grove. How he wished Jim Wallingford could be there to take lessons! It was a frayed and raveled idea; but he did it better than the average.

The heavens were a bowl of azure deep, upturned above an earth on which the green trees waved, and little song-birds sang in the wild-wood. On whom were cast the smiles of that mighty arch, which vaulted from horizon to horizon in a broad sweep through which the planets twirled their everlasting maze? The laboring man!

The sun was the regal ruler of the skies, its glorious splendor shining down, from day to day, through all eternity, on a fair earth teeming with the luscious fruits of the field. On whom were cast the most effulgent rays of that regal luminary, as it whirled majestically through space, the symbol of life, of power, of strength—the symbol of grandeur, of beauty, of glory? The laboring man!

The moon was the queenly guardian of the night, beneath whose mellow radiance lovers walked and pledged their eternal vows under bending boughs and whispering leaves. On whom was shed the silver sheen of that kindly orb, as she sailed augustly across the sapphire zenith, wafted in her sublime procession on the sighs of romance and of poesy? The laboring man!

The stars! Ah, the twinkling stars! They dotted the depthless ether as an unending and undestroyable sign of immortality and eternity—a constant reminder to poor, weak, and erring humanity that there was hope even in the midst of despair. On whom scintillated these glittering diadems of the sky, these sparkling jewels of the night, these flashing gems of beautiful Mother Nature? The laboring man!

The American flag! Where was there a banner which waved over a people so noble, so brave, so honorable, so wise, as those beneath the shelter of the Stars and Stripes? Over whom did freedom's pinions so proudly unfold, as, spreading her mighty wings, she swept from pole to pole and called to the world, in her strident voice, to look up and behold a land where equality reigned, where brotherhood dwelt, where liberty held full sway? The laboring man!

Mother! Far be it from Horace G. Daw, brushing back his raven locks and reaching

for his handkerchief, far be it from him to overlook or neglect Mother! She was the most sacred thing in all the annals of saintliness. Mother! Breathes there a man with soul so dead that his heart does not respond with a thrill to that magic name? If there were such an unregenerate man within the sound of Horace G. Daw's voice, let that man be cast out! Let him be cast out! This was a sacred moment—one of tremulous tones and moist tears. The azure dome of heaven, the regal luminary of the day, the queenly guardian of the night, the glittering jewels of the sky—these were as nothing compared to Mother! They were only gaudy trifles to deck her sweet and modest supremacy. To her, all these things as tribute; and to them add the song of the birds, and the perfume of the flowers, and the soft, deep colorings of the sunset, where sea and sky and clouds and evening mist met in a glowing picture such as the hand of no human artist could portray. Mother! And whom had she cradled, whom had she led by the little hand, whose tottering footsteps had she guided, whom had she taught to become the noblest and the bravest and the most honorable and the wisest of all the peoples inhabiting the earth? The laboring man!

Around Mother's sacred form, and before their very eyes, the orator of the day wrapped the American flag—and the deed was done. That combination was irresistible. Blackie Daw was forever the champion of the laboring man. Poplar Grove was one mad frenzy of enthusiasm; and, before lunch, every man, woman, and child wore the red badge of the I. T. O.

III

"Who gave you the goose-egg?" inquired Wallingford, as Blackie slid edgewise into the room of J. Rufus at the hotel.

"A scab," returned Blackie cheerfully, feeling of the large lump on his forehead. "He got me with a half a brick out of his wagon; but Jerry Cain climbed up over the wheel, and converted the man with the butt end of a billiard-cue. It's a great life, Jim!"

"What do you hear?" Wallingford, tired of waiting in confinement, was heavy and pasty.

"I hear the finest brand of profanity that ever blistered an ear," grinned Blackie, depositing his saxophone carefully on the

bed. "Outside of that, the strike's regular. My drivers are used to plenty of healthy outdoor exercise, and I've developed them into fine marksmen. Every evening I line 'em up, and we throw bricks at a target. Our reputation alone 's doing the work. By to-morrow the contractors can't hire another scab."

"Quick stuff!" approved Wallingford. "In another day, the Haulers' Association will be sending for you, and then I can step in."

"Yes." Blackie, with a frown on his brow, blew half a dozen smoke rings at the ceiling. "That's what I sneaked in to see you about. Look here, Jim! If my teamsters are not better off when we finish this job than they were when we came to town, I'll stay right here and keep up the strike until they are."

Wallingford looked at him a moment, and then he chuckled.

"Sometimes I think you're about half simp, after all," he commented.

"That's when I feel the best," laughed Blackie. "Nobody but a boob can be thoroughly happy. Say, Jim, the teamsters elected me honorary member of the Whinny Club, night before last, and nearly killed me in the initiation; and I took the oath of brotherhood on the level, believe me. Why, I wear one of these I. T. O. badges pinned on my pajamas! That's what I think of the boys."

"If that's all, we'll fix it," chuckled Wallingford, still amused.

"Fine!" Blackie laced his long fingers over a sharp knee. "Another thing, Jim: the way we had it doped out, when the show-down comes I'm to duck and leave the boys without a leader. Well, it don't go."

"What's the matter with you?" demanded Wallingford. "I don't mind fixing it so the teamsters don't lose, but the plans are that you duck—and duck you must."

"Duck I won't!" And Blackie made that emphatic by throwing his cigarette across the room and out of an open window. "It has to be arranged so that I can come back here at any time and attend the meetings of the Whinny Club. Do you know, I've got hundreds of friends among the horses in this town, to say nothing of the men and their families. There's one pair of big white fellows that nose in my pockets for peanuts. I'm strong for my friends!"

"You have too much sentiment for a business man," protested Wallingford, walking the floor with a knotted brow. "Why, you're upsetting all my plans!"

"Then set 'em up again," ordered Blackie, reaching for his saxophone. "I've told you where I stand, and—good-night."

IV

UP Hickory Street drove two long rows of wagons; by the side of each driver was a sturdy assistant; at the rear of each load of clay sat two other men. Except for these quietly plodding teams, there were no other moving things in the clear, sunlit street.

Suddenly there burst from four alley-mouths, at the sound of a loud, shrill whistle, a thousand blue-shirted men, and lumps of clay began to fly from the wagons. The members of the I. T. O. paid no attention to these missiles, but, led by a tall, black-mustached stranger, they charged solidly on the wagons, stopped the horses, swarmed up over the wheels; and upon the tops of a hundred clay-laden wagon-beds there ensued a hundred such impromptu fights as were never put on a moving-picture screen. The tall, black-mustached stranger was in the thick of the scrimmages on at least a dozen wagons before the battle stopped, and the last seen of him he was chasing the sole remaining scab up an alley.

That scheme of massing their hauling, for protection, was the final futile stand of the Haulers' Association, and they gave up. The strikers themselves unhitched the horses and took them back to their respective stables, each teamster picking out his own; and many were the whinnies, as brown and pink and gray nozzles went over blue-shirted shoulders; and many were the growls and oaths, as, stooping down to look over fetlocks, or patting along sleek rumps, or looking into tender mouths, the members of the I. T. O. discovered evidences of bad care and bad driving.

The industries of the city were paralyzed. Freight was piling up in the railroad warehouses, provisions were spoiling for want of marketing; and the town was in a chaos. So the Haulers' Association sent word to the leaders of the I. T. O. that they were willing to hold a conference.

Then sallied forth Blackie Daw and red-

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headed Jerry Cain and copper-faced Dan Glickerty and Scotty and Sandy McNab. With the swagger of victors they walked into the office of heavy-jawed John Bensler, who was the chairman of the Haulers' Association. The committee stood outside the rail. Inside, with John Bensler, and sitting on desks, were half a dozen members of the Haulers' Association, the men who employed the most teamsters, and among them, with one end of his fiery mustache between his teeth, was lumpy Mart Murphy.

"Well, gentlemen," said John Bensler, as spokesman of the bosses; "have you had enough?"

"If not, we'll give it to you!" interpolated Mart Murphy.

"Shut up, Mart!" ordered four other bosses.

"We've had enough," acknowledged the tall, thin, black-mustached spokesman of the I. T. O., leaning negligently against the office railing, with his legs crossed and his hat on his hip. "We are quite willing to come back to work—on our terms."

"That's the stuff, Blackie!"—Jerry Cain.

"One at a time, you men!" growled Mart Murphy, folding his thick arms.

"Shut up, Mart!"—four bosses.

"I'll talk if I please!"—Jerry Cain, and he thrust his chin over the rail at Mart Murphy, for whom he had worked seven years.

"What are your terms?" inquired John Bensler severely.

Spokesman Daw shifted to the other leg and held his hat on the other hip.

"Our fair share of the fruits of our toil!" he declaimed, stretching one long arm upward. "A twenty-five-per-cent. increase in wages, an eight-hour day, recognition of the I. T. O., an agreement to use no teamsters not belonging to that organization, and an annual division, before Christmas, of a bonus consisting of ten per cent. of the profits of the employers."

There was a roar like the bellow of a bull from Mart Murphy.

"Holy smoke!" exploded John Bensler, "We were willing to give you a ten-per-cent. increase, and——"

"Give 'em nothing!" roared Mart Murphy. "I'll see 'em in hades before——"

"That's the only place you'll see anybody!" yelled Jerry Cain.

"Gentlemen! Gentlemen!" called John Bensler, pounding on the table with his fist.

"Just one moment!" And spokesman Daw held up a lean hand. "Answer us yes or no. Do we, or do we not, receive our demands for a ——"

"No!" bellowed Mart Murphy, and six bosses joined him in that emphatic negative.

"Then there is no more to be said," declared spokesman Daw impressively. "Brothers, we go!"

V

INTO the office of John Bensler walked a large, broad-chested, pink-faced gentleman, resplendent of diamonds and expensive clothing, and, by a remarkable coincidence, he entered while the Haulers' Association was still in session. By another coincidence, no less remarkable, he had waited outside for the committee of the Independent Teamsters' Association to come away.

"Is Mr. Bensler here?" inquired the large and pompous stranger.

"I'm John Bensler," admitted the chairman of the Haulers' Association, giving his gray mustache a tug. He was a smooth-cheeked man who always wore a black string tie.

"I understand you're having a teamsters' strike."

"Yes." It was John Bensler who answered, but it was Mart Murphy who bristled.

"I understand you are president of the Haulers' Association."

Mr. Bensler looked around wonderingly at the assembled bosses, and they looked back wonderingly at him.

"Yes."

"Could I arrange to meet with a committee of the Haulers' Association?"

Again Mr. Bensler looked around at the assembled bosses.

"The committee's in session right now," stated Mart Murphy.

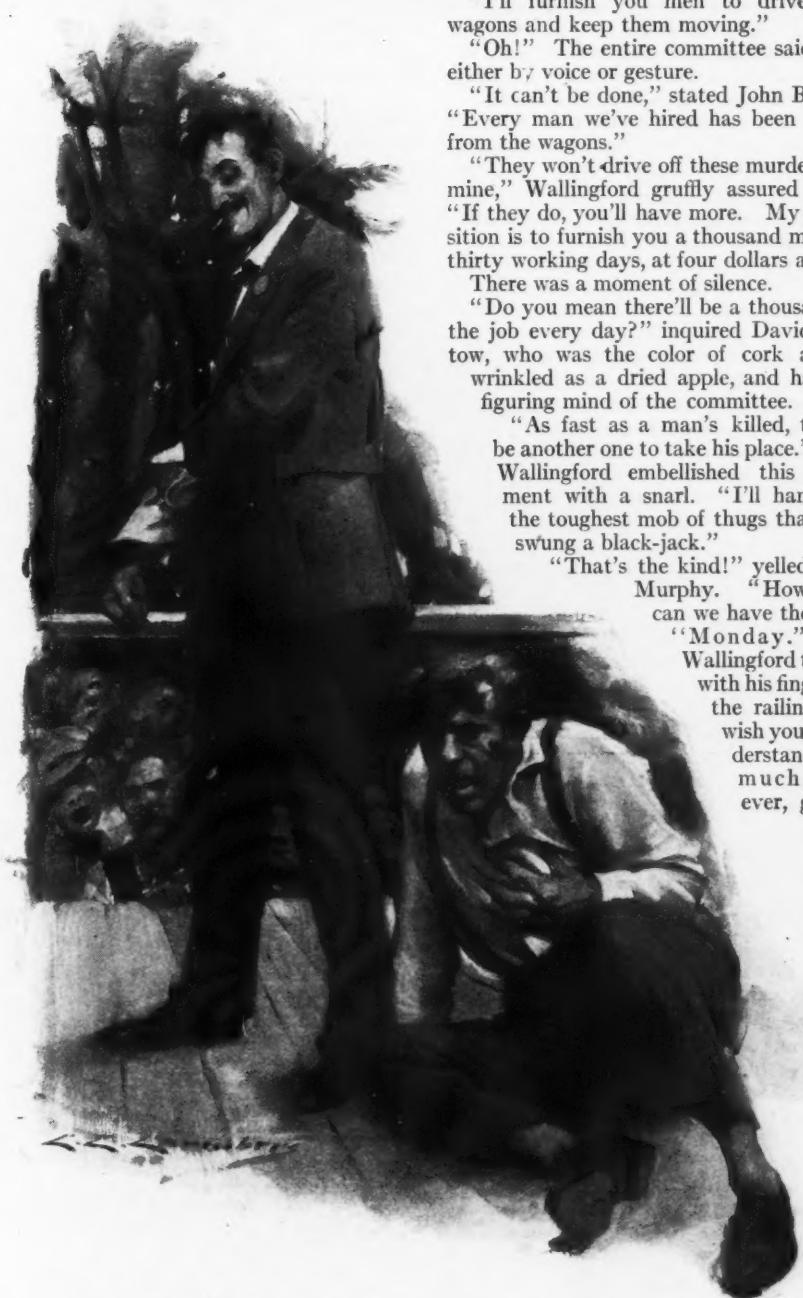
"Good!" The broad-chested stranger produced a card-case and extracted a card.

"My name is J. Rufus Wallingford. I am a professional strike-breaker. I will guarantee to end your strike in thirty days."

The assembled bosses sat up and took notice. They were angry, to begin with, and Mart Murphy was in a state bordering on disintegration.

"If you can do that, we'll elect you president of the United States," he declared.

"How?"



"I'll furnish you men to drive your wagons and keep them moving."

"Oh!" The entire committee said that, either by voice or gesture.

"It can't be done," stated John Bensler. "Every man we've hired has been driven from the wagons."

"They won't drive off these murderers of mine," Wallingford gruffly assured them. "If they do, you'll have more. My proposition is to furnish you a thousand men, for thirty working days, at four dollars a day."

There was a moment of silence.

"Do you mean there'll be a thousand on the job every day?" inquired David Bristow, who was the color of cork and as wrinkled as a dried apple, and had the figuring mind of the committee.

"As fast as a man's killed, there'll be another one to take his place." Mr. Wallingford embellished this statement with a snarl. "I'll hand you the toughest mob of thugs that ever swung a black-jack."

"That's the kind!" yelled Mart Murphy. "How soon can we have them?"

"Monday," Mr. Wallingford tapped with his fingers on the railing. "I wish you to understand this much, however, gentle-

For a solid minute he struggled to get the breath back in his lungs

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men. You can't have my men, and turn them off if they happen to end the strike in three or four days. You'll have to contract to keep them for the full time."

David Bristow came one chair closer.

"You say you guarantee to end the strike in thirty days?" he asked, peering up shrewdly with his yellow eyes.

"Yes."

"What sort of a guarantee do you purpose to give?"

"Spot cash, and you can't beat it, gentlemen." Wallingford whipped out his red pocketbook, and counted thirty one-thousand-dollar bills, which he dropped over the railing on John Bensler's desk. He chuckled, and his eyes half closed. "There's twenty-five per cent. of the contract price. We'll put it in any bank you say, and if the strike isn't ended in thirty-four days from this date, keep the money and don't pay me a cent on the contract. Money talks."

They looked at that thirty thousand dollars with some interest. Mart Murphy picked up one of the bills, and dropped it, satisfied. John Bensler gathered up the bank-notes, and stacked them in a neat little heap. No one said anything.

"Money talks," repeated Mr. Wallingford, breaking the silence at what he judged to be the psychological moment. "Along with my cash, put up a thirty-thousand forfeit that you won't break your contract. I hope that's square. Here's the contract. I'll stand outside the door until you call me in."

Ten minutes later they called him in.

The next morning's papers contained excited accounts of the army of criminals which the Haulers' Association was importing to break the teamsters' strike; and all good citizens were warned to look out for their property and safety. A large, broad-chested gentleman, resplendent of diamonds, gave the papers that information.

On the morning of the same day, the tall, black-mustached leader of the I. T. O. confessed to his committee that the outlook was not so rosy as it had been. They might be compelled to alter their demands, but now was not the time to weaken. However, one thing they could do: advise the Humane Society of the treatment the horses were likely to receive, and call attention to certain cases of brutal driving which had already occurred. Mr. Daw took the full committee with him on that errand, and the

Humane Society issued a warning, which was printed in the next morning's papers.

On the day following, which was Friday, Mr. Wallingford went to meet the committee of the Haulers' Association by appointment, and he was accompanied by six wide-shouldered gentlemen whom he had brought with him on the train that morning. Just before they entered the office of John Bensler, Mr. Wallingford and his friends stopped for a brief conference, which was precipitated by a one-eyed person known as Lighthouse.

"Suppose Pete gouges out my other lamp when we go to the mat?" he quite naturally wanted to know.

"I won't gouge it," promised Pete, who was so wide across the jaws that his face looked like a triangle.

"But supposin' Pete gets excited if I start to chew an ear or somethin'," argued Lighthouse. "Or supposin' one o' these other mutts makes a false jab? You see, bo, if I had two lamps, it wouldn't make so much difference; but with only one——"

"Fifty bucks for an eye," stated Wallingford firmly. "That's what I told you in the first place, and you were all satisfied. It isn't my fault that you only have one glim."

"All right, bo," gave in Lighthouse, while the other interested gentlemen, all of them scarred and most of them warped in one or another feature of their countenances, listened attentively. "But if Pete gouges me, he better look out for his liver."

"I ain't goana gouge," again promised Pete.

"Say, bo"—Lipsy Bill. His lower lip hung thick, and he bore so many scars that he looked more human from behind. "We been talkin' it over about that two bones a day, an' it ain't enough."

Again Wallingford was firm.

"Nothing doing!" he declared. "You get twenty-five dollars each, flat, for this job. You get two dollars extra for every day you spend in jail, up to sixty days. Beyond that, it's your own lookout. Whether I have lawyers or not to get you out, depends on which is the cheaper. Say any more, and the whole deal's off."

There was a moment of silence; then a bony hand plucked Wallingford by the sleeve. It belonged to Sinkers the Dude, so called because he always wore a necktie, and he hoarsely whispered in Wallingford's ear,

"Say, bo; wouldn't it make it stronger if

I was to croak one of these guys? And if I do, what do I get?" And he grinned engagingly.

"The chair," chuckled Wallingford, and led the way inside.

"Well, gentlemen, I am on time to the minute," observed J. Rufus cheerfully, as he leaned against the office railing.

Nobody heard him. The seven bosses, including Mart Murphy, were gazing in stupefaction at the remarkable collection of teamsters who had followed Wallingford into the room.

"These are some of my foremen," explained the professional strike-breaker nonchalantly. "I'll guarantee that none of my men will run away from a fight."

"Get off o' my foot!" growled Hippo Joe, so named from his jaw.

"Keep your trap shut!" husked Blue Booze, whose nose was the color of a plum.

"That'll do!" snapped Wallingford over his shoulder. "Now, let's get down to business, gentlemen. First of all, I'd like a list of where my men are to report for work at seven o'clock, Monday morning."

Lighthouse suddenly growled some unintelligible words.

Pete, he of the triangular face, growled back, unintelligibly but louder.

Sinkers the Dude bumped in between them and growled still louder mutterings.

Pete and Lighthouse both growled at once; then suddenly they clenched, swayed, bumped among their fellows, and went to the floor. Sinkers the Dude, an engaging smile beneath his flattened nose, hauled off and kicked the upper of the two gentlemen in the ribs. For that act, one of the other

teamsters smashed Sinkers in the eye. In one more minute, the entire six of them were at it, striking, kicking, butting, howling, and cursing. They rolled over and over on the floor. They were up and down. They knocked over the stove. They crashed through the office railing, and Lighthouse went out backward through the window.

It was marvelous what control J. Rufus Wallingford had over these human beasts. At the beginning of the mêlée he had hurried inside the railing, where he stood for a long time amid the common stupefaction. Suddenly he began to shout at them, and,

as they heard the sound of his voice, they stopped fighting. They rose from the floor and nursed their battered countenances.

"Get out!" ordered their master, and, one by one, they got out.

"My God!" said Mart Murphy.

VI

THE Haulers' Association thugs! There was nothing else in the Saturday-morning pa-

pers. Of the six desperate criminals, whom the Haulers' Association had imported to take the place of honest working men, six were in jail. One broke a jeweler's window and stole rings; one held up a reputable citizen at the point of a gun, and went through his pockets; one picked a fight with a policeman; two of them started to rough-house the Palace Hotel barroom, and one, Sinkers the Dude, got drunk, and broke twenty-two of the city's arc-lamps before he was captured. That these six ruffians were now in the clutches of the law was due only to a prompt and efficient police force, than which there was none finer in the state; but there were a thousand more still to



"Give 'em nothing!" roared Mart Murphy

come. Was this the sort of citizens the Haulers' Association intended to bring into the town to replace decent, law-abiding men of family? Was the city to be overwhelmed by a wave of festering crime, merely because the Haulers' Association wished to ring a few more paltry dollars from the down-trodden workmen employed by its members? This thing must not be! The citizens should rise in their might, and forbid this high-handed proceeding!

The citizens did. They kept the 'phones of all the members of the Haulers' Association in a wild jangle, beginning at seven A. M. Moreover, every member of the Haulers' Association had a heated session with his wife before he left the house. No member's wife objected to his having a strike, and collectively she thought the teamsters ungrateful; but every member's wife objected to the importation of desperate criminals; for, my goodness, the house wasn't safe of nights!

At ten o'clock, spokesman Daw, of the I. T. O., dropped in to see John Bensler, and found with him Mart Murphy and David Bristow, all three in worried gloom.

"Well, I hope you're satisfied," growled Mart Murphy. "You started all this trouble."

"I have only done my duty," declared Mr. Daw, thrusting a hand into the bosom of his vest. "I have organized Labor for its protection against the rapacity of Capital!"

"Can that stuff!" yelled the red-mustached member of the committee.

"Shut up, Mart," pleaded Bensler and Bristow, almost in unison.

"Gentlemen," went on Mr. Daw, removing his hand from his vest, "the members of my organization want their horses. Jerry Cain, Mr. Murphy, is worried sick about those grays of yours, Danny and Billy."

"Hunh!" grunted Mart Murphy, but there was a softening in his fierce eye.

"So the boys might listen to a reasonable compromise," resumed Mr. Daw.

"What?" interestedly inquired John Bensler, tugging at his gray mustache.

"What do you say to a twenty-percent. increase, and recognition of the U. A. W.?"

"You meant the I. T. O., don't you?" piped up David Bristow.

"No." And Blackie Daw, leaning against the roughly repaired railing, crossed one leg over the other and rested a pointed toe on the floor. "Tommy Terrence put it all over Alf Burgess last night, and I advised the boys we'd be better off with the support of an established organization; so the I. T. O. has affiliated with the U. A. W."

"That means recognition, or the strike goes on forever," speculated John Bensler. There was a moment of intense thought. "But we can't pay a twenty-per-cent. increase. It's too much. We'll pay ten."

"Fifteen," insisted Blackie.

They argued that question for some minutes, and finally compromised on twelve.

"Get your committee together," concluded Bensler. "I'll have ours here in half an hour."

"We'll take no such risks," refused Blackie. "Get your committee to sign a paper, and I'll do the same with mine. There's no use bringing them together; they'd scrap."

"Say!" Mart Murphy suddenly remembered. "This fellow Wallingford! We'll lose our thirty-thousand."

"It's cheap at the price," shrilly interpolated David Bristow, who was quick at figures. "Send for Mr. Wallingford, tell him to take our thirty thousand, get his thugs out of jail, and leave town in time to stop the rest of them."

"And when you see Jerry Cain," added Mart Murphy roughly, "tell him to hike down to the stables and take a look at the horses. Tell him Billy's got a bad scratch on his flank. That'll bring him in a hurry."

"Where have you been all afternoon?" demanded Wallingford, sitting in his room, with every grip packed and locked.

"Oh, around with the boys!" said Blackie happily. He was highly exhilarated, and all his pockets bulged with cigars. "Get our thirty thousand?"

"Right in my jeans." And Wallingford slapped his pocket. "I'll meet you at the station. Lord, I thought you'd make us miss the train! We're going on the six-thirty."

"Not on your life!" returned Blackie promptly. "We don't go until morning. I have to attend the Whinny Club to-night."

Egypt of the Magicians

By Rudyard Kipling

EDITOR'S NOTE—Not since Flaubert wrote those wonderful letters from his boat on the Nile, over sixty years ago, have the charm and mystery of the River and the Desert been described as in these fascinating pages. Flaubert's journey awoke a passion for the Orient; Kipling's renewed an old love. But, meanwhile, many, and some regrettable, changes have come over the Land of the Pharaohs, and of these the reader is here made vividly aware.

Illustrated by George Gibbs

VI

GOING up the Nile is like running the gantlet before Eternity. Till one has seen it, one does not realize the amazing thinness of that little damp trickle of life that steals along, undefeated, through the jaws of established death. A rifle-shot would cover the widest limits of cultivation; a bow-shot would reach the narrower. Once beyond them, a man must carry his next drink with him till he reaches Blanco on the west (where he can signal for one from a passing Union-Castle boat) or the Karachi Club on the east.

The weight of the Desert lies on the soul, every day and every hour. At morning, when the tourist cavalcade tramps along in the rear of the tuliplike dragoman, She says: "I am here—just beyond that ridge of pink sand that you are admiring. Come along, pretty gentleman, and I'll tell you your fortune." But the dragoman says very clearly, "Please, sar, do not separate yourself at *all* from the main body," which the Desert knows well you had no thought of doing. At noon, when the stewards rummage out lunch-drinks from the dewy ice-chest, the Desert whines, louder than the well-wheels on the bank: "I am here, only a quarter of a mile away. For mercy's sake, pretty gentleman, spare a mouthful of that prickly whisky and soda you are lifting to your lips. There's a white man, a few hundred miles off, dying on my lap of thirst—thirst that you cure with a rag dipped in luke-warm water while you hold him down with one hand, and he thinks he is cursing you aloud. But he isn't, because his tongue is outside his mouth and he can't get it back.

Thank *you*, my noble captain!" For naturally, one tips half the drink over the rail with the ancient prayer, "May it reach him who needs it," and turns one's back on the pulsing ridges and fluid horizons that are beginning their midday mirage-dance.

At evening, the Desert obtrudes again—tricked out as a nautch-girl in veils of purple, saffron, gold-tinsel, and grass-green. She postures shamelessly before the delighted tourists with woven skeins of homeward flying pelicans, fringes of wild duck—black-spotted on crimson—and cheap jewelry of opal clouds. "Notice Me!" She cries, like any other worthless woman. "Admire the play of My mobile features—the revelations of My multicolored soul! Observe My allurements and potentialities. Thrill while I stir you!" So She floats through all Her changes and retires up-stage into the arms of the dusk. But at midnight She drops all pretense and bears down in Her natural shape, which depends upon the conscience of the beholder and his distance from the next white man.

You will observe in the "*Benedicite omnia opera*" that the Desert is the sole thing not enjoined to "bless the Lord, praise Him, and magnify Him forever." This is because, when our illustrious father, the Lord Adam, and his august consort, the Lady Eve, were expelled from The Garden, Eblis the Accursed, fearful lest mankind should return ultimately to the favor of Allah, set himself to burn and lay waste all the lands east and west of Eden.

Oddly enough, the Garden of Eden is almost the exact center of the world's

deserts, counting from Gobi to Timbaktu; and all that land *qua* land is "dismissed from the mercy of God." Those who use it, do so at their own risk. Consequently, the Desert produces her own type of man exactly as the sea does. I was fortunate enough to meet one sample, aged perhaps twenty-five. His work took him along the edge of the Red Sea, where men on swift camels come to smuggle hashish, and sometimes guns, from dhows that put in to any convenient beach. These smugglers must be chased on still swifter camels, and since the wells are few and known, the game is to get ahead of them and occupy their drinking-places.

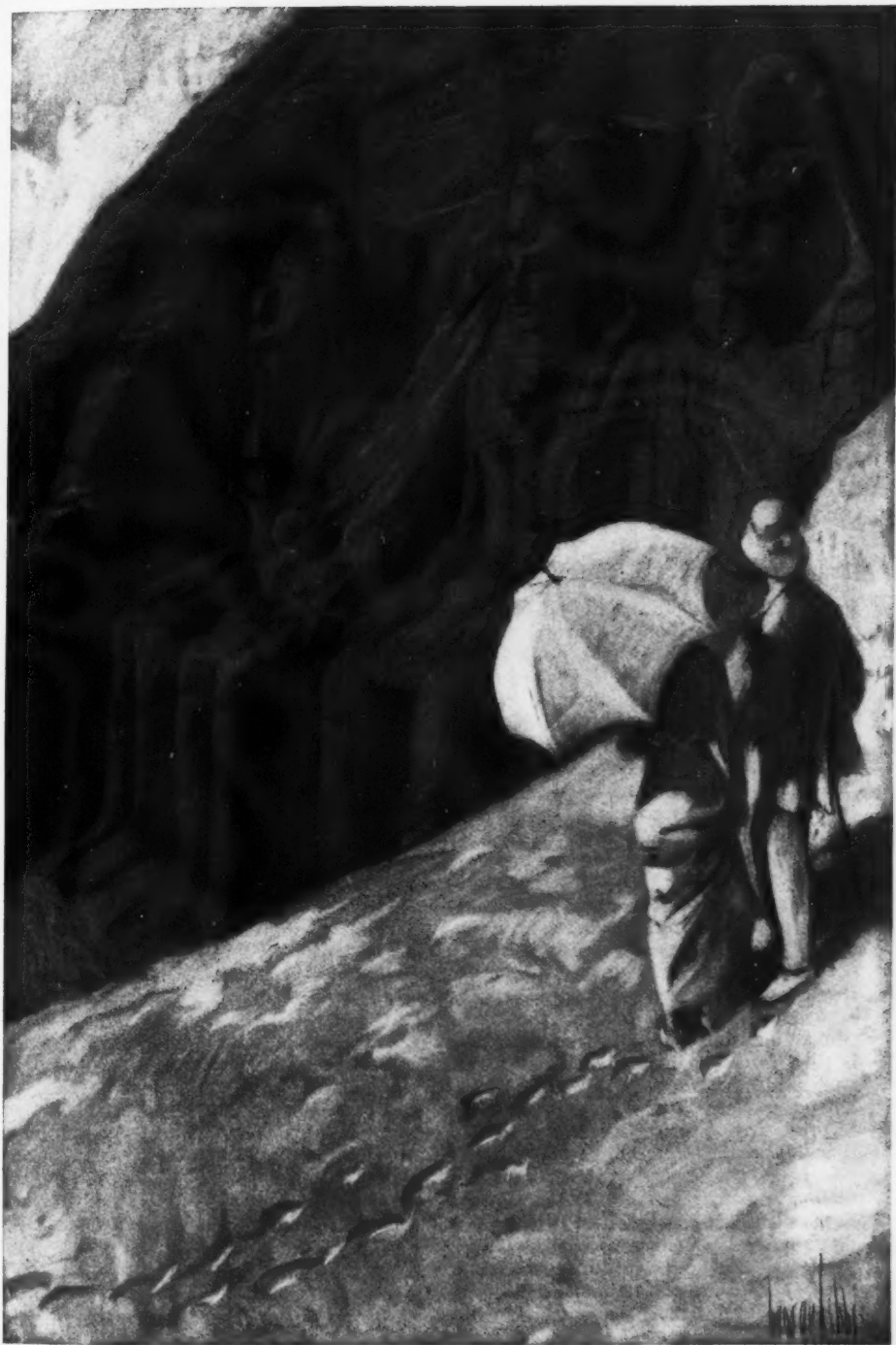
But they may skip a well or so and do several days' march in one. Then their pursuers must take e'en greater risks and make more cruel marches than the Law may be upheld. The one thing in the Law's favor is that hashish smells abominably—worse than a heated camel—so, when they range alongside, no time is lost in listening to lies. It was not told to me how they navigate themselves across the broken waste or by what arts they keep alive through dust-storms and heat. That was taken for granted, and the man who took it so considered himself the most commonplace of mortals. He was deeply moved by an account of a new aerial route which the French are laying out somewhere in the Sahara over a waterless stretch of four hundred miles, where, if an aeroplane is disabled between stations, the pilot will most likely die and dry up beside it. To do the Desert justice, She rarely bothers to wipe out evidence of a kill. There are places in the Desert, men say, where even now you come across the dead of old battles, all as light as last year's wasp-nests, laid down in swathes or strung out in flight with, here and there, the little sparkling lines of the emptied cartridge-cases that dropped them.

There are valleys and ravines that the craziest smugglers do not care to refuge in at certain times of the year; as there are rest-houses where one's native servants will not stay, because they are challenged on their way to the kitchen by sentries of old Sudanese regiments which have long gone over to paradise. And of voices and warnings and outcries behind rocks, there is no end. These last come from the fact that men very rarely live in a spot so utterly still that they can hear the murmuring

race of the blood over their own ear-drums. Neither ship, prairie, nor forest gives that silence. I went out to find it once, when our steamer tied up and the rest of them had gone to see a sight—but I never dared venture more than a mile from our funnel-smoke. At that point I came upon a hill honeycombed with graves that held a multitude of paper-white skulls, all grinning cheerfully, like ambassadors of the Desert. But I did not accept their invitation. They had told me that all the little devils learn to draw in the Desert, which explains the elaborate and purposeless detail that fills it. None but devils could think of etching every rock outcrop with wind-lines, or skinning it down to its glistening nerves with sand-blasts; of arranging hills in the likeness of pyramids and sphinxes and wrecked town-suburbs; of covering the space of half an English county with sepia studies of interlacing and recrossing ravines, dongas, and nullahs, each an exposition of much too clever perspective; and of wiping out the half-finished work with a wash of sand in three tints, only to pick it up again in silver-point on the horizon's edge. This they do in order to make lost travelers think they can recognize landmarks and run about identifying them till the madness comes. The Desert is all devil-device—as you might say, "blasted cleverness"—crammed with futile works, always promising something fresh round the next corner, always leading out through heaped decoration and over-insistent design into equal barrenness.

There was a morning of mornings when we lay opposite the rock-hewn temple of Abu Simbel, where four great Figures, each sixty feet high, sit with their hands on their knees waiting for Judgment Day. At their feet is a little breadth of blue-green crop; they seem to hold back all the weight of the Desert behind them, which, none the less, lips over at one side in a cataract of vividest orange sand. The tourist is recommended to see the sunrise here, either from within the temple, where it falls on a certain altar erected by Rameses in his own honor, or from without, where another Power takes charge.

The stars had paled when we began our watch; the river-birds were just whispering over their toilettes in the uncertain purplish light. Then the river dimmed up like pewter; the line of the ridge behind the



DRAWN BY GEORGE GIBBY

The rock-hewn temple of Abu Simbel, where four great Figures, each sixty feet high, sit with their hands on their knees waiting for Judgment Day



temple showed itself against a milkiness in the sky; one felt, rather than saw, that there were four Figures in the pit of gloom below it. These blocked themselves out, huge enough but without any special terror, while the glorious ritual of the Eastern dawn went forward. Some reed of the bank revealed itself by reflection, black on silver; arched wings flapped and jarred the still water to splintered glass; the desert-ridge turned to topaz; and the four Figures stood clear, yet without shadowing, from their background. The stronger light flooded them red from head to foot and they became alive—as horribly and tensely, yet blindly alive—as pinioned men in the death-chair before the current is switched on. One felt that if, by any miracle, the dawn could be delayed a second longer, they would tear themselves free, and leap forth to heaven knows what sort of vengeance. But that instant the full sun pinned them in their places—nothing more than statues slashed with light and shadow—and another day got to work.

A few yards to the left of the great images, near the statue of an Egyptian princess, whose face was the very face of "She," there was a marble slab over the grave of an English officer, killed in a fight against dervishes nearly a generation ago.

Between Abu Simbel and Wady Halfa, the river, escaped from the domination of the Pharaohs, begins to talk about dead white men. Thirty years ago, young English

officers in India lied and intrigued furiously that they might be attached to expeditions whose bases were sometimes at Suakim, sometimes quite in the desert air, but all of whose deeds are now quite forgotten. Occasionally the dragoman, waving a smooth hand east or southeasterly, will speak of some old fight. Then everyone murmurs: "Oh, yes. That was Gordon, of course," or "Was that before or after Omdurman?" But the river is much more explicit. As the boat quarters the falling stream like a puzzled hound, all the old names spurt up again under the paddle-wheels: "Hicks' army—Val Baker—El Teb—Tokar—Tamai—Tamanieb—and Osman Digna." Her head swings round for another slant: "*We cannot land English or Indian troops: if consulted, recommend abandonment of Sudan within certain limits.*" That was my Lord Granville chirruping to the advisers of His Highness, the Khedive, and the sentence comes back as crisp as when it first shocked one in '84. Next—here is a long reach between flooded palm trees—next, of course, comes Gordon, and a delightfully mad Irish war-correspondent who was locked up with him in Khartum. Gordon—'84, '85—the Suakim-Berber railway really begun and quite as really abandoned. Korti—Abu Klea—the Desert Column—a steamer called the Safieh, *not* the Condor, which rescued two other steamers wrecked on their way back from a Khartum in the red hands of the Mahdi of those days.



Where men on swift
camels came to smuggle
hashish, and sometimes guns

Then—the smooth glide over deep water continues—another Suakim expedition with a great deal of Osman Digna and renewed attempts to build the Suakim-Berber railway. “Hashin!” say the paddle-wheels, slowing all of a sudden—“MacNeil’s Zareba—the Fifteenth Sikhs and another native regiment—Osman Digna, in great pride and power—and Wady Halfa, a frontier town—Tamai, once more—another siege of Suakim—Gemaiza—Handub—Trinkitat—and Tokar—1887.”

The river recalls the names; the mind at once brings up the face and every trick of speech of some youth met for a few hours, maybe, in a train on the way to Egypt of the old days. Both name and face had utterly vanished from one’s memory till then.

It was another generation that picked up the ball ten years later and touched-down in Khartum. Several people aboard the Cook boat had been to that city. They all agreed that the hotel charges were very high, but that you could buy the most delightful curiosities in the native bazaar. But I do not like bazaars of the Egyptian kind, since

a discovery I made at Assuan. There was an old man—a Mussulman—who pressed me to buy some truck or other, not with the villainous camaraderie that generations of low-caste tourists have taught the people, or yet with the cosmopolitan light-handedness of appeal which the town-bred Egyptian picks up much too quickly, but with a certain desperate zeal, foreign to his whole creed and nature. He fingered, he implored, he fawned with an unsteady eye, and while I wondered, I saw behind him the puffy pink face of a fezzed Jew, watching him as a stoat watches a rabbit. When he moved, the Jew followed and took position at a commanding angle. The old man glanced from him to me and renewed his solicitations. So one could imagine an elderly hare thumping wildly on a tambourine with the stoat behind him. They told me afterward that Jews own most of the stalls in Assuan bazaar, and the Mussulmans work for them, since tourists need “Oriental color.” Never having seen or imagined a Jew coercing a Mussulman, this color was new and displeasing to me.

(C) MOTTET



Her chief aim is to be original

Valli Valli the Versatile

WHEN it comes to facts about the real Valli Valli, she is almost as elusive as Celia Gill in the farcical *mélange*, "Queen of the Movies," which character she has personified this past season. She has a pretty gift of being able to answer leading questions effusively, without telling a single thing of any consequence.

"How did I come by the name? Well, it's because I was very nearly a valentine—born near midnight on February 13th, you know. My father was German, my mother English.

"I was brought

up in England—played in some of Sir 'Gus' Harris's doll-pantomimes, also melodramas, at the Drury Lane Theater, London. I have a country home in Essex.

"But I prefer America. It is seven years since I first came over here, with 'Kitty Grey.' That was our English version of a French comedy, 'Ma Cousine.'

"And I thought then—which same has become my firm conviction from subsequent experience—that

the ideal luck for a lyrical actress like myself is to be in a French play with German music, produced first in England, and then brought over



In "Queen of the Movies"

here for a long run in America. That luck, or something like it, I have had more recently in 'The Dollar Princess,' 'The Purple Road,' and 'A Polish Wedding.' 'Queen of the Movies,' of course, is essentially an American piece of the present moment, and I'm glad of it, because, in addition to my individual work in character-songs and duets, it gave me a chance to be original in a new way—I mean in the modern dances. The tango, for example, is not merely an original dance in the ballroom but it gives scope for originality and improvisation on the professional stage."

Valli Valli acts her songs and dramatizes her dancing. That, most likely, is the special quality which differentiates her from her running-mates in the

race of refined frivolities.

One or two of Valli Valli's London Gaiety-girl associates have married titles and quit the stage—but that fact has no significance, she declares, as applied to her own case.

Quite the contrary.

"I have an



Valli Valli acts her songs and dramatizes her dancing.



(L) VALLI

She is the queen of refined frivolity

offer to go to Japan, and I may accept that, unless affairs should take a contrary turn."

They have, already.

But a little uncertainty like that will not prevent her finding new "purple roads" in which to gather and impart exhilarating experiences.



Marilynn Miller in a goldfish globe is a fascinating fancy

A Dainty Débutante

IT was one of those psychological moments which we recognize some time after they have become memories. A midsummer night's Metropolitan audience, torpid and *blasée*, woke up in the course of a musical review at its *première* to manifest sudden and lively interest in the gauzy vision of a slight but well-poised girl of the Gibson type in embryo, who made a fairylike, floating entrance on tiptoe—the real ballet thing, plus a rhythmic rise and fall as light as thistle-down, accentuated by a spirited head with flashing smile and yellow topknot, that gave it individuality. She came unfeatured, unannounced. The first-nighters rustled their programs and searched out a name so new to Broadway that the few journalistic commentators who thought them to mention it next day, mostly got it wrong.

Marilynn Miller is the name.

She is literally and exactly "sweet sixteen," and is of Southern origin—the "Marilynn" being a compound of the names of her Tennessee grandmother and another—and for some years past a member of a remarkable family aggregation known to vaudeville as "The Five Columbias." These were father and mother, sisters Ruth and Clair (the latter a musical prodigy), and finally "the baby," Marilynn.

"I admire Genée and Annette Kellerman," ventures Marilynn, when questioned as to her theatrical predilections.



Unfeatured and unannounced, she made a New York audience sit up and take notice at the Winter Garden review

A surprise—Genée is one of her specialties in the show. But why Neptune's Daughter? This is explained in her reply to the next question,

as to what she does in her vacation-time.

"I swim," she replies promptly. "This is my first visit to New York for any length of time, and I think it is just grand. You know, the salt water around here is so much easier to swim in than is fresh water."

Marilynn in a goldfish globe—an actual photograph from life—is a fascinating fancy, and one that makes crystal-gazing specially worth while. Only a juvenile mermaid could do it; only an amiable, sunny-dispositioned one would. Marilyn is both of these. Besides, the aquarium idea appealed to her inborn natatorial instincts.

What has all this to do with the "impressions" of Ethel Levey and Olga Petrova and Fritzi Scheff and George W. Monroe, so effectively interpolated in the Winter Garden performance?

Well, like the fencing which she also practises enthusiastically, it makes for athletic grace, and for the symmetrical development

ing imitation of

of that illusive, lilylike figure, which, with a height of just five feet one inch, looks tall enough for a front-line show girl. Possibly the aquatic stunts help her voice, also. It is phenomenal, in high soprano notes as well as in the almost baritone range brought into play by her uncanny bits of masculine impersonation.

Anyway, here is an original sort of sea-going *ingénue*, who bewitches Broadway to pick her out from a big stageful of celebrities, and who lives still in the blissful age of innocence.

A gauzy vision



Literally and exactly "sweet sixteen"

A Home-Grown Comédienne



OLIVE WYNNDHAM is not an acquired taste, as ordinary olives are with many people. She is easily likable from the first. That first may be one of those "snippy rich girl" parts in which the up-to-date *ingénue* is so frequently cast, or one of the closely allied, smartly gowned types or, more likely than not, the simple apple-blossomy maiden of the "What Happened to Mary" stories. In any case, she makes a distinct impression, and one that is distinctly agreeable.

Then there is the real Olive Wyndham at home—a bright-minded, citified young person, not to be identified with any of the foregoing, though with potential traits relating to them all.

A medium-sized, magnetic girl, 'twixt blonde and *brune*, with gray eyes and a sunny smile, and something about her—it must be the voice—that is singu-

(C) KEITH-ROBE



A medium-sized, magnetic girl, 'twixt blonde and *brune*, with gray eyes and a sunny smile

larly suggestive of Maude Adams, welcomes you unaffectedly to the family apartment in upper Manhattan.

"Mother is the heroine of our story," she says, apropos of the

projected interview. "Our story" alludes to Janet Beecher, elder sister of Olive, and equally a favorite with present-time playgoers.

"Circumstances—in fact, re-

Miss Wyndham has never wished for herself any other business of life than that of the stage

duced circumstances—combined to start us on the stage career without any special preparation," Miss Wyndham confides. "It was a good start, though.

I went on first with Annie Russell, and, speaking for myself, I may say that I have never since wished myself in any other profession or business of life."

"How did you learn the business of acting?"

(1) STRAITS-
MOSE



"In my own way, so far as I've got. I worked hard at my elocution, though not in a regular dramatic school. But we all have to learn essentially the same things, in one way or another, sooner or later. You ask me how I learned. Well, firstly, by making good, somehow, in stock engagements. Secondly, as a member of the New Theatre Company, in New York, where I had such semiclastic rôles as Rose Maylie in 'Oliver Twist,' and Amelia Sedley in 'Vanity Fair,' as well as effective bits in plays like Pinero's 'Thunderbolt' and Maeterlinck's 'Sister Beatrice.' Thirdly, and especially, I rose to be an actress on stepping-stones of my various failures. Some failures are really a liberal education.

"How do we, the players, know failure from success? We don't—somebody else

has to tell us. The critics pass judgment on our failures, and the managers make the most of our successes. Between the two, the whole dreadful truth is bound to come out."

Miss Wyndham is perhaps best identified, in the popular mind, with the English girl of the late Kyrle Bellew's "Raffles," the American miss abroad in "The Man from Home," and the naive, precocious Mary in "What Happened."

"The new piece we are rehearsing now," she adds hopefully, "may get me out of this sweetly pretty, *ingénue* sort of thing, although it's a man's play."

If an elec- tric

Olive Wyndham at home—a bright-minded, citified young person, who makes an agreeable impression

sign on Broadway, some fine evening, should flash the name "Olive Wyndham"—well, more unexpected things have happened.





DRAWN BY WALTER DEAN GOLDBECK

David watched her, fascinated. Then something came into his mind—a greater demand than just the longing for rest

Blue Brains and Red Blood

Here is a story that presents an interesting problem concerning the tenderest of human relations. The author has set it forth with great subtlety and skill. But we put the question squarely up to you. Whose nature was accountable for the obstacle to the perfect understanding between David and Louise? May we ascribe it to the temperament of the high-bred, intellectual, and reserved woman; or may we believe that the man lacked some elemental knowledge in the art of love which comes to him suddenly in a sentimental awakening and causes him to place the blame for his own shortcoming upon the woman?

By Katharine Eggleston

Illustrated by Walter Dean Goldbeck

THE edge off his appetite, David Shipley leaned back in his chair and took a long breath. He had been on the stretch for two years; nothing more ideally agreeable could come to him than just a long opportunity to rest.

An orchestra played, with repressed but contagious gaiety, the music of the maxixe. A little woman at the next table dug the heel of her slipper into the floor and pointed the small, sharp toe to the rhythm of the dance. The man opposite smiled. She put her gloveless hands on her slim, hipless sides and bent her shoulders right and left and opulently back, flinging provoking glances at her companion.

David watched her, fascinated. Then something came into his mind—a greater demand than just the longing for rest. He sat listening to the new claim set up within himself, his eyes on the expressive, exciting figure of the woman in black. Suddenly he disentangled that insistent demand from among his other thoughts; it was the cry of his being for happiness.

He just barely held his mind an instant on the strangeness of the new demand's birth. He had believed, when he reached the real beginning of the career for which he had worked so concentratedly, that he would feel content to rest a while; but here was this new, deep, quivering message from his inner self sending forth its mighty, silent cry. He wanted to be happy.

He looked at Louise expectantly. Calm, cool, self-sufficient, she sat opposite him. Her delicate dignity seemed to him like the veil of cold water he had seen descending

over the warm curves of a nymph. But the nymph was a fountain's center, and the chastening veil was a common-sense discouragement to eyes not educated to art. Louise was a woman. He wished the veil of dignity might fall.

Near-by, leaning forward with her chin resting on her hand, her pink back under the thinnest covering of tulle revealed to the high edge of her girdle, was the little woman in black. David turned from Louise to her. Every grace to charm that she possessed, her smiles, her pouting, her lifted head and tilted chin, her slender neck and bare shoulder, the long glances from her shining eyes were for the man who sat across from her.

Back again to Louise, David's eyes traveled. She was busy with the squab on her plate. A flash of resentment lent its flame to the fire of his demand for happiness. Did not the place, with its luxury, its vibrant air weighted with appeal, stimulate her? It was the last place of its kind he would see for months—years, perhaps—She must think of that. Hadn't he attained the success to which she had kept inciting him? He had earned the right to be happy. South America and the problems of a big engineering enterprise faced him. He wanted to forget them now, to sink their responsibilities in a deep sweetness, an intimate joy, in heart-filling raptures. She had shared his thoughts along every step of his ambition-route. Why was she separate, aloof, now? Did she think a man was a mere brain-machine? Was she unable to realize that he had heights and depths that were apart from his work and his ambition?

Could she not smile at him with something—a glint of promise, something besides undiluted comradeship in her deep eyes? Could she not show him all the telling beauty of her face, fairer and finer than that other across the little isthmus of red tiles? Could she not exert herself to charm him, to lure him into saying all the extravagant things he was beginning to feel? That little woman in black was doing it with all her woman's wit and power, fairly coaxing love from her *vis-à-vis*.

All the part of himself which had been kept close so long was seething and surging. It wanted out. But habit had him intimidated. He and Louise had been pals. His self-love, his masculine vanity protested against his risking a rebuff. If he stumbled and stuttered out the warm, rushing, eddying wildness that wanted speech, what would she do? Probably a cold bath of common sense would be showered over his conflagration.

What a first-class fool she would think him if she knew his fingers were fairly itching to rest in the rich furrows of her waving hair! Fool? She would think him stark, staring mad.

Yet why under heaven and in hell—his thoughts and emotions were mingling rampantly—had she those light-and-shadow wooing waves in her hair? What did nature mean by setting her luring signs shimmering and darkling if not to invite a man's adventurous fingers? What nature meant was plain. It demonstrated its intentions in the warm whiteness of Louise's neck, the rich turn of her cheeks celebrating their own gracious curves in a rosy fire that burned to her serene eyes.

But what Louise meant was another matter. David knew the fervor of her devotion to things of the mind. He suddenly saw her pursuit of sexless ideals, her strenuous endeavor for mental attainment as a barrier to the fulfilment of his new demand for happiness. They had turned Louise's energies from her heart to her head.

"Come on; let's go!" he exclaimed, impatient, angry at his own conclusion.

Even while Louise looked with surprise from him to the unserved coffee, David's eyes turned again to the little woman in black. She was still at it—still practising her pretty arts. If the man did not know she wanted him to want her, he was a fool. But he did; Dave could see his understand-

ing shining in his eyes. They were wise, those two. They accepted and delighted in their own humanness, delving for its infinite varieties and its satisfying joys. She was wonderful—feminine. That was it. That was her open secret.

Was Louise, with all her brain, with all her intuition along some lines, with her wonderful insight and far-sight, denied that one kind of wisdom which the little woman possessed? The great flame had leaped up in him; it brought no responding fire from her. She failed him now.

The little woman in black had dressed to show her loveliness to the man. Why couldn't Louise have been as generous for him? It was because she scorned as weakness, flouted as debased, every appeal and every acknowledgment of her own and his humanity. These brain-women who could share a man's thought and his ambition were coming to that. That was where this education-mad trend was leading such splendid girls as Louise. Some day, too late, alone, childless, they would see how much more directly they could have served the world by turning their hearts and bodies to use than they had done by overusing their brains. Hungry arms and hearts would suddenly storm and strain for their lost heritage. He would be married to some one else, some one who might not lift so evenly with him on the wings of ambition and soar so companionably through the blue air of mind but who would know the wisdom and art of loving.

That was what he wanted—love—the love that talks through the red curves of a woman's lips in the silent speech of flesh on flesh; the love that turns blue brain and the white fire of ambition to its tender uses.

David sat down, forced himself to talk. Louise knew their usual harmony was gone. On this, the last night before he sailed for South America, they jarred.

David Shipley was not the only wise man making the foolish mistake. Fearing that they may miss the nestling, nourishing, satisfying sweetness of the emotions, bright men who need bright women for their partners are continually stranding themselves in marriage with the empty-headed little females who will fling the doors to their hearts open so widely that men cannot but see how welcome they are.

Because she had brains to see the deeper, finer meanings of the ways in which nature



Louise had glanced back repeatedly.
Woman, she read woman

works her will with men and women, Louise could not win a man as had her sisters in Eve before they looked at life with large views and understanding. She cared more to be in the circle of David Shipley's arms, pressed close to his heart, than the little coquette at the next table knew how to care for anything besides the satisfaction of her feminine vanity. But she could not let him know. The old power had fallen from her; she could not win a man through his senses. The new power to win him through his mind, through his finer parts, had not adjusted itself.

David honestly believed that he had come to the limit of Louise's power to share herself with him. If she would only respond, now that he was swept and swayed with feeling! If she could feel with him as she could think with him—David's breath stuck in his throat at the ecstasy of the idea!

But she did not. She was just as usual when he was unusual. His body, his singing blood stormed for expression, a rebellion of heart against the long-dominant head. Louise could not feel it. She could not guess the why of his fitful silence and his jerky effort at speech.

"By George, I don't believe you'll even miss me, Louise!" David suddenly grumbled, interrupting a forced conversation.

"Why, Dave, how can you say that!" she exclaimed.

Her heart trembled if her voice did not; his accusation seemed unkind, and he must know it was untrue. Then why should he make it, unless he did not care for hurting

her? It was unjust. Injustice always turned her cold and steely.

Perhaps David was right. Aspiration, education, the ability to be the comrade and confidant of a man does change a woman. It puts her in a new place. Learning to share men's outside activities and interests, she is disposed to look down upon herself if she allows the old, *one* way of being his to attract her too much. Yet the voice of her heart, the cry of her body persists.

Louise's head ached; her hands were cold. She wanted to get it over, this last dinner that should have meant so much. This evening, this last precious time together, was dreadful.

"Well; let's go," she suggested.

"All right," he agreed, with an alacrity that cut deep into her, though she could not have endured another ten minutes at the little table in the weaving spells of the music and lights and perfumes.

David held up his hand to a starter; and they waited for a taxi to come up.

Inside, each relapsed into a corner. David watched the necklace of many colored lights that Broadway flashed impudently from her wanton breast. The silence grew painful. David tried not to see the stately lift of Louise's chin, the rich sweep of her breast, the misty darkness of her hair above her white face. But the adventurous, prying gleams of light flashed intermittently over her, taunting him. How could she be content with the useless power and grace of her unfunctioning body? Did the arched

breast never ache to pillow a lover's head—or a child's?

He jerked himself up as if to shake aside such unprofitable thoughts. He saw the chauffeur beating the air out at the side of the vehicle in frantic gestures of warning to those behind him. Shipley leaned forward, alert. The chauffeur worked at his brake with one hand. He hallooed wildly. A bell jangled in the rear. They were running on the car tracks; an electric car was almost on them.

"Get off the track!" Shipley yelled, pounding on the glass.

He knew the habit of chauffeurs to stick to the easy going of the tracks. This one seemed possessed of more than the usual number of devils. He kept on the track, waving his hand up and down in foolish, futile insistence. The trolley-car banged into them. Their wild speed warned David against urging Louise to jump. He sent his fist crashing through the glass.

"Get off the track, you idiot!" he yelled.

A white, scared face turned and regarded him with a queer, set agony. The futile, irritating hand kept waving up and down. The cab held to the rails and flew ahead, with the trolley-car coming behind it.

"Stop waving! Use both your hands on the wheel!" Shipley cried, pushing himself through the window and trying to reach the steering apparatus.

At the same instant, he realized that something had gone wrong. The cab was not running with its own power. The push of the trolley-car and the down grade of the street were impelling it. The taxi was running away!

They were approaching the tracks of a cross-town car-line. He saw a big, yellow monster with glaring eyes dash across. There was every prospect of being smashed up or overturned, and mangled by flying glass. They plunged on to doom. Then the cab paused, with a fitful fancy of its own. The car behind bumped into it again; and the howls of the motorman and conductor made the wild misery of the occasion vocal.

Urged by the danger, Shipley made another effort to get control. His action seemed to infuse the chauffeur with wilder energy. He jerked and pulled and twisted and wrenched. Then Shipley knew that the mechanism had gone back on them.

The front wheels spun round. They locked at right angles. The car pitched

forward, just missed going over. Shipley caught his breath. He wondered if Louise had fainted; she had made no sound.

The gong of the car behind rang out. Either the motorman did not realize their desperate plight or saw it too late to check speed; and the car banged into them again.

It was too much for the uncertain balance of the taxi. The chauffeur shot out over the front. Shipley lunged forward into a rain of broken glass. The taxi nosed down into the asphalt, rebounded, then toppled over on its side.

A scream sounded above the din. Shipley dragged himself back into the car, making ribbons of the flesh of his hands and wrists, thinking of nothing but reaching and comforting Louise. In spite of the pandemonium and the pain of the moment, he exulted in the passionate message for help that was voiced by that cry. Louise needed him; she wanted him.

The car settled on one side. They were prisoners, crouched in the darkness.

"Louise, are you hurt?" he exclaimed.

"I'm all right; don't worry about me."

The reply was cold with the repression the girl was practising. It startled Shipley more than anything in the last few whirling moments.

"I—when I heard your scream——"

"I didn't scream," she denied.

Shipley could have laughed—bitter, angry laughter. Of course not; how could she scream? She had educated herself out of the power to feel. Why should he expect emotion to find a voice in her? The blood was dripping from his hands; but he did not notice it. He was bitterly ridiculing himself.

The window beneath them had been splintered by the crash. The window above them was still unbroken.

The crowd outside began to beat against their prison. Shipley scarcely heard them. He could have sworn at Louise. He wanted her to fling herself into his arms, to sob against his breast. He wanted some recognition of his masculinity, some sign of her femininity demanding solace from him.

Crouched in the dark, Louise struggled and fought, beating her woman's terror down, subjugating her mad wish to absorb his every energy in soothing her, so that he might not be bothered with the care of her. Hers was self-abnegation raised to its nth power, the dauntless courage to subject

herself to the good of another; but it was tragic, for it was mistaken. These two people needed a deep wound in their outward selves which would set the strong, hot currents from within free to flow. Throbbing, aching, yearning for the other, they needed a revelation to dazzle and subdue the small lights of convention and education, a big, blazing glory in which to see each other's heart.

Reason, the god she had determinedly worshiped, trembled on its throne in Louise's mind. But she fought the up-leaping wildnesses of emotion with the trained power of a mental athlete. David clenched his bloody hands and listened to the excited suggestions of the gathering crowd about the best method of release.

"The lady's fainted!"

David heard some one say it. He smiled grimly. She was not the kind of a woman to faint.

A blow on the glass above them sent it crashing down in showers. David, spreading his overcoat, tried to protect Louise. He thrust his head through the frame of jutting glass splinters. The policeman was just raising his club again.

"Do you want to kill this lady?" he demanded, his bloody face, his cold sarcasm taking instant effect on the officer.

He tried to push and pull himself through the opening. But his broad shoulders wedged.

As he squirmed and twisted, the door yielded. Louise had sensibly reached up and pushed the catch. David threw the door open, sprang up, and perched on the body of the car with his legs hanging inside.

A woman was being lifted into a big, private car which a policeman had commandeered. Out in front of the taxi, he saw the chauffeur lying on the asphalt.

"Come, Louise," he said, reaching down into the dark cab; "take hold of my hands and I'll pull you up."

Louise reached for his hands. Warm drops fell on her face. She released the hot, damp hands.

"Come on!" he insisted.

"No, no; I'll wait. They'll get me out."

She was leaning back, away from those warm drops. Her throat was closing. Dave was hurt. It was his blood that fell on her. She shivered and burned and ached

in the darkness of her strange prison.

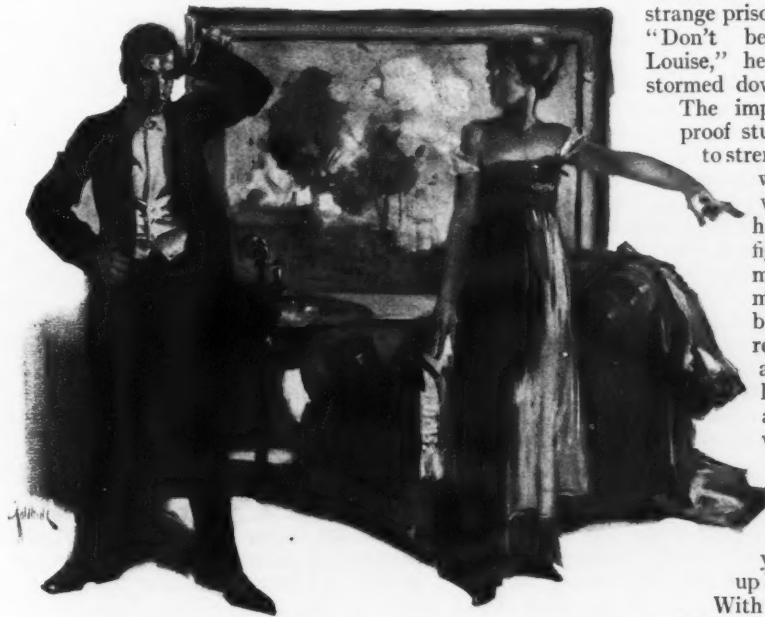
"Don't be a fool, Louise," he suddenly stormed down at her.

The impatient reproof stung her into strength. That

was exactly what she had been fighting with might and main not to be. She reached up and grasped his arms above his wrists.

Awkwardly he dragged her strong, young body up beside him.

With the ends of chiffon flapping like little pennants about her white shoulders,



"You liked that woman out there! She was using seductions that a decent woman scorns"

her pale face blood-spotted, she sat there in silence. If she had given him the least chance, he would have gathered her bare shoulders and her white face into the protecting circle of his arms.

Eager assistance got them off the overturned cab. Shipley gave addresses, and refused to go to a hospital. Louise had been led to the big motor-car in which he had seen them lift the other woman, who occupied the whole of the back seat.

Louise, pulling her cloak about her bare shoulders, took the place beside the chauffeur. The policeman climbed into the tonneau. He motioned Shipley to get in. The woman was propped up between them.

It began to rain—a light, misty drizzle. The officer gave Louise's address. The woman in the back seat roused and glanced at Shipley. He had a quick impression of beauty, of ultra clothes; and a faint perfume reached his nostrils.

"Oh, I hope you're not hurt! You were in the taxi?"

The voice was charming, anxious. It was beautiful for her to feel such interest in him when she had probably just escaped hurt herself. He contrasted her soothing femininity with Louise's chill, capable conduct.

"I'm quite all right—only a few scratches," he replied.

"Where am I?" she asked vaguely.

Her appealing manner was insinuatingly sweet to David. His masculinity stormed its right to expression through tenderness and protectiveness to a woman. He told her the number of the cross-street they were passing. The faint scent she wore rose like the fragrance of a flower to him.

"Where d'you live, ma'am?" the policeman asked.

Louise had glanced back repeatedly. Woman, she read woman. She saw the shy glances beneath the long lashes. The soft shifting of the figure she saw, too. Something in her waked. Shipley should have been ministering to her comfort, soothing her, as he was this strange woman. Her place was usurped; and Shipley appeared to be finding satisfaction in the substitute.

Really, Shipley longed for Louise. But while the faintly sweet, tender-eyed creature resting against him rejoiced in her femininity, showed it with the confident knowledge that it was a rare and lovely jewel, Louise was obsessed in the pride and pomp of intellect. It seemed to him just at that

moment that the one greatly-to-be-desired thing in woman was the essentially feminine attitude toward life, toward him in particular. It was the beautiful *one* thing with which she must be equipped in order to satisfy the man who loved her.

The policeman was watching, too. A grin began to grow on his face. Louise caught him at it. She knew that her reading of the back-seat episode was not a super-sensitive and womanish one; the big Irishman saw, too.

The bluecoat did not guess that the glance which scorched him back to official unconcern was a tiny flame from the elemental fire which had begun to burn in Louise. Love and rage were its kindlings.

Shipley belonged to her; he was essential to her life, the life that panted and stormed and chafed in her for the satisfaction of love. The woman on the back seat was taking him.

Shipley very carefully touched the woman's arm in its thin sleeve. Louise's wrath grew as she saw the effect of the woman's seducing coquetry. She hated Shipley for his susceptibility. She never guessed that at the very moment he was wishing that the femininity of the strange woman, the soft allurements, the woman-speech of her which talked with looks and lips to the man of him were the possession of the woman his head already claimed.

Louise, victim of a newer kind of modesty than the old sort, rooted and built upon ignorance, forgot that nature as well as education had a right to the use of her.

They were nearing her house. She wanted to get out, into her own apartment, and wash Shipley's blood from her face and hands and shoulders. Every drop stung like flame.

Shipley; the man chip on the sweeping current of circumstances, was approaching a crisis and never suspected it. He was obliged to give his attention to the other woman now leaning heavily on him.

A strand of her hair blew up and touched his face, fluttered and twisted, then caught its curling end on the edge of his coat collar.

The car stopped at the curb. Shipley, held by the pressure of the woman's body and by her helplessness and confidence in him, sat still.

In that crucial instant, Louise saw that he did not move. She stepped lightly from the front seat, called back in a clear, cold

voice, "Don't mind about me," and was across the curb and into the house.

The chauffeur started the car. Shipley suddenly thrust the woman from him and stood up.

"Hold on! Where're you taking me? I want to get out!"

He leaped out and rushed into the hall of the apartment-house. Before he let the thought of the hour or of Louise's anger deter, he stepped into the lift.

He rushed along the hall toward Louise's door. It was slightly ajar; she had probably swung it behind her expecting it to go shut and latch. He entered, hesitated, then marched boldly forward.

"Louise!" he called.

She shot from her room and faced him in the light, anger radiating from her eyes and pulsing breast.

"What are you—what do you mean by coming in?" she demanded.

"Louise, I couldn't go—without—I—well, I acted like a fool. I don't know what was the matter with me," he blundered.

"I know!"

He heard the ferocious intensity crowded into the words. He had thought she could not feel. She had a towel in her hands and kept rubbing fiercely at the blood-stains on her neck and hands.

"I couldn't go away—" he blundered some more.

Her blazing eyes and hard lips offered no help.

"Well, good-by," he finally managed to stammer, starting away.

There was a sound behind him—not a word; but he whirled as if it had been a stone and struck him. Mountain streams, dammed, bide the check till some vast rising from deep earth-springs and some vast downpour from heaven combine. The dam goes out on the torrential flood.

In Louise, nature's myriad forces blent and fused and rose. Brain and spirit joined the oversweeping current.

"So you are going—going like that!" she said, her voice staggering with the weight of all she wanted to say.

"How do you want me to go?" he demanded. The words were fire to tow.

"Must I throw myself at you with all the lures and traps that woman set for you?"

David Shipley suddenly laughed, as men do when the banner of their triumph is set high on the wall of the conquered fortress.

But Louise did not understand; she rushed on in her fiery self-revealing.

"You liked that woman out there! She was using seductions that a decent woman scorns. They are gifts of love, not bribes. For three years all my hopes, all my ambitions have been yours. And now, this little sense-creature wins your attention and your tenderness and your interest, when it should be mine!"

Shipley looked at her with the rapture of anticipation blazing in his eyes.

"Good heavens, Louise, I never knew, never suspected till this moment that you could feel! I thought you were willing to have me go off—"

"You—you—mean," she stormed, "if I have brains, I have no heart? That's what you think, and it's not true. That woman—"

"Louise, she didn't mean anything to me."

"I don't care what she meant! It's myself I care about!"

Her words flamed and swirled around him. One fact rose before him like a beacon on a mountain.

"You love me? You want me? Your hands, your lips—Louise! Louise! Louise!"

She backed precipitately against the wall as he came toward her. Womanlike, she quailed before the power she had evoked. She pushed him back with strong, round arms. Her independence of him was on its death-bed and demanded a hearing in its last tragic moments of life.

"You coward! You were afraid that the woman who had joined you in mind and spirit was unable to join you in feeling!"

Shipley did not stop to argue. He did not even stop to acknowledge that the war and storm of her thoughts and feelings had brought her prescience. He just took her strong, sweet, trembling body to him. In the coalescing, complementary harmony that was made of the blent strength of mind, soul, and body, they were one. Every later and dearly intimate experience was but ratification of that union.

After an age-long moment in heaven, Shipley saw the telephone. He drew Louise with him toward it. She listened with a heart-woman's ecstatic submission, a brain-woman's delight and pride in his practical force. He arranged everything.

David Shipley and his wife sailed the next morning.

The Seven Darlings

By Gouverneur Morris

Author of "The Penalty," "A Perfect Gentleman of Pelham Bay Park," etc.

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy

SYNOPSIS—The six Darling sisters—Mary, Maud, Eve, and the triplets, Lee, Phyllis, and Gay—and their brother Arthur find themselves, on the death of their father, with almost nothing. Their divorced mother has married an Italian nobleman and, having a son by him, cannot be expected to assist them. Their chief asset is a magnificently appointed Adirondack camp, which they decide to run as a hotel, at high rates. Into a magazine advertisement of The Camp, Gay and Lee surreptitiously put a picture of the six girls in bathing-costume. This brings quick response from Samuel Langham, a middle-aged oil millionaire, who arranges to come with a party of five young men before the season is open. One of them is an Englishman, Pritchard, heir of the Earl of Merrivale. The guests insist on fishing for trout as soon as they arrive, and, owing to a temporary shortage of guides, Gay undertakes to take charge of Pritchard, who promptly falls in love with his guide. He bets her his prospective title that the largest trout (or char) caught will weigh over three pounds, and she bets her yearly dividend from The Camp—or The Inn, as they call it—that it won't. When finally a fish that weighs at least five pounds is hooked, Pritchard deliberately lets it get away, because, as he declares to Gay, he wants her as a gift and not as payment for a debt. The young man is shortly summoned to England by the approaching death of his uncle, the earl, but his intention to return as soon as possible is evident. Another of Langham's guests, Renier, devotes himself to Lee, while Langham himself becomes fast friends with the eldest sister, Mary. Meanwhile, a somewhat original youth, Sydney Herring, has arrived from Boston. He is convalescing from typhoid fever. Confusing Lee and Phyllis, he asks the latter, who tends the garden and knows nothing about boats, to guide him on a fishing-expedition. The other girls persuade Phyllis to do this as a joke; but the trip soon ends in disaster. The boat is upset in a swamp. Herring foolishly abandons the craft and attempts to cross the swamp on foot with Phyllis. The boat is found and towed home, and the entire male population of The Camp, in great alarm, starts out in search of the missing pair.

IT wasn't all discouragement. For now and then it seemed as if the swamp was going to have a shore of dry land. At such times Herring would exclaim:

"There you see! It had never been done before, and now it's been done, and we've done it."

And then it would seem to Phyllis as if a great weight of fear and anxiety had been lifted from her.

But the shore of the swamp always turned out to be an illusion. Once Herring, firmly situated as he believed, went suddenly through a crust of sphagnum moss and was immersed to the armpits. For some moments he struggled grimly to extricate himself, and only sank the deeper. Then he turned to Phyllis a face whimsical in spite of its gravity and pallor, and said: "If you have never saved a man's life, now is your chance. I'm afraid I can't get out without help."

It was then that her phenomenally strong little hands and wrists stood them both in good stead. The arches of her feet against a submerged root of white cedar, she so pulled and tugged, and exhorted Herring to struggle free, that at last he came out of

that pocket quagmire and lay exhausted in the ooze at her feet.

He was incased from neck to foot in a smooth coating of brown slime. Presently he rolled over on his back and looked up at her.

"There you see!" he said. "You'd never saved a man's life before, and now you've done it. Please accept my sincere expressions of envy and gratitude—Why, you're crying!"

She was not only crying but she was showing symptoms of incipient hysteria. "An old-fashioned girl," thought Herring, "like great-grandmother Saltonstall." He raised himself to a sitting position just in time to slide an arm around her waist, as, the hysteria now well under way, she sat down beside him and began to wave her hands up and down like a polite baby saying good-by to some one.

"One new thing under the sun after another," thought Herring. "Never had arm round hysterical girl's waist before. Got it there, now. When you need *her*, she takes a good brace and pulls for all she's worth. When she needs *you*, she seats herself on six inches of water and yells. Just like great-grandmother Saltonstall." Aloud

he kept saying: "That's right! Greatest relief in the world! Go to it!" And his arm tightened about her with extraordinary tenderness.

Her hysterics ended as suddenly as they had begun. And then she wasted a valuable half-hour apologizing for having had them; Herring protesting all the while that he had enjoyed them just as much as she had, and that they had done him a world of good. And then they had to stop talking because their teeth began to chatter so hard that they simply couldn't keep on. Herring stuttered something about, "Exercise is what a body needs," and they rose to their feet and fought their way through a dense grove of arbor-vitæ.

"The stealthy Indian goes through such places without making a sound," said Herring.

"Or getting his moccasins wet," said Phyllis. "Oh!" And she sank to the waist.

"Never mind," said Herring; "it will be dark before long. And when we have no choice of where to step, maybe we'll have better luck."

"It will *have* to be dark very soon," said Phyllis, "if we have any more of our clothes taken away from us by the brambles."

"That's a new idea!" exclaimed Herring. "Young couple starve to death in the woods because modesty forbids them to join their friends in the open. The headline might be, 'Stripped by Brambles' or 'The Two Bares.'"

He was so pleased with his joke that he had to lean against a tree. The laughing set him to coughing, and Phyllis beat him methodically between the shoulders.

Herring still refused to be serious. In helping Phyllis over the bad places, he performed prodigies of misapplied strength and made prodigious puns. And he said that never in his life had he been in such a delightful scrape.

Once, while they were resting, Phyllis said: "All you seem to think of is the fun you're having. Most men would be thinking about the anxiety they were causing others, and about the miseries of their companion."

"But," he protested, "you are enjoying yourself, too. You don't think you are, but you are. It's your philosophy that is wrong. You like to live too much in the

present. I like to lay by stores of delightful memories against rainy days. The worse you feel now, the more you'll enjoy remembering how you felt—some evening, soon—your back against soft cushions and the soles of your feet toward the fire."

"Ugh!" shuddered Phyllis. "Don't talk about fires. Oh, dear!"

"What's wrong *now*?"

"I'm so stiff I don't think I can take another step. We oughtn't to have rested so long."

But she did take another step, and would have fallen heavily if Herring had not caught her. A moment later she lost a shoe in the ooze, and wasted much precious daylight in vain efforts to locate and recover it.

"Sit down on that root," commanded Herring. And she obeyed. He knelt before her, lifted her wet, muddy little stockinged foot, and set it on his knee.

"What size, please, miss?" he asked, giving an excellent imitation of a somewhat officious salesman.

"I don't know; I have them made," said Phyllis wearily, but trying her best to smile.

"Something in this style?" suggested Herring. He had secretly removed one of his own shoes, and handling it with a kind of comic reverence, as if the soggy, muddy thing were a precious work of art, he presented it to her attention.

And then Phyllis smiled without even trying, and then laughed.

"I said a *shoe*," she said, "not a traveling bathtub."

But he slipped that great shoe over her little foot, and so bound it to her ankle with his handkerchief and necktie that it promised to stay on.

"But you?" she said.

"Luck is with me to-day," said Herring. "Anybody can walk through an impassable swamp, but few are given the opportunity to hop. General Sherman should have thought of that. It would have showed the Confederates just what he thought of them if, instead of marching through Georgia, he had hopped."

And he pursued this new train of thought for some time. He improvised words to old tunes, and sang them at the top of his lungs, "As we were hopping through Georgia." And last and worst he sang, "There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night." And when he had occasion to address Phyllis directly, he no longer called

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her Miss Darling, but "Goody Two Shoes." He said that his own name was not Mr. Herring but Mr. Hopper, and that he was a famous cotillion leader.

But even he became a little quiet when the light began to fail, and a little serious.

"Whatever happens," he said, "it will be a great comfort to you to realize that it's entirely my fault. On the other hand, if we had gotten back into that boat, we might have been drowned long before this."

A little later, Phyllis said: "I'm about all in. It's too dark to see. I——"

"Couldn't have chosen a better camping-site myself," said Herring humbly. "First thing to think of is the water-supply—and fuel. Now, here the fuel grows right out of the water——"

"We haven't any matches."

"Yes, we have; but they are wet and won't light."

"We'll die of cold before morning," said Phyllis. "There's no use pretending we won't."

"On the contrary. Now is the time to pretend all sorts of things. Did you ever try to make a fire by rubbing two sticks together?"

"Never."

"Well, try it. It will make you warmer than the fire would. Afterward we will play 'paddy cake, paddy cake,' and 'bean-porridge hot.'"

"Do men in danger always carry on the way you do?" asked Phyllis.

"Always," he answered.

"I can understand trying to be funny during a cavalry charge, or while falling off a cliff," said Phyllis, "but not while slowly and miserably congealing."

"You are not a Bostonian," said Herring. "Half the inhabitants of that municipality freeze to death and the others burn."

"I've stayed in Boston," said Phyllis, "and the only difference that I could see between it and other places was that the people were more agreeable and things were done in better taste. And what gardens!"

"Ever seen the Arboretum?"

"Have I?"

"In lilac-time?"

"Mm!"

She was on her favorite topic. She forgot that she was cold, wet, miserable, and a frightful anxiety to her family.

"But why be an innkeeper?" asked Her-

ring. "Why not set up as a landscape-gardener?"

"I don't know enough. But I've often thought——"

"I've got five hundred acres outside of Boston that I'd like to turn you loose on."

"You speak as if I were a goat."

"The first thing to do is to drain the swamps. Now, I'll make you a proposition. I can't put it in writing, because it's too dark to see and I have no writing-materials, but there is nothing fishy about us Herrings. You to landscape my place for me, cause a suitable house to be built, and so forth; I to pay you a thousand dollars a month, and a five-per-cent. commission on the total expenditure."

"And what might *that* amount to?"

"What you please," said Herring politely.

"Who says Bostonians are cold?" exclaimed Phyllis. And there began to float through her head lovely visions of landscapes of her own making.

"You're still joking, aren't you?" she said, after a while.

"I don't know landscapes well enough to joke about them," he said.

"But I can't design a house."

"Oh, you will have architects to do that part! You just pick the general type."

"What kind of a house do you want?"

"It depends on what kind of a house *you* want."

"Oh, dear," she exclaimed, "what fun it would be!"

"Will you do it?"

She was tempted beyond her strength.

"Yes," she said, and began to talk with irresponsible delight and enthusiasm.

"Ah," thought Herring to himself, "find out what really interests a girl and she'll forget all her troubles."

It began suddenly to grow light.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Phyllis.

"The woods must be on fire! Oh, the poor trees!"

"It isn't fire," said Herring; "it's the moon. 'Queen and huntress, chaste and fair—goddess excellently bright!' Was ever such luck? I hoped we were going to stand here cozily all night talking about marigolds and cowslips and wall-papers, and now it's our duty to move on. Come, Goody Two Shoes, Policeman Moon has told us to move on. I shall never forget this spot. And I shan't ever be able to find it again."



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

He raised himself to a sitting position just in time to slide an arm around her waist, as, the hysteria now well under way, she sat down beside him and began to wave her hands up and down like a polite baby saying good-by to some one

The Seven Darlings

They toiled forward a little way, and lo! upon a sudden, they came to firm and rocky land that sloped abruptly upward from the swamp. They climbed for several hundred feet and came out upon a bare hilltop, from which could be seen billows of forest and one great horn of Half Moon Lake, silver in the moonlight.

"Why, it isn't a mile to camp!" said Phyllis. She swayed a little, tottered, rocked backward and then forward, and fell against Herring's breast in a dead faint.

In a few moments she came to, and found that she was being carried in strong arms. It was a novel, delicious, and fearful sensation—one which it seemed immensely sensible to prolong. She did not, then, immediately open her eyes.

She heard a voice, cheerful but very much out of breath, murmuring over her.

"New experience. Never carried girl before. Experience worth repeating. Like 'em old-fashioned—like great-grandmother Saltonstall. Liké 'em to faint."

A few minutes later, "Where am I?" said Phyllis.

"In my arms," said Herring phlegmatically, as if that was one of her habitual residing-places.

"Put me down, please."

"I hear," said he, "and I obey with extreme reluctance. I made a bet with myself that I could carry you all the way. And now I shall never know. Feel better?"

"Mm," she said, and, "What a nuisance I've been all through! But it was pretty bad—some of it—wasn't it?"

"Already you are beginning to take pleasure in remembering. What did I tell you? Don't be frightened. I am going to shout."

He shouted in a voice of thunder, and before the echo came back to them, another voice, loud and excited, rose in the forest. And they heard smashings and crashings, as a wild bull tearing through brittle bushes. And presently, Sam Langham burst out of the thicket with a shower of twigs and pine-needles.

His delight was not to be measured in words. He apostrophized himself.

"Good old Sam!" he said. "We knew you weren't drowned in the brook. We knew it would be just like Herring to want to cross that swamp. As soon as I heard somebody say that it was impassable, I said: 'Where is the other side. That's the place

to look for them.' But why didn't you make more noise?"

"Oh," said Herring, "we were so busy talking and exploring and doing things that had never been done before, that it never occurred to us to shout."

"Herring," said Langham sternly, "you have the makings of a hero, but not, I am afraid, of a woodsman."

"Well, we're safe enough now," said Herring. "Excuse me a moment——"

"Excuse you! What?"

"It's very silly—been sick you know—overexertion. Think better faint and get it over with."

Langham knelt and lifted Herring's head.

"You lift his feet," he said to Phyllis.

"Send the blood to his heart; bring him to."

Herring began to come out of his faint.

"This young man," said Langham, "may be something of an ass, but he's got sand."

"He carried me a long way," said Phyllis, the tears racing down her cheeks; "and he's only just over typhoid, and he never stopped being cheerful and gallant, and he *isn't* an ass!"

Herring came to, but was not able to stand. He had kept up as long as he had to, and now there was no more strength in him.

Phyllis accepted the loan of Langham's coat.

"I'll stay with him," she said, "while you go for help."

The moment Langham's back was turned she spread the coat over Herring.

"Please—don't!" he said.

"You be quiet," said she sharply. "How do you feel?"

"Pretty well used up, thank you. Hope you'll 'scuse me for this collapse. Shan't happen again. Lucky thing you and I don't both collapse same moment."

A faint moan was wrung from him. She touched his cheek with her hand. It was hot as fire. She was an old-fashioned girl, and the instinct of nursing was strong in her.

She was an old-fashioned girl. There had almost always been a young man in her life about whom, for a while, she wove more or less intensely romantic fancies. They came; they went. But almost always there was one. She raised her lovely face and looked at the moon, and made an unspoken confession. There had always been one. Well, now there was another!

XVI

WHEN the real season opened, you might have thought that the whole venture was Mr. Sam Langham's and that he had risked the whole of his money in it. Without being officious, he had words of anxious advice for the Darlings, severally and collectively. His early breakfasts in Smoke House with Mary, the chef beaming upon the efficient and friendly pair, lost something of their free and easy social quality, and became opportunities for the gravest discussions of ways and means.

The opening day would see every spare room in the place occupied—by a man. To Mary it seemed a little curious that so few women, so few families, and so many bachelors had applied for rooms. But to Sam Langham the reasons for this were clear and definite.

"It was the picture in the first issues of your advertisement that did it. I only compliment and felicitate you when I say that every bachelor who saw that picture must have made up his mind to come here if he possibly could. And that every woman who saw it must have felt that she could spend a happier summer somewhere else. Now if you had circulated a picture of half a dozen men each as good-looking as your brother Arthur, the results would have been just the opposite."

"Women aren't such idiots about other women's looks as you think they are," said Mary.

"I didn't say they were idiots; I intimated that they were sensible. The prettiest woman at a summer resort always has a good time—not the best, necessarily, but very good. Now, no woman could look at that picture of you and your sisters and expect to be considered the prettiest woman here. Could she, Chef?"

Chef laughed a loud, scornful, defiant, gesticulant Gallic laugh. His good-natured features focused into a scattering partisan swear; he turned a delicate omelette over in the air and said, "Lala!"

"There are," continued Mr. Langham, "only half a dozen women in the world who can compare in looks with you and your sisters. There's the Princess Odualchi—your mother. There's the Countess of Kingston, Mrs. Waring, Miss Virginia Clark—but these merely compare. They don't compete."

Mr. Langham tried to look very sly and wicked, and he sang in a humming voice, "Oh to be a Mussulman, now that spring is here!"

"Coffee?" said Mary.

"Please."

"Well," said she, as she poured, "the whys and wherefores don't matter. It's to be a bachelor resort—that seems definitely settled. But I think we had better send the triplets away. I don't want the Pritchard and Herring episodes repeated while my nerves are in this present state. And there's Lee—if she isn't leading Renier into one folly after another, I don't know what she is doing. They seem to think that keeping an inn is a mere excuse for flirtation."

"Don't send them away," said Langham. "If you sent those three girls to a place where there weren't any men at all, they'd flirt with their shadows. Better have 'em flirting where you can watch 'em than where you can't. And besides—are you quite sure that the Pritchard and Herring episodes were mere flirtations? Day before yesterday I came upon Miss Gay by accident; she was practising casting."

"That's how she spends half her time."

"But she was practising with Pritchard's rod! Yesterday I came upon her in the same place—"

"By accident?" smiled Mary.

"By design," he said honestly. "And this time she wasn't casting. She had the rod lying across her knees, and her eyes were turned dreamily toward the blunt and most distant mountain-top."

"Why do you look at that mountain?" I said.

"Because it's blue, too," said she.

"And what makes you blue?" I asked.

"The same cause that makes the mountain blue," said she.

"Hum," said I, "then it must be distance."

"Something like that," she said. "I sometimes think I'm the most distant person in the world."

"You're probably not the only person who thinks that," said I.

"And she said 'No? Really?' And that was all I could get out of her. Except that, just as I was walking away, I heard a sharp whistling sound, and my cap—a new plaid cap—was suddenly tweaked from the top of my head, and hung in a tree. She must have practised a lot with

The Seven Darlings

that rod of Pritchard's. It was a beautiful cast—"

"She might have put your eye out!" exclaimed Mary.

"She hung the apple of my eye in a tree," said he dolefully. "You know that one with the green and brown? And last night it rained."

"I hope she expressed sorrow," said Mary.

"She was going to, but I got laughing and then she did."

"What a dear you are!" exclaimed Mary. "And so you think she's making herself mournful over Mr. Pritchard? And what are the reasons for thinking that Phyllis is serious about Mr. Herring?"

"He's sent for blue-prints of his property outside Boston, and they are busy with plans for landscaping it. Narrow escape, that! I didn't let on; but the second day I thought he was a goner. I did."

Mary sighed.

"We might just as well have called it a matrimonial agency in the first place, instead of an inn."

Mr. Langham rose reluctantly.

"I have an engagement with Miss Maud," he explained.

The faintest ripple of disappointment flitted across Mary's forehead.

"I've promised to help her with her books," said he. "Some of the journal entries puzzle her; and she has an idea that The Inn ought to have more capital. And we are going into that, too."

"I hope," said Mary, "that you aren't going to lend us money without consulting me."

Chef was in a distant corner, quite out of ear-shot. And Mr. Langham, emboldened by one of the most delicious breakfasts he had ever eaten, shot an arch glance at Miss Darling.

"I wouldn't consult you about lending money," he said; "I wouldn't consult you about giving money. But any time you'll let me consult you about *sharing* money—"

Panic overtook him, and he turned and fled. But upon Mary's brow was no longer any ripple of disappointment—only the unbroken alabaster of smooth serenity. She reached for the household keys and said to herself, "Maud is a steady girl—even if the rest of us aren't."

She caught a glimpse of herself in the

bottom of a highly polished copper utensil and couldn't help being pleased with what she saw.

On the way to the office, Mr. Langham fell in with Arthur. This one, Uncas scolding and chatting upon his shoulder, was starting off for a day's botanizing—or drawing, maybe.

"Arthur—one moment, please," said Langham. "As the head of the family I want to consult you about something."

"Yes?" said Arthur, sweetly of course. "Uncas, you are too noisy." And he put the offended little beast into his green collecting-case.

"I never would have come here," said Mr. Langham, "if it hadn't been for that advertisement."

Arthur frowned slightly.

"You mean—"

"Yes. But I came," said Mr. Langham, "not as a pagan Turk but as a Christian gentleman. I was just about to take passage for Liverpool when I saw your sister Mary looking out at me from *The Four Seasons*. And so I wrote to ask if I could come here. I have lived well, but I am not disappointed. I am very rich—"

"My dear Sam," said Arthur, "you are the best fellow in the world. What do you want of me?"

"To know that you think I'd try my best to make a girl happy if she'd let me."

"A girl?" smiled Arthur. "Any girl?"

"In all the world," said Mr. Langham, "there is only one girl."

"If I were you," said Arthur, "I'd ask her what *she* thought about it."

Langham assumed a look of terrible gloom.

"If she didn't think well of it, I'd want to cut my throat. I'd rather keep on living in blissful uncertainty, but I wanted *you* to know—*why* I am here, and *why* I want to stay on and on."

"Why, I'm very glad to know," said Arthur; "but surely it's your own affair."

Mr. Langham shook his head.

"Last night," said he, "I was dozing on my little piazza. Who should row by at a distance but Miss Gay and Miss Lee. You know how sounds carry through an Adirondack night? Miss Lee said to Miss Gay: 'I tell you he doesn't. Not *really*. He's just a male flirt.' 'A butterfly,' said Miss Gay."

"But how do you know they were referring to you?"



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

"She had the rod lying across her knees, and her eyes were turned dreamily toward the blunt and most distant mountain-top"

"By the way the blessed young things laughed at the word 'butterfly.' So I wanted you to know that my intentions are tragically serious, no matter what others may say. Whatever I may be—and I have been insulted more than once about my figure and my habits—I am *not* a flirt. I am just as romantic as if I was a living skeleton."

Here Arthur's head went back, and he laughed till the tears came. And Mr. Langham couldn't help laughing, too.

A few moments later he was going over The Inn books with Maud Darling, and displaying for her edification an astonishing knowledge of entries and a truly magical facility in figuring. Suddenly, apropos of something not in the least germane, he said,

"Miss Maud, when, in your opinion, is the most opportune time for a man to propose to a girl?"

"When he's got her alone," said she promptly, "and has just been dazzling her with a display of his erudition and understanding."

And she, whom Mary had described as the one steady sister in the lot, flung him a melting and piercing glance. But Mr. Langham was not deceived.

"I ask you an academic question," he said, "and you give me an absolutely cradle-snatching answer. I may *look* easy, Miss Maud, but there are people who will protect me."

"The best time to propose to a girl? You really want to know? I thought you were just starting one of your jokes."

"If I am," said he, "the joke will be on me. But I *really* want to know."

"The best moment," said she, "is that moment in which she learns that one of her friends or one of her sisters younger than she is engaged to be married. When an unengaged girl hears of another girl's engagement, she has a momentary panic, during which she is helpless and defenseless. That is my best judgment, Mr. Sam Langham. And the older the girl the greater the panic. And now I've betrayed my sex. In fact, I have told you absolutely all that is definitely known about girls."

Just outside the office he met Gay.

"Hello!" she said.

He only made signs at her and flapped his arms up and down.

"What's the matter?" he said. "*They* can't talk."

"Who can't talk?"

He held her with a stern glance, and if the word had been hissable, would have hissed it.

"Butterflies," he said.

Then Miss Gay turned the color of a scarlet maple in the fall of the year.

"Do you owe me reparation or not?"

"Reparation! Reparation!" she cried.

"And I may name it?"

"If you'll only forgive us, we'll do anything."

"Do this, then: Promise me that when you are engaged to be married you will tell me before you tell anybody else, and after that no one for twelve hours."

"Are you serious?"

"Yes; for a butterfly!"

"Then I promise."

"On your honor?"

"See; I cross what I am pleased to call my heart."

"And do you think Miss Lee would make me the promise, too?"

"I think so. Yes; I'm sure she would—if you came fluttering down on her the way you came on me."

He clenched his right fist and made a threatening gesture. Miss Gay squealed and ran.

XVII

"ARE we all here?" asked Mary.

She had summoned her sisters and Arthur to the office for a conference.

"All except Sam Langham," said Gay.

"I didn't know that he was one of the family," said Mary.

"Of course you *know*," said Gay; "you would. I was just guessing."

"Well, he isn't," said Mary, trying not to change color or to enjoy being teased about Mr. Langham.

The triplets sat in a row upon a bench made of little birch logs with the bark on. It was not soft sitting, as Lee whispered, but one had one's back to the light, and in case one had done something wrong without knowing it and was in for a scolding, that would prove an immense advantage.

"What I wanted to say," said Mary, "is just this —"

She stood up and looked rather more at the triplets than anyone else, so that Lee exclaimed, "Votes for women!" and Gay echoed her with, "Yes; but none for poor little girls in their teens."

"Hitherto," continued the orator, "The Inn has been only informally open. It's been more like having a few friends stopping with us. We had to see more or less of them. But after to-day there will be a crowd, and I think it would be more dignified and pleasanter for them if *some* of us kept ourselves a little more to ourselves. What do *you* think, Arthur?"

Arthur looked up sweetly. It was evident that he had not been listening.

"Why, Mary," he said, "I think it might be managed with infinite patience."

The triplets giggled; Maud and Eve exchanged amused looks.

"Arthur," said Mary, "you can make one contribution to this discussion if you want to. You can tell us what you are really thinking about, so that we needn't waste time trying to guess."

"Why," said he gently, "you know I have quite a knack with animals, taming them and training them, and I was wondering if it would be possible to train a snail. *That's* what I was thinking about. I have a couple in my pocket at the moment, and——"

"Never mind *now*," said Mary hurriedly, and she turned to the triplets. "What do *you* think of what I said?"

"I think it was tortuous and involved," said Lee, "and that it would hardly bear repetition."

"It smacked of paternalism," said Gay. And even Phyllis, her mind upon the convalescing Herring, was moved to speak.

"You said it would be more dignified for some of us to keep to ourselves. Perhaps it would. You said it would be pleasanter for the people who are coming here to stay. I doubt it."

"Bully for you, old girl," shouted Lee and Gay; "sick her!"

Mary moaned. She was proof against their hostilities, but the language in which they were couched pierced her to the marrow.

"I am sure," she said, "that Maud and Eve will agree with me."

"Of course," said Eve.

"Naturally," said Maud.

"There!" exclaimed Mary, with evident triumph.

"We agree," said Eve, "that *some* of us should keep ourselves more to ourselves."

And she looked sternly at the triplets. But then she turned and looked sternly at Mary and rose to her feet.

"We think," she said with a "*j'accuse*" intonation, "that those who haven't kept themselves to themselves should, and that those who have—shouldn't. Maud and I, for instance, haven't the slightest objection to being fetched for and carried for by attractive young men. Have we, Maud? But hitherto, as must have been obvious to the veriest nincompoop, we have done our own fetching and carrying."

There was a short silence. Mary blushed. Arthur fidgeted.

"I'm quite sure," said Maud, "that I haven't been wandering over the hills with future earls, or lost in swamps with interesting invalids, or basked morning after morning in the sunny smile of a gourmet——"

Mary paled under this attack.

"Mr. Langham is altogether different," she said.

"Oh, quite!" cried Lee.

"Utterly, absolutely different!" cried Gay. "To begin with, he's richer, and to end with, he's fatter."

"I shouldn't have said 'fat,'" said Lee. "I should have said 'well-larded,' but then I am something of a stylist."

"Sam Langham," said Mary, "is everybody's friend. And he's an immense help in lots of ways; and then he has a certain definite interest in The Inn. Because if we need it, he's going to lend us money to carry our accounts."

Gay whispered to Lee behind her hand. Lee giggled.

"What was that?" asked Mary sharply.

"Only a quotation."

"What quotation?"

"Oh, Gay just said something about 'Bought and Paid For.'"

Here Arthur interrupted.

"They're like snails," said he to Mary. "You can only train 'em with infinite patience."

Phyllis rose suddenly and became the cynosure of all eyes, except her own, whose particular cynosure at the moment was the floor. She moved toward the door.

"Where are you off to?" asked Mary.

"I'm just going to speak to Chef."

"What about?"

"About some chicken broth."

"For yourself?"

The gentle Phyllis was being goaded beyond endurance. At the door she turned and lifted her great eyes to Mary's.



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

The gentle Phyllis was being goaded beyond endurance. At the door she turned and



lifted her great eyes to Mary's. "No," she said bitterly; "it's for Arthur's snails"

"No," she said bitterly; "it's for Arthur's snails."

There was a silence.

"If there's any voting," said Phyllis, "I give my proxy to Gay." And she vanished through the door.

"I'm sure," said Mary, "I don't know what the modern young girl is coming to!"

"I know where *that* one is going to," said Gay, "spilling the chicken broth in her unseemly haste."

Then Arthur spoke.

"The modern young girl," he said, "is coming to just where her grandmother came, and by the same road. Girls will be girls. So let's be thankful that the men who have come here so far have been—men. And hopeful that those who are to come will be, also. I've lived too much with nature not to know what's natural—when I see it."

"Do you think," said Gay sweetly, "that it's natural for a man to eat as much as Sam Langham does?"

"As natural under the peculiar circumstances," said Arthur, "as it is for you to tease."

Lee rose.

"And you?" said Mary, smiling at last.

"Oh," said Lee, witheringly, "I have an engagement to carve initials surrounded by a heart on a birch tree."

And when Lee had gone, Gay spoke up.

"I shouldn't wonder," said she, "if, by way of a blind, the baggage had told the truth."

"We should never have called it 'The Inn,'" said Mary, "we should have called it 'The Matrimonial Agency.'"

"Every pretty girl," said Arthur, "is a matrimonial agency."

At this moment Uncas, the chipmunk, rushed screaming into the room and flung himself into Arthur's lap. Arthur comforted the little beast, and noticed that his nose and face bore fresh evidences of a fight. Uncas complained very bitterly; he was evidently trying to talk.

"Is Stripes hurt?" asked Mary.

"It's his feelings," said Arthur. "He's been made a victim of misplaced confidence. Some young woman has been encouraging him."

"Poor little man!" said Gay, with sudden emotion. "Did ums want some nice vasy on ums poor sick nose?"

"He would only lick it off," regretted Arthur.

Mr. Langham's jolly face appeared in the open door.

"I've seen two depart," he said, "and thought maybe the meeting was over."

"It is," said Mary, and, after a moment's hesitation, she boldly joined Mr. Langham and walked off by his side. Even Arthur chuckled.

"And what was the meeting about?" asked Mr. Langham.

"Oh," said Mary, "they won't be serious—not any of them—not even Arthur. So we forgot what the meeting was for, and got into violent discussion about—about natural history."

"And what side did you take?"

"Oh," said Mary, "we were all on the same side—*really*; and that was what made the discussion so violent."

"The day," said Langham, "is young. I feel ripe for an adventure. And you?"

"What sort of an adventure?"

"I thought that if one—or, rather, if *two* climbed to the top of a very little hill and sat down in the sunshine and admired the view——"

Far out on the lake they could see Lee lolling in the stern of a guide-boat. Young Renier was at the oars. But the boat was not being propelled. It was merely drifting.

"I wonder," said Langham, and he watched her face stealthily, "if by any chance those two are really engaged?"

Was there the least hardening of that lovely, gentle face, the least fleeting expression of that sort of panic which one experiences when arriving at the station in time to see the train pull out but not too late to get aboard by the exercise of swift and energetic maneuvers?

"Don't say such things!" she said presently. "It's like jumping out from behind a tree and shouting, 'Boo!'"

Mr. Langham smiled complacently and changed the subject. But he said to himself, "That Maud is a clever girl!"

"I suppose," said Mary, after a while, "that this is the last really peaceful day we'll have for a long time. To-morrow the place will be full of strange, critical faces. And it will be one long wrestle to make everything go smoothly all the time."

She sighed.

"There are only two ways to success," said Langham. "One is across the wrest-

ling-mat, and one is through the pasture of old Bull Luck. But I'm convinced that The Inn is going to pay very handsomely. There is a fortune in it."

"There mightn't be," said Mary, "if—"
And she broke into a peal of embarrassed laughter.

"If what?"

"I was thinking of that *dreadful* picture."

"I often think of it," said Mr. Langham, "and of the first time I saw it."

Mary gave him a somewhat shy look.

"Of course it didn't influence you," she said.

"But it did. And that day I forgot to eat any lunch. I am looking forward," he said, "to warm weather—I enjoy a swim as much as anybody."

"Why is it," said Mary, "that a girl is ashamed when it is her money that attracts a man, and proud when it is her face? Both are equally fortuitous; both are assets in a way—but of the two, it is the money alone which is really useful."

"It sounds convincing to a girl," mused Mr. Langham, "when a man says to her, 'I love you because of your beautiful blue eyes.' But it wouldn't sound in the least convincing if he said, 'I love you because of your beautiful green money.' I don't attempt to explain this. I am merely stating what appears to me to be a fact. But, as you say, money is, or should be, an asset of attraction."

"I suppose beauty is held in greater esteem," said Mary, "because it is more democratically bestowed. Money seems to beget hatred because it isn't."

"The French people," said Langham, "hated the nobility because of their wealth and luxury. To-day, a common mechanic has more real luxuries at his disposal than poor Louis XVI had, but he hates the rich people who have more than he has—and so it will go on to the end of time."

"Will there always be rich people and poor people?"

"There will always be rich people; but sometime they will learn to spend their money more beneficently, and then there won't be any really poor people. If the attic of your house were infected with dirt and vermin, you couldn't sleep until it had been cleaned and disinfected. So, some day, rich men will feel about their neighbors, cities about their slums, and nations about other nations. I can imagine a future Uncle Sam

saying to a future John Bull"—and he sunk his voice to a comically confidential whisper: "Say, old man, I hear you're pressed for ready cash; now't just so happens I'm well fixed at the moment, and—oh, just among friends! Bother the interest!" What a spectacle this world is—it's like the old English schools that Dickens wrote out of existence—just bullying and hazing all around! Why, if a country was run on the most elementary principles of honesty and efficiency, the citizens of that country would never have occasion to say, 'Our taxes are almost unbearable!' They would be nudging each other in the streets and saying, 'My, that was a big dividend we got!'"

Mr. Langham stopped only because he was of out breath. His face was red and shining. He mopped his brow with his handkerchief.

Mary was almost perfectly happy. She loved to hear Langham run on and on. His voice was so pleasant, and his face beamed so with kindness. And from many things which he had from time to time let slip, she was convinced that she needn't be an old maid unless she wanted to be. And so to climb a little hill with him, to sit in the sun, and to admire the view, was really an exciting venture. For she never knew what he was going to let slip next. And equally exciting was the fact that if that slip should be in the nature of a leading question, she could only guess what her answer would be.

When a man is offered something that he very much wants—a trifling loan, for instance—his first instinct is to deny the need. And a girl, when the man she wants offers himself, usually refuses at the first time of asking. And some, especially rich in girl-nature, which is experience of human nature and somewhat short of divine, will persist in refusing even unto the twentieth and thirtieth time.

Mary Darling was in a deep reverie. From this, his eyes twinkling behind their thick glasses, Mr. Langham roused her with the brisk utterance of one of his favorite quotations.

"General Blank's compliments," said he, "and he reports that the colored troops are turning black in the face."

Mary smiled her friendliest smile.

"I was wondering," she said, "what had become of Lee and Renier."

The Seven Darlings

"I have noted," said Mr. Langham, "that she always calls him by his last name, sometimes with the prefix 'you'—'You Renier,' put like that. I was wondering if he ever turns the trick on her."

"Why should he?" asked Mary innocently.

"You have forgotten," said he, "that her last name is Darling." His eyes twinkled with amazing and playful boldness. "You're all darlings," he exclaimed, "and"—a note of self-pity in his voice—"I'm just a fat old stuff!"

"That," said Mary primly, "is perfectly correct, but for three trifling errors—you're not fat; you're not old, and you're not a stuff!"

If she had told him that he was handsome as Apollo, he could not have been more pleased. And so their adventure progressed in the pleasant sunlight that warmed the top of the little hill. No very exciting adventure, you say? And of a shilly-shallying and even snail-like motion?

Oh, you can't be always riding to rescues, and falling over cliffs, and escaping from burning houses!

At that moment, by the present accident, the tip of Mr. Langham's right forefinger just brushed against Mary's sleeve. And there went through him from head to foot a great thrill, as if trumpets had suddenly sounded.

"I suppose," said Mary, after a little while "that we ought to be going."

"But I'd rather sit here than eat," said Mr. Langham.

"Honestly? So would I."

"Then," said Mr. Langham, "without exposing ourselves to any other danger than that of starvation, I propose that we lose ourselves—as *other people do*—in short, that we remain here until one or other of us would rather—eat."

"Good gracious," said Mary, "we might be here a week!"

Mr. Langham rose slowly to his feet. Far off he could see pale smoke flitting upward through the tree-tops. He turned and looked into Miss Darling's smiling, up-turned face.

"I'll just run down and tell Arthur we're not *really* lost," he said. "But I'll make him promise not to look for us. I'll be right back."

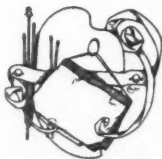
She held out her hands. He took them and helped her to her feet. And then they both laughed aloud.

"Thank heaven," said Mary, "that whatever else you and I may suffer from, it isn't from insanity—or pinching appetites! As a matter of fact, I'm famished."

"Thank God!" said Mr. Langham. "So am I."

And they began to descend the hill. For to keep men and women and adventurers going, the essential thing is food. And there's many a promising romance that has come to nothing for want of a loaf of bread and a jug of wine.

The next instalment of *The Seven Darlings* will appear in the December issue.



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The Cosmopolitan Print Department has just published the first two numbers of a remarkable series of "Types of Present-Day Beauty." They are painted by **Penrhyn Stanlaws**, the brilliant young artist who has achieved a position in the foremost rank of American illustrators, and whose success in depicting an aristocratic type of young womanhood has created a widespread demand for moderate-priced reproductions. These pictures are printed on 14x11-inch pebbled plate paper and are offered at 15 cents each.

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COSMOPOLITAN

Vol. LVII

NOVEMBER, 1914

No. 6



ARTICLES OF SPECIAL AND TIMELY INTEREST

Egypt of the Magicians. Rudyard Kipling 799

The charm and mystery of the River and the Desert.
Memories and visions evoked by a voyage up the Nile.
Illustrated by George Gibbs

Theatrical:

Valli Valli, the Versatile. Illustrated 804

A Dainty Débutante. Illustrated 806

A Home-Grown Comedienne. Illustrated 808

SERIAL STORIES

Athalie Robert W. Chambers 724

A most unusual little girl gives promise of an interesting future. She makes a friend under trying circumstances.
Illustrated by Frank Craig

Shadows of Flames. Amélie Rives 768

Sophy Chesney, thinking the skies have cleared after a period of doubt and trial, is compelled to undergo a deep humiliation. Illustrated by George Gibbs

The Seven Darlings Gouverneur Morris 818

Phyllis and Herring have a narrow escape. Sam Langham asks advice on an important matter and seeks a way to carry it out. Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy

SHORT FICTION

The Rajah's Tunic Henry C. Rowland 741

Dominica, in pursuit of gain, enters the field of artistic endeavor in a way that she doesn't exactly like. Illustrated by John Alonzo Williams

Happy Dust Arthur B. Reeve 757

Craig Kennedy renders a great social service and uncovers a soul-destroying plot. Illustrated by Will Foster

Wallingford, Strike-breaker George Randolph Chester 788

J. Rufus, with the help of the resourceful Blackie, departs from his usual line of work, and profits well thereby. Illustrated by Charles E. Chambers

Blue Brains and Red Blood Katharine Eggleston 810

A love-affair that is going none too well is suddenly made right in an unexpected fashion. Illustrated by Walter Dean Goldbeck

Cover Design Harrison Fisher

MISCELLANEOUS

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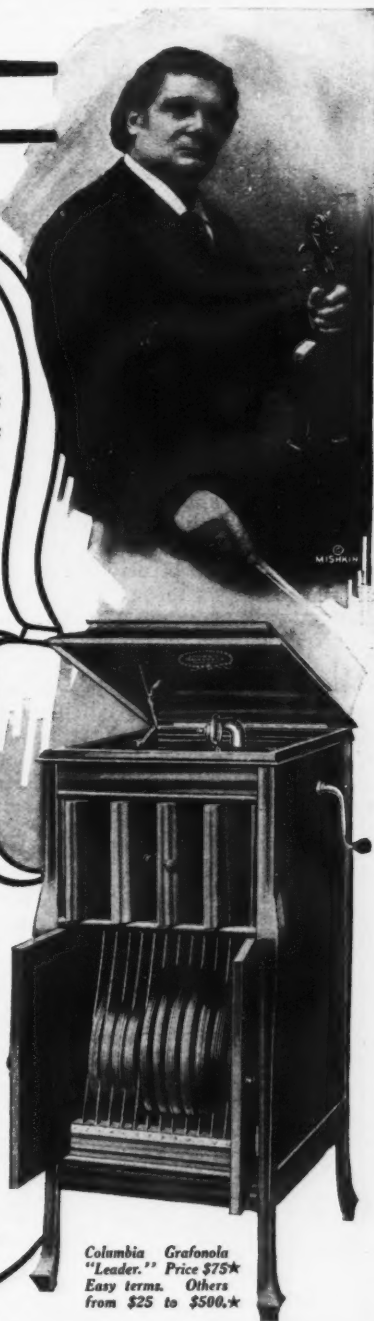
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Romances of Modern Business

CHAPTER IX

Introducing the "Dutch Boy"

THE story of the Dutch Boy Painter is an interesting chapter of the "Romances of Modern Business."

Seven years ago the directors of a company met in New York to solve questions which many lines of manufacture will have to face sooner or later. Therefore the object lesson of the "Dutch Boy" not only interests, but points.

These men were directors in a company which was in a quandary. They had an article well distributed throughout the country, but it lacked any distinctive mark as being the output of that company.

The puzzling question was—how to retain the old trade marks which had become sectionally known, and at the same time get the advantage of nationalization offered by the consolidated organization, the National Lead Company. To abandon the old individual trade marks would be playing into the hands of competitors, for though each of these trade marks was supreme in its section, no one of them had national distribution.

The directors heard many plans, but finally settled upon the suggestion of a new advertising manager, which was as follows: "Retain all the old brands as factory marks on the head of the keg, but put one new and uniform mark on the sides of all kegs from all factories, then advertise the change. Thus the national prestige of a uniform, universally distributed identification mark will be added to the local prestige of each brand."

This plan was adopted, and the "Dutch Boy Painter," which has since become famous

through magazine advertising, was selected as the trade mark of the company, the February, 1907, periodicals carrying page announcements of the trade mark and its significance in the white lead business.

The "Dutch Boy" advertising was immediately effective, and within a few months had created a national interest in "Dutch Boy" White Lead.

In this campaign the nationally circulated monthly magazines and weeklies were the "backbone" of the business, because an important feature of the plan was educational, and these periodicals had already demonstrated their power in the field of the educational.

In discussing the matter of why he used the national publications to influence paint dealers, Mr. O. C. Harn, advertising manager, said:

"The great bulk of white lead is paid for by the man who does not buy it,—that is, he does not buy it as white lead. He buys and pays for the finished job of painting, of which white lead is the most important part. Why then should we advertise to the property owner? Why not advertise only to the painter who buys the material? It is because we have found that the most powerful influence which can be brought to bear on the painter is to invest him with a conviction that his patrons prefer "Dutch Boy" White Lead, and expect him to use it. This we have been able to do through educational advertising in the national periodicals."

The A-B-C of the best things made—that they shall be the things best known.

Automobiles, Accessories, Etc.		Building and Construction		Cameras and Supplies	
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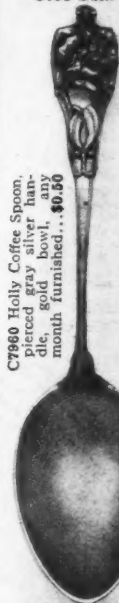
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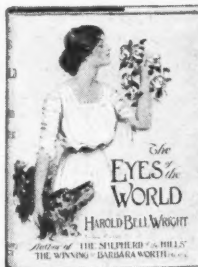
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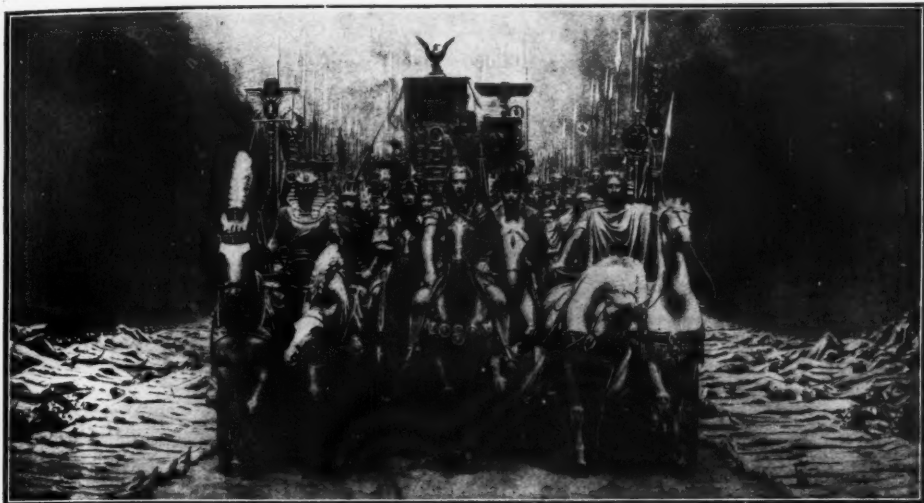
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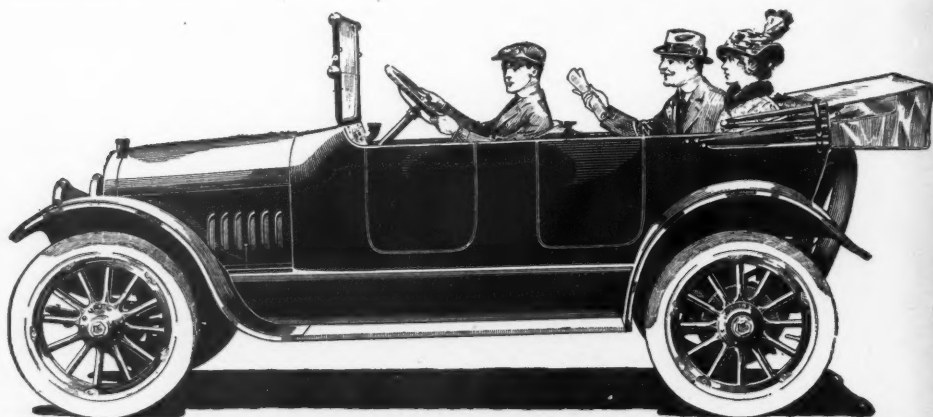
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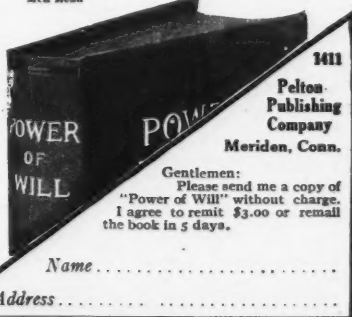
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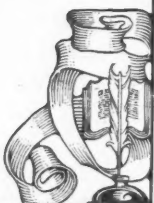


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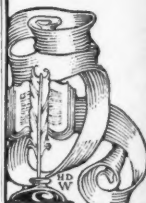
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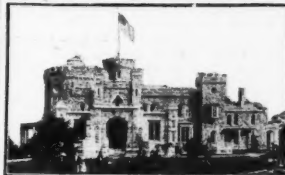
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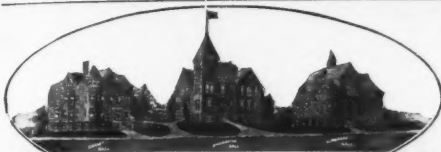
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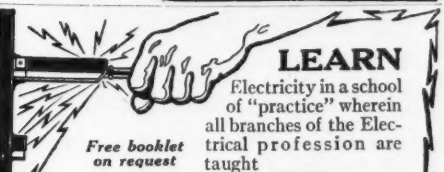
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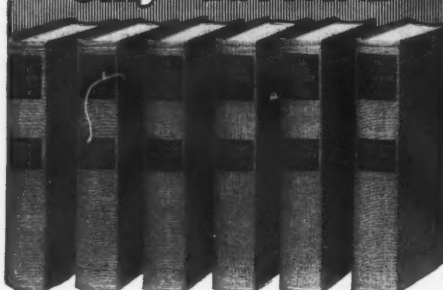
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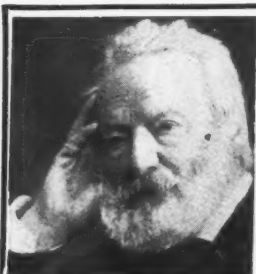
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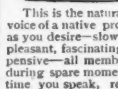
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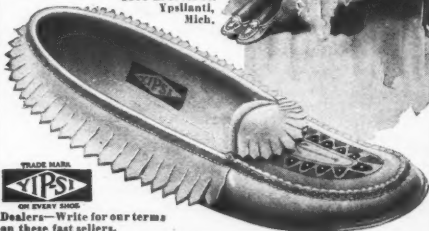
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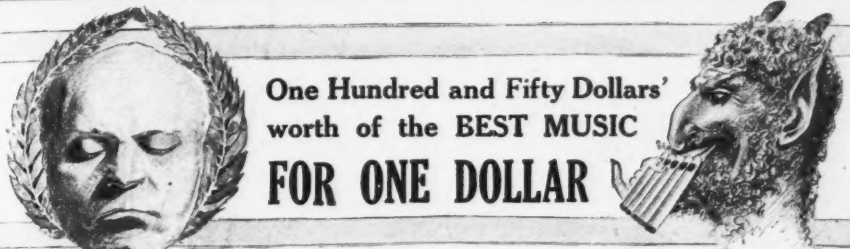
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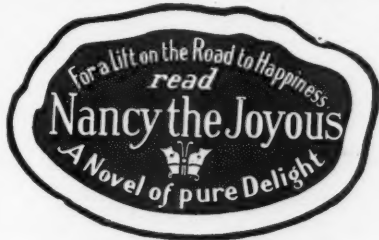
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Responsible Lady Canvassers Wanted in every town where not represented. Dress Goods, Velvets, Silks, Laces, etc. Make a good income during your spare time. National Dress Goods Co., Dept. 45, No. 8 Beach St., N. Y. City. Samples Free.

Agents to handle exclusively or as side line our Accident and Health Policies, for \$6 yearly, which pay \$2,500 Death and \$15 weekly for Injury or Sickness. Sell to men and women. Ages 16 to 70. Double amount for \$10 Yearly. No Dues or Assessments. Liberal Commissions. Address Underwriters, Newark, N. J.

Progressive Business Men should inform themselves concerning the opportunities Cosmopolitan presents to the small-space advertiser. Write today to Cosmopolitan Classified Directory, 119 West 40th St., New York City.

Opportunity Adlets

AGENTS AND SALESMEN WANTED

Have you seen the Stenographer's Tabulator? It sets out work, shows its arrangement, does not waste time placing pins for adjustment. Every stenographer should have one. Price \$50. Liberal commissions to Agents. Tabulator Co., 174 St. James Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Agents: Both sexes; to sell a complete line of Monogram Stationery. Big profit; excellent opportunity to start a business for yourself. Samples free. Frederick Leder, 109 S. Charles St., Baltimore, Md.

Traveling Salesmen Wanted—Experience unnecessary. Earn Big Pay while you learn by mail during spare time, only eight weeks time required, one or two hours a day. Steady position, easy work, hundreds of good positions to select from. Write today for free book "A Knight of the Grip," containing full particulars and testimonials from hundreds of students we have recently placed in good positions and who are earning \$100 to \$500 per month. Address Dept. B-13, National Salesmen's Training Assn., Chicago, New York, Kansas City, San Francisco.

Sell Dress Goods and Hosiery direct from maker to wearers by samples. All grades. Cotton, wool, and silk. Domestic staples and imported fancy novelties. Many making over \$30.00 weekly. Spare or all time. No experience. Permanent. Credit given.

Steadfast Mills, 64 Remsen St., Cohoes, N. Y.

They sell themselves. Agents reaping rich harvest on new adjustable floor and wall mops, dustless dusters and other sanitary brush specialties. Write today. Silver-Chamberlin Co., 1-5 Maple Street, Clayton, N. J.

Good live salesmen can readily earn \$10 a day selling Masson's Advertising Safety Matches. Our new "thin model" box is a winner—our proposition a splendid one. Masson, 51 S. Gay St., Baltimore, Md.

Agents! Prosperity awaits you! selling Women's Ware, Dress Goods, Silks & General Dry Goods. A sale at every house. Biggest profits; best paying agency. Great Catalog Outfit Free! National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. 15, 425 Broadway, N. Y.

General Agents—Capable of calling on the big trade themselves and handling canvassers for the house to house and office to office business, to sell the newest electric specialty on the market; sold everywhere there is electricity, in the home, office, factory, store, hotel; liberal profits; sales-driving sample, weighs a pound, no experience or knowledge of electricity required; shows how to use one light instead of two and get the same results; sells for \$2.50, \$3.50, \$5.00 and saves the purchaser an investment of \$25.00. Write for particulars. The Handy Light Co., 665 Handy Light Block, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Agents—\$1200 to \$1500 a year sure. Permanent position assured. Exclusive territory. We teach the inexperienced how to succeed. Let's show you. Novelty Cutlery Co., 7 Bar St., Canton, Ohio.

Guaranteed Hosiery Manufacturer selling direct to consumer wishes agent in every county whole or part time. Permanent big paying business. Protected territory. Credit. F. Parker Mills, 2735 No. 12th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

We Start You in Business, furnishing everything; men and women, \$30.00 to \$200.00 weekly operating our "New System Specialty Candy Factories" anywhere. Opportunity lifetime; booklet free. Hilmyer-Ragsdale Co., East Orange, N. J.

Salesmen Wanted—To sell Shinson Products to retailers and jobbers. All trades handle. Consumption big. Low prices—attractive deals. 18-year quality reputation. Big commission nets large income. All or part time. Shinson, Rochester, N. Y.

Exceptional opportunity for side line specialty salesmen, calling on Wholesale and Retail Drug, Department Stores, Automobile or Hardware trade. Patented, nationally advertised, guaranteed specialty. No competition. \$50 to \$250 per month, easily earned. Give full particulars, present line, territory, experience and references. Write at once for territory.

Sanitax Co.,
2337 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago.

Magazine Subscription Solicitors earn liberal commissions and extra prize money working for Scribner's. It does not interfere with your present occupation. A postcard will bring full particulars. Address Desk 12, Scribner's Magazine, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Agents Wanted. Agents make 500 per cent. profit selling "Novelty Sign Cards." Merchants buy 10 to 100 on sight. 800 varieties. Catalogue Free. Sullivan Co., 1234 Van Buren Street, Chicago, Ill.

Wanted—Reliable Agents to sell our exclusive line. Only house in the country handling absolutely made-to-order dress skirts and petticoats, through agents. Experience not necessary. No capital required. Samples free. Can make good money. Dept. No. 2, Security Co., Weedsport, N. Y.

Sell made-to-measure Shirts direct to the wearer. Very profitable opportunity for the right man in his own locality. Steadfast Mills,
85 Remsen St., Cohoes, N. Y.

Advertisers—Drop us a line today without fail and let us tell you the opportunities Cosmopolitan presents to the small advertiser.

Cosmopolitan Opportunity Department,
119 West 40th Street,
New York City.

AGENTS AND SALESMEN WANTED

Live, reliable salesmen needed, to devote all or part time selling stock in high dividend fur farming proposition; big-steady-money to the right men. B. Graham Rogers, Summerside, Prince Edward Island, Canada.

\$10.00 Profit a Day, selling new device for cleaning silver without rubbing. Sells for \$1 to \$5. 100 per cent. profit. No competition. Sample fits in pocket. Write for particulars. Gould Sales Co., Dept. 111, Richmond Hill, N. Y.

Agents: Greatest offer ever made. Eleven-piece toilet article set and \$1.00 carving set. All cost you 50c; sells for \$1.00—twenty sales a day easy. Write to-day. Pierce Chemical Company, Station U, Chicago.

Agents—Make \$25 to \$50 weekly selling self-lighting tips and gas stove lighters; no matches required; just turn on gas, lights itself; sells on sight; send for proposition before all territory is taken. Automatic Gas Appliance Co., Dept. "C," 1 Union Square, N. Y.

Earn \$50 to \$150 weekly selling new specialty to merchants. Retail \$12.50, your profit \$8.50. No competition. Exclusive territory. Free samples and descriptive matter. Sayers Co., 404 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

Make and Sell your Own Goods. Manufacturing processes and formulas by expert chemists. Labels legally written. Formula catalog free.
R. Mystic Co., Washington, D. C.

400% Profit—Evergrip Gliding Castors—No rollers; pocket samples free; anyone can attach; cost 3c, sell 15c; homes buy dozens, hotels hundreds; save floors and carpets. S. Mfg. Co., 20F Warren St., N. Y.

Wanted—Distributors, Men and Women, to give away Free pkgs. Perfumed Borax Soap Powder, no money or experience needed, good pay. T. Ward & Company, 222 Institute, Chicago.

Agents—\$2.50 Razor free to hustlers. "Try-it-before-you-buy-it" plan sells Climax Automatic Razor Sharpener to every man—150% profit. Write quick for territory, guarantee and free offer. Victor Specialty Co., 16 Victor Bldg., Canton, Ohio.

Agents—Get particulars of one of the best paying propositions ever out. The New Portable Oil Gas Stove for Heating, Cooking & Baking. Sells like Wild-fire. Light in weight—practical. \$25 to \$50 per week. A postal will bring our money making proposition. The World Mfg. Co. 6083 World Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

\$2.50 per day Salary and additional commission paid man or woman in each town to distribute free circulars and take orders for concentrated flavorings in tubes. Permanent position. Zeigler Co., 447-N Dearborn St., Chicago.

FOR THE PHOTOGRAPHER

Sample Prints.—Send negatives for free sample of our work. Films developed 10c roll. Velox prints 2 1/4 x 3 1/4 3c. Photo enlarging a specialty. 8x10's (from negative) .20c unmounted. Columbia Photo Supply Co., Dept. B, Wash., D. C.

Have you a camera? Write for samples of my magazines: American Photography and Popular Photography which tell you how to make better pictures and earn money. F. R. Fraprie, 649 Pope Building, Boston.

Any roll film developed—5c, when ordering 6 prints or cards. Pictures on postcard—4c, 100—\$1.50. Prints 3 1/4 x 5 1/4, 4c, smaller sizes—3c. Kodak Hints" free. 8x10 enlargements 25c. Sample postcard free. Caulkins Photo Works, Oneonta, N. Y.

Film for your Kodak free. With orders for developing, Printing or Enlarging. Thousands all over the U. S. mail us films. Send 2 negatives for free sample prints and special offer. K. Homer Howry Co., 424 S. B'way, Los Angeles, Cal.

Films Developed Free, if purchased from us. All others 10c. Packs 20c. Prints 2 1/4 x 3 1/4, 3c, 3 1/4 x 4 1/4, 4c, 3 1/4 x 5 1/4, 5c, all work finished same day. Photo Craft Shop, Dept. A, 416 Bee Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

50c offer for 10c. Send 10c and roll of film, any size 6 or 12 exposure; we will develop the film and also make six good prints. Beautiful work, prompt service. 8x10 mounted enlargements 25c. Roanoke Cycle Co., Roanoke, Virginia.

Expert Finishing, employing Eastman's improved methods in developing, printing and enlarging. Prompt service and quality work guaranteed. Send negative for Velox print and particulars. Sell Bros. Laboratory, Delaware, O.

Highest Grade of Developing and Printing. A trial will convince you. Send to-day for price list.
C. C. Smith,
1634, G. C. Terminal Bldg., N. Y. City.

GAMES AND ENTERTAINMENTS

Plays, Vaudeville, Sketches, Monologues, Dialogues, Speakers, Minstrel Material, Jokes, Recitations, Tableaux, Drills, Entertainments. Make Up Goods. Large Catalog Free. T. S. Denison & Co., Dept. 24, Chicago.

250 Magic Tricks with coins, ribbons, rings, etc., so simple you can do them at once. Astonish and amuse your friends & make money. Be a wizard, shine as a star in your town. All sent by mail, 10 cents. Bates Magic Co., Dept. 7, Melrose, Mass.

Opportunity Adlets

HIGH GRADE HELP WANTED

Write Moving Picture Plays—\$10 to \$100 each; constant demand; devote all or spare time; experience, literary ability or correspondence course unnecessary. Details free. Atlas Publishing Co., 3015 Atlas Bank Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

Seven salesmen, exclusive territory. (Side line). Sample advertised product. Also saleswomen, one each town. Work particularly suited to ladies. Sale at every store called on. No canvassing. 171 B West 48th Street, New York, N.Y.

Wanted.—Apron Makers. Send time, returned if dissatisfied, and stamped addressed envelope.

Kenwood, 442-15 E. 61st Street,
Chicago, Ills.

Write Photoplays. Turn your ideas into cash. Earn \$25 to \$100. Big demand. Our model scenario and detailed instructions make it plain. Sent for 20 cents. United Film Plays Co., G 172, Chandler Bldg., New York.

Ladies Make Shields at Home. \$10 for 100. Work sent prepaid to reliable women. Particulars for stamped addressed envelope.

Eureka Co., Dept. 33, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Men of Ideas and inventive ability should write for new "Lists of Needed Inventions," Patent Buyers and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." Advice free. Randolph & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 33, Washington, D. C.

Make money writing short stories, or for newspapers. Earn from \$100 to \$500 monthly. Pleasant spare time or regular work for you. Send for free booklet. Tells how. United Press Syndicate, Dept. CN, San Francisco.

A Money Proposition. Co-operate with me in a profit-sharing mail order business. Will place trial advertisement in furnish printed matter, goods to fill orders and divide the profits. Particulars Desk 161.

Hazen A. Horton, Tekonsha, Mich.

Free Illustrated Book tells of about 300,000 protected positions in U. S. Service. Thousands of vacancies every year. There is a big chance here for you, sure and generous pay, lifetime employment. Just ask for booklet S-5. No obligation. Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

Wanted—Men and Women—18 or over. Get Government Jobs. Thousands appointments this year. \$65.00 to \$150 month. Write immediately for list of positions available. Franklin Institute, Dept. L 10, Rochester, N. Y.

TYPEWRITERS

Typewriters, all makes, factory-rebuilt by famous "Young Process." As good as new, look like new, wear like new, guaranteed like new. Our big business permits lowest cash prices, \$10 and up. Also, machines rented—sold on time. No matter what your needs are we can best serve you. Write and see—now.

Young Typewriter Co., Dept. 109, Chicago, Ill.

Typewriter Prices Smashed!—Spot Cash Gaerte will save you money. L. C. Smiths, Oliviers, Remingtons, Underwoods and Royals; your choice of 500 Machines at \$10 to \$15. Guaranteed for 3 years. Send today for descriptive circular. Dearborn Typewriter Exch., Dept. 278, Chicago, Ill.

Rare Bargains. Remingtons, Smith Premier, Densmore, Hammond, \$10. Oliver, Underwood, \$15, others low as \$5, all guaranteed, shipped 15 days free trial, and our proposition & catalog. Typewriter Exchange, 217 W. 125th St., N. Y. C.

Genuine Typewriter Bargains. No matter what make, will quote you lowest prices and easiest terms, or rent, allowing rental on price. Write for big bargain list and catalogue 21. L. J. Peabody, 286 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass.

Largest Stock of Typewriters in America. All makes. Underwoods, Oliviers, Remingtons, etc., $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ mfrs. prices. \$15 up—rented anywhere—applying rent on price. Free Trial. Installment payments if desired. Write for catalogue O. Typewriter Emporium (estab. 1892), 34-36 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Don't Study Shorthand until you read our new Booklet telling which system will fit you quickest for a good position. Course in Business English and Remington Typewriter Free. Practical Correspondence Schools, 113-C Pearl Street, N. Y.

TELEGRAPHY

Telegraphy—Morse and Wireless—also Station Agency taught. R. R. and Western Union Wires and complete Marconi Wireless Station in school. Positions secured. Marconi Co. employs our wireless graduates. Low living expenses—easily earned. Largest school—established 40 years. Investment, \$25,000.00. Correspondence courses also. Catalogue free. Dodge's Institute, 12th St., Valparaiso, Ind.

INCORPORATING OR GOING TO

Arizona incorporation laws most liberal. Least cost. Stockholders exempt corporate liability. Serve as resident agents. Specialize corporate organization. Stoddard Incorporating Company, Box 8-P, Phoenix, Arizona.

MISCELLANEOUS

Wouldn't you like to have your personality analyzed? Perhaps there is a hidden streak of genius in you that needs but a skilled touch to reveal and develop. Write for our remarkable answer. Mutual Service Bureau, Box 848, Atlanta, Ga.

HIGH GRADE HELP WANTED

Wanted—Responsible party to take charge of business in each county. New Automatic Combination Tool, combined wire fence stretcher, post puller, lifting jack, etc. Lifts or pulls 3 tons, weighs 24 pounds. Sells to farmers, shops, teamsters, etc. Descriptive catalogue and terms upon request.

Harrah Manufacturing Co., Box A, Bloomfield, Ind.

Do you want another \$2 daily? No experience, constant spare time work, Knitting hosiery. Machines furnished on contract, we take product.

Helping Hand Stores, (Inc.) Dept. 902, Chicago.

Report Local Information, news, names, etc. We have established markets. Confidential—no canvassing—spare time. Exceptional opportunity. Particulars for stamp, "Nisco," Dept. BGV, Cincinnati, O.

Agents make big money and become sales managers for our goods, establishing growing business of their own. Fast office sellers. Fine profits. Particulars and samples free. One Dip Pen Company, Dept. 3, Baltimore, Md.

Government Positions Pay Big Money. Examinations everywhere soon. Get prepared by former United States Civil Service Examiner. Write to-day for 64-page free booklet. Patterson Civil Service School, Box 1421, Rochester, N. Y.

An intelligent person may earn \$100 monthly corresponding for newspapers. No canvassing. Send for particulars.

Press Syndicate, 734 Lockport, N. Y.

Local Representative Wanted. Splendid income assured right man to act as our representative after learning our business thoroughly by mail. Former experience unnecessary. All we require is honesty, ability, ambition and a willingness to learn a lucrative business. No soliciting or traveling. All or spare time only. This is an exceptional opportunity for a man in your section to get into a big paying business without capital and become independent for life. Write at once for full particulars. National Co-Operative Realty Company, L-26, Marden Building, Washington, D. C.

Advertisers—Drop us a line today without fail and let us tell you the opportunities Cosmopolitan presents to the small advertiser. Cosmopolitan Opportunity Department, 119 West 40th Street, New York City.

BOOKS, COINS, STAMPS & POST-CARDS

Would You Exchange post cards with people in other cities, towns, or countries? Then try our splendid club; exchange list widely circulated; membership ten cents.

The Halcyon League, Box 133, Erie, Pa.

\$4.25 each paid for U. S. Eagle Cents dated 1856. Keep all money dated before 1895, and send ten cents at once for New Illustrated Coin Value Book, 427. It may mean your fortune. Clark & Co., Coin Dealers, Box 115, Le Roy, N. Y.

\$1.00 or \$1,000.00 paid for thousands of rare coins to 1909. Many of great value in circulation. Get Posted, Send only 4c. and get our Large Illustrated Coin Circular. It may mean much profit to you. You certainly have nothing to lose. Send now. The Numismatic Club, Dept. F, Fort Worth, Texas.

Old Coins Bought and Sold. Fall catalogue list of coins for sale, free to collectors only. Buying catalogue quoting prices I pay 10 cents. Wm. Hesselin, 101 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

I pay from \$1 to \$1500 for thousands of rare Coins, Books, Paper Money, Stamps to 1901. Certain Mint Marks bring over \$100. Get posted quickly. Ill. Circular for 2 stamps. Vonbergen, (Established 1885) Dept. 22, Boston, Mass.

BOOKS—PERIODICALS

Learn another man's Language by the Easy Practical Hossfeld Method for Spanish, French, German, Italian, Russian, Portuguese, Japanese, each one dollar. Free circulars. Peter Reilly, Publisher, Dept. Co., Philadelphia.

LOOSE LEAF BOOKS

Everybody should carry a Loose-Leaf Memo Book. Why? Because it is economic. Send 25c for a sample book, with Genuine Leather covers and 50 sheets. Name on cover in gold 15c extra. Looseleaf Book Co., 81 $\frac{1}{2}$ E. 125th St., N. Y.

SHETLAND PONIES

A safe chum for your child—and the best. Means rosy cheeks, fun, development of character. Your satisfaction, in every way, guaranteed. Write for illustrated catalog showing highest type ponies from \$75.00 up, complete outfits, vehicles, etc. Belle Meade Farm, Box 14, Markham, Va.

ANGORA GOATS

There is profit in Angora Goats. My herd is one of the purest and most carefully bred in this country. The Angora Goat is the most docile, hardy, useful, profitable, and beautiful stock for any locality. Write today for my free booklet. W. A. Heather, Silver City, New Mexico.

POULTRY

Get More Eggs by feeding cut raw bones. Mann's Bone Cutter sent on 10 days' free trial. No money in advance. Catalogue free.

F. W. Mann Co., Box 322, Milford, Mass.

Opportunity Adlets

SHEET MUSIC

Every music teacher and every player should know that any of 2,000 standard and classical compositions may be had at 10c each if you ask for "Century Edition." Positively the most correct and beautifully engraved edition on the market. There is a dealer carrying "Century Edition" in nearly every city and town. He will gladly give you complete catalogs or show you any piece you may select. Music, stationery, notions or department stores can add a most attractive and profitable little section to their business at a trifling outlay. No dead stock. No loss. No trouble. Write for our complete outfit offer and name this magazine. Century Music Publishing Co., 231 West 40th St., N. Y. City.

SONG WRITING AND COMPOSING

Composers, Song Writers—Music arranged for piano, orch., etc., melodies written to your poems, by Mus. Director one of N. Y.'s largest theatres. Send for prices, particulars. Stanley Tucker, Arr. Bureau, 49 E. 12th St., N. Y. C.

Can you write songs? My booklet "Golden Rules for Writers" tells you exactly how and where to sell them; exposes publishing swindle; gives honest advice. Price 25c. Sample pages free. H. C. Bauer, 135 E. 34th St., N. Y.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Ladies seeking a genteel independent source of livelihood should write to us. We want competent representatives, and have an attractive opening for a bright woman in each locality. National Dress Goods Co., Dept. 46, No. 8 Beach St., N. Y.

Ladies to sew at home for a large Phila. firm: good money; steady work; no canvassing; material sent prepaid; send stamped envelope for prices paid. Universal Co., Department 8, Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

WEDDING INVITATIONS

Wedding Invitations, Announcements. Visiting cards and Stamped Stationery. Correct Styles from an Elegant Shop at Moderate Prices. Samples upon request. Lyett, Desk G., 317 N. Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.

Wedding Invitations, Announcements, etc., 100 in Script lettering, including inside and outside envelopes, \$2.50; 100 Visiting Cards, 50 cents. Write for samples. C. Ott Engraving Co., 1015 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

SWEATERS

Sweaters—Buy direct from mill and pay less. All colors and sizes; heavy weight; pure worsted yarns; finest quality. Write for illustration of our latest model. Gilbert Sweater Co., 57 Reade Street, New York.

FOR THE HAIR

Petrole-Riviera—The most delightful and effective form of petroleum hair tonic ever devised. Free from all offensive odors and sticky effects. Money returned if not satisfied. Catalog "Spécialités de Beauté" and perfumed card on request. Parfumerie Riviera, 448 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Gray Hair is often a serious detriment to business or social success. If you wish superb hair that will remain dark and healthy, write for free Book on Hair; mailed plain wrapper. Koskott Laboratory, 1269 Broadway, 364 E., New York.

Hair Grows when our Vacuum Cap is used a few minutes daily. Sent on 60 days' trial at our expense. No drugs or electricity. Stops falling hair. Cures dandruff. Postal brings illustrated booklet. Modern Vacuum Cap Co., 395 Barclay Bldg., Denver, Col.

FOR THE FEET

Nathan's Flexible No-Metal Arch Supports give immediate relief to tired feet, rest the body and aid Nature to restore normal strength to weakened muscles. Fits any shoe—are invisible—low price. Write for booklet. Nathan Ankle Support Co., 87 Reade St., New York City.

NEW THOUGHT

How To Get What You Want, in health, wealth, and development of talent. Scientific New Thought methods that turned the trick for the author—and others. The booklet is given you with 3 months' trial subscription to Nautilus Magazine, monthly efficiency tonic for mind, body and business, all for 10c. The Elizabeth Towne Co., Dept. 804, Holyoke, Mass.

INSURANCE

Something new in Health and Accident Insurance—unlimited protection. Unusual benefits for all accidents and all diseases. Maximum death benefit \$7,500. Price \$10.00 a year. No assessments. Perpetual renewals paid. L. B. Smutz, U. S. Mgr., 911 Holland Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

DULL RAZOR BLADES

Dull blades are worthless, therefore you risk nothing by sending them to us, without money. We'll re-edge them. You pay if pleased, after trial. Or, ask for particulars. Handy Mailing Case Free. Parker-Warren Lab'y, 107 W. 42d St., N. Y.

CIGARS BY MAIL

Boon to Cigar Smokers—Send \$3.00 and we will send you a box of 100 high grade Philippine Cigars by Registered Parcel Post. From the Factory Direct to You. If not pleased you may keep the cigars and we will refund the money. Write for catalog. Pattingell & Co., Lucena, P. I.

Will You Accept This Business Book if We Send it Free?

Sign and mail the coupon below. Send no money! Take no risk!

One hundred and seventy-three of the world's master business men have written ten books—2,016 pages—1,986 vital business secrets, ideas, methods. In them is the best of all that they know about

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| —Accounting | —Selling Plans | —Man-a-ling |
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| —Wholesaling | Methods for every | |
| —Manufacturing | line and department | |

A 11,872-word booklet has been published describing, explaining, picturing the work. It tells about managing businesses great and small; credits, collections and with rock-bottom purchasing; handling and training men; salesmanship, advertising, marketing goods through salesmen, dealers and by mail; the great problem of securing the highest market price for your services—no matter what your line; and the last page tells how you may get a complete set—bound in handsome half leather—for less than your daily smoke or shave, almost as little as your daily newspaper.

Will you read the book if we send it free? Send no money. Simply sign the coupon.

A. W. Shaw Co., Wabash Ave. & Madison St., Chicago

If there are, in your books, any new ways to increase my business or my salary, I should like to know them. So send on your 32-page free descriptive booklet. I'll read it. CI

Name _____
Address _____
Firm _____
Position _____

GET SPEED

In Typewriting

The Tulloss Touch System, entirely different from all other methods, so easy one can learn it, will quickly double—even TREBLE—your speed, accuracy, INCOME. Send for

BIG FREE 48-PAGE BOOK describing this famous system. Explains how YOU can quickly qualify as expert, free your work from errors, write at highest speed, earn \$25, \$30 per week and up! Standard speed-method for 13 years. Taught direct by mail only. Spare time study. Fits right in with regular work. 75 to 80 words per minute guaranteed. FREE SCHOLARSHIP OFFER, open for short time only, will bring you this great course tuition free. Only a small charge for texts. Write now for the book and full details.



Get the Money!

THE TULLOSS SCHOOL OF TOUCH TYPEWRITING
1671 College Hill,
Springfield, Ohio

YOU Can NOW Master PUBLIC SPEAKING

To be able to speak in public—to address an audience, large or small, any time and any place, effectively and convincingly—is a wonderful accomplishment, one which all should acquire.

Win Fame and Power—become a leader. You can do it. We make it easy, no matter who you are, where you live or what your occupation.

We Train You By MAIL at home, in spare time, by most practical, easiest and most thorough course ever devised. Prepared by Dr. Frederick B. Robinson, A.B., A.M., Ph.D., Professor Public Speaking, College of City of New York, and Special Lecturer on Public Speaking. (Payments to suit you.)

WRITE now for details and positive proof that YOU can qualify—proof of wonderful possibilities awaiting you if you let us share your talent. Send no money—everything free. LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY, Dept. P-265, Chicago.

These pages offer opportunity both to advertiser and reader alike

“**Q**UEED”
*Read the New Novel
 by the Author of*
and “V.V’S EYES”
of which 400,000 copies already have been sold

IF you learned to love “Queed” and I have lost yourself in the joyful pages of “V.V’s Eyes,” Harrison’s new novel, “Angela’s Business,” is for you. It begins in the October



METROPOLITAN

“The Livest Magazine in America”

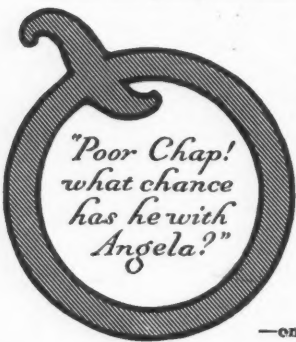
“Angela’s Business” repeats all the charm and humor of the earlier books. But this time Mr. Harrison has written a love story so original and ingenious in its plot—and so important—that you will follow it with the piqued interest of a riddle. And it will set women readers by the ears.

A young author starts out, with all the enthusiasm of youth—and lack of experience—to solve the great mystery of Woman and her Destiny. At the very outset of the quest, he himself falls headlong into his problem

and all because of two real women, whose contrasted types send his heart groping as well as his head. Of course he falls in love; of course he wins a woman.

But—what kind of woman is the right kind of woman? A great American story of today is “Angela’s Business,” told with the charm of Locke and the shrewd insight of Bernard Shaw.

In the October METROPOLITAN
 —on all good newsstands—15 cents.



Here are a few of the interesting features in the October METROPOLITAN:

Really big fiction by Booth Tarkington; W.W. Jacobs; Larry Evans; Earl Derr Biggers, and the first of a series of great double-barrelled detective stories by Max Pemberton and G. K. Chesterton.

Live Features

“The Correspondent and the Englishman,” by John Reed (METROPOLITAN’s war correspondent now in Europe).

“The United States of South America,” by Granville Fortescue.

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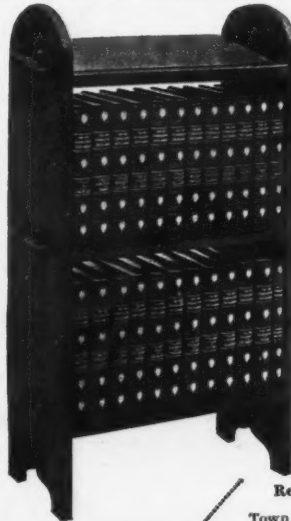
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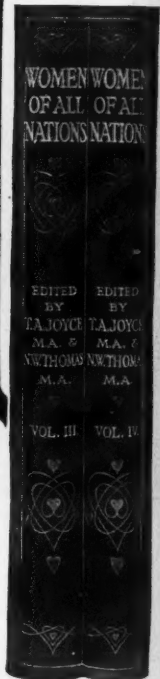
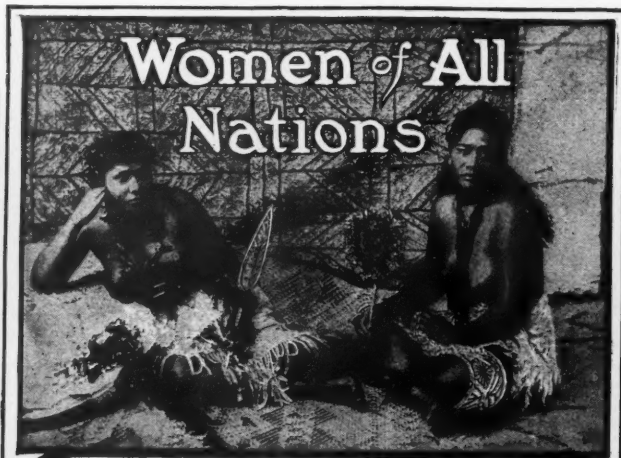
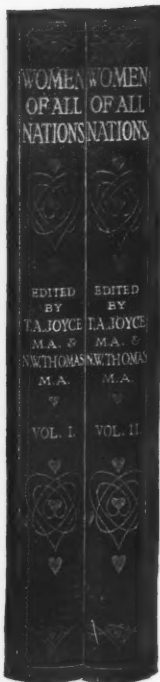
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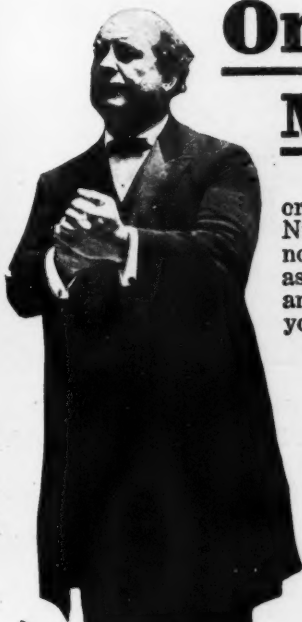
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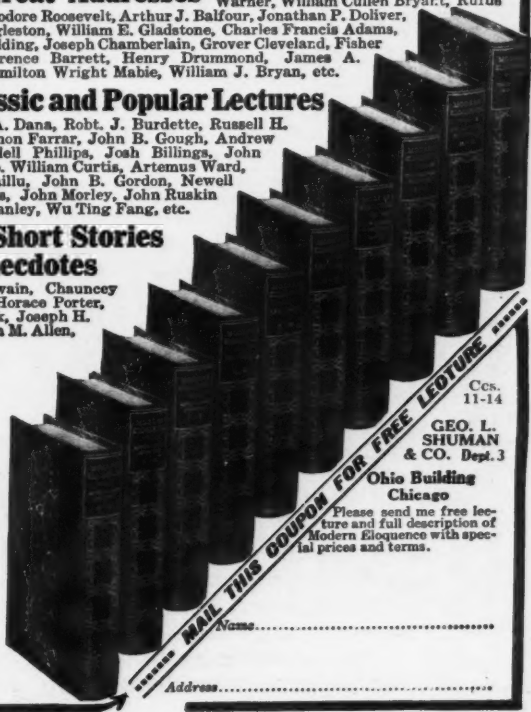
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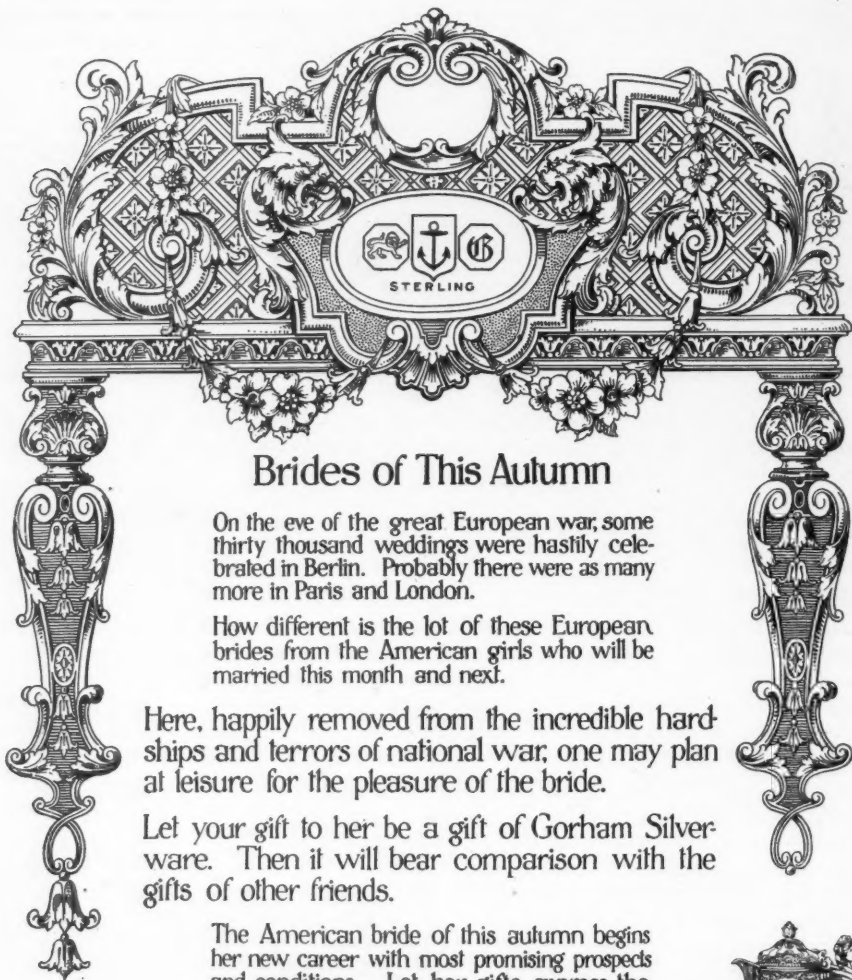
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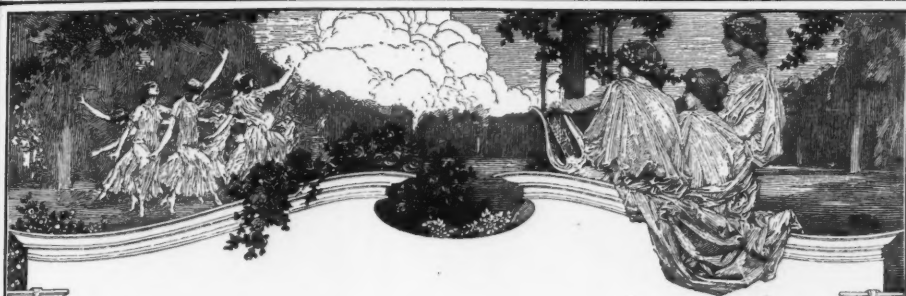
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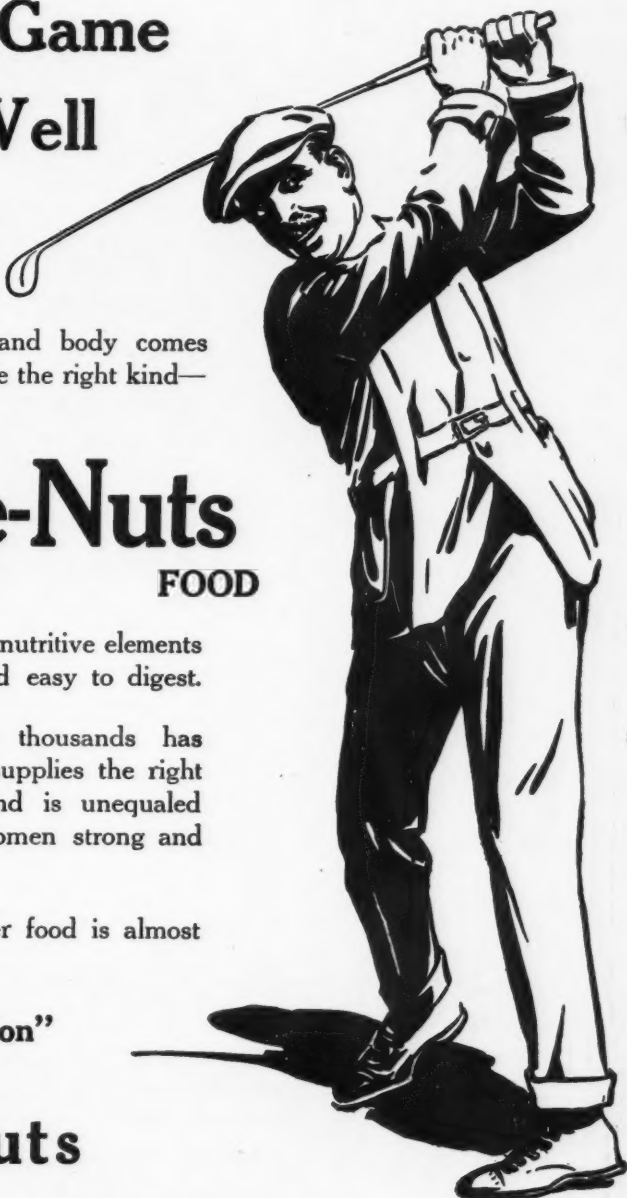
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We are the originators and largest manufacturers of portable electric vibrators in the world, and every Arnold is backed by our positive guarantee. Get the original that is sold through reliable dealers everywhere and backed by a dependable guarantee.

Ten Days' Trial FREE

Don't take anybody's word about the vibrator question—find out for yourself. Get the peerless Arnold on 10 days' trial free. Try it at home—judge it by results. If it doesn't fulfill every claim we make to your entire satisfaction you won't be out a penny.



Only a few seasons ago silk hose was considered a luxury for "state occasions." Today millions regard it as an everyday requisite for good dress. As most of these millions must consider length of service as well as *appearance*, the wonderful durability, perfect shapeliness and attractive style of

PHOENIX SILK HOSE

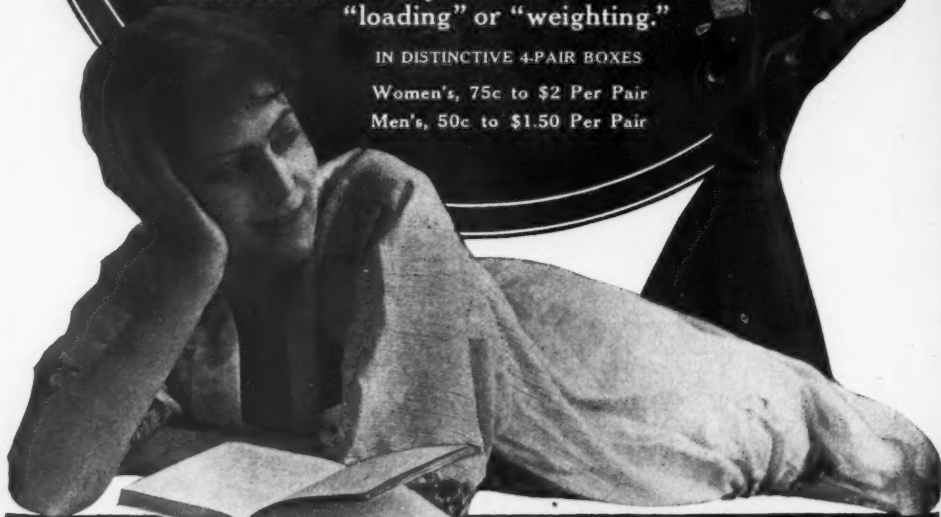
provide a ready explanation for its wide-spread popularity among discriminating men and women.

Made of the very best grade of pure-dye thread silk absolutely without artificial "loading" or "weighting."

IN DISTINCTIVE 4-PAIR BOXES

Women's, 75c to \$2 Per Pair

Men's, 50c to \$1.50 Per Pair



Sold by the
best shops

"Made in America" by
PHOENIX KNITTING WORKS
242 Broadway, Milwaukee



**PROVIDENCE, R. I.**



During the *entr'acte*
 Out in the lobby
 The swell chaps
 Roll their own cigarettes
 Out of LUCKY STRIKE
 It's the *new* thing and—makes a
corking cigarette

LUCKY STRIKE

ROLL CUT TOBACCO

Either in pipe or cigarette has a *distinctive, mild fragrance* that every lover of good tobacco will revel in. This unique, delicious flavor is *born right in the leaf*. The leaf is the choice, selected *cream* of the crop. The crop is the *best* Kentucky Burley grown in the famous Blue Grass soil and watered by crystal streams—

For men who "*roll their own*"—we are packing LUCKY STRIKE now in the five cent tin; handy; fits the pocket; tobacco is *fresh*. Also the new Roll Cut crumbles up just right for a firm, clear-draught smoke.

Also in 10c Tins, 50c and \$1.00 Glass Humidors.

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY



The HOLMES CO., Providence R.I. Diamonds — Jewelry — Silverware

I HAVE sold thousands of *Cosmopolitan* Readers reliable Jewelry and Silverware direct by mail. I have satisfied them and can satisfy you. We issue a Big Catalog of Diamonds, Watches, Rings, Gold and Silver Jewelry, Silver and Plated Tableware, Toilet and Leather Goods, and Novelties—of rings alone there are several hundred designs. The Holmes Catalog is a splendid guide for Jewelry shoppers.

Our Catalog pictures thousands of splendid articles suitable for **Christmas, Wedding and Birthday** presents. It solves the gift problem for old and young. We give you **high quality, low prices, and sure service.** We will please you or return your money. You don't have to buy. Just write your name and address on the coupon, or on a post card and mail it—that's all.

A. W. HOLMES, Pres.

Just say to yourself—

THE HOLMES CATALOG will save me time, money and trouble—it tells the easiest, best and safest way to do my jewelry shopping.

THE HOLMES CO. give me honest, friendly service; they are prompt; their prices are low; they are reliable.

I take no risk— they guarantee safe and free delivery, and they guarantee to please me or to return my money.

I will send for their Free Catalog now; it will solve all my gift problems—it is full of suggestions.

I will fill out the coupon now—it isn't a day too soon. I will send a dollar for that Sewing Set—every woman needs one.

I'll get that catalogue now.

Good-Luck La Valliere
10K Gold, 15 Inch Chain.
5057 \$3.50

Four-Leaf Clover
Horse Shoe, Genuine Pink Cameo
D46 \$100.
Diamond

524 \$3.00
10K Gold Ring
Genuine Pink Cameo

632 \$1.25
Jan's Birthmonth ring

10K Gold La Valliere
Amethyst, 3 Baroque, 15 Inch Chain
5056 \$3.50

Heart Shaped Case is 6 inches wide
Embroidery Set Our Splendid Catalog is a Big Book of Big values! To introduce our goods we offer you this beautiful Sewing Set, that every woman needs, for only \$1.00. An ideal set to own yourself, or for a birthday or holiday gift.

11152 Stiletto 5 1/2 inches long, adjustable	\$.25
11009 Stark Embroidery Scissors—Rust steel	.50
11117 Turtle Tape Measure—silver plate	.35
11098 Emery, Sterling top, silk tassels	.30
11087 Sterling Silver Thimble—any size	.25
11301 Embroidery Hoop, 5 inch	.15
Heart-shaped Satin-lined Case	.25
Value	\$1.05

Fit a dollar bill to the coupon below; write your name and address plainly; and send to the Holmes Co. You'll be pleased, or your money will come back quick. We will also send our big catalog, free.

10080 Fair 60c.
Lingerie Clasp
Gold Filled
10140 40c.
Gold-Filled Brooch
Genuine Coral

4004 Fair \$1.50
Lingerie Clasp
10K Gold
10141 40c.
Gold-Filled Brooch
Genuine Coral

4077 50c. 4061 50c.
Masonic Pin Solid Gold
Solid Gold Odd Fellows Pin

10009 Safety Fountain Pen, pocket size, 4 inches long when closed.
The pen point is 14K gold and has an iridium tip—fully guaranteed to you.

THE HOLMES CO., 256 ELMWOOD, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

I want the Big Holmes Catalog by return mail **FREE.**

I enclose _____ Send me _____
Name _____
Street _____ Town _____ State _____



250 styles

At all stationers

Esterbrook's Inflexible No. 322 is the favorite pen in banks and with accountants. It makes fine clear figures; the ink dries immediately—no need of blotting.

There's an Esterbrook pen for every purpose—fine, medium and broad points.

SEND 10c for useful metal box containing 12 of our most popular pens, including the famous Falcon 048.

Esterbrook Pen Mfg. Co.
New York Camden, N. J.

Esterbrook Pens

"Makes Work a Pleasure" --- Say Stenographers

Everything tidy in the Uhl Art Steel Typewriter Table-cabinet because there's a place for everything. Spacious when opened. When closed everything must be absolutely in place.

Indestructible steel frame with built-up wood platforms. Dustproof, steel self-locking roll-top. No catch-all drawers but ample room for week's supply of stationery.

15 Days' Trial

Moves easily on casters, but simple turn of lever makes it rigid when in use. Readily moved to follow light, increasing stenographer's efficiency. We guarantee it.

100% Practical. Thousands in use in best managed offices in country.

UHL ART STEEL Typewriter Table-Cabinet

We also make less expensive typewriter stands, typewriter and office chairs, magazine and catalog stands, mercantile tables, adding machine stands, soda fountain tables and chairs, indestructible factory stools, etc. Write for free catalog.

DEALERS—A money-making proposition for you. Liberal co-operation. Generous profits. Write us for details today. Warning: Look for the trade-mark to insure against imitations. The Toledo Metal Furniture Co., 2531 Dorr Street, Toledo, O.



Take Your Own Moving Pictures



**AT HOME
AND THROW
THEM ON YOUR
OWN SCREEN**

Show your family and friends in their daily life and entertainments.

The Vista Motion Picture Camera and Projector will take and show motion pictures of yourself, family, friends and travels or anything that interests you, as simply as snapping pictures with a kodak.

Use Eastman Standard Motion Picture Films

Price of Camera, \$45. Projector listed separately.

Ask your dealer, or write direct for Catalog 9.

MOTION PICTURE CAMERA CO., Inc.
5 West 14th Street New York City



Tight-fitting lid seals can like vault

Witt's is fire-proof, odor-proof and dog-proof—because Witt's lid fits tight and stays tight. Hot ashes or garbage put in can or pail remain there. Can't spill, leak or scatter.

Witt's Can and Pail

Rust proof and hard-knock proof too, for Witt's is made of heavy galvanized steel with deep corrugations 20 times stronger than plain steel. 3 sizes each of can and pail. Write for booklet and name of Witt dealer in your town.

The Witt Cornice Co.
Dept. 6
Cincinnati, Ohio
Look for the Yellow Label





It's Your Wife Who Hands You This Coupon

SHE knows you are in danger of accident every minute. She knows that one man in every seven was accidentally killed or injured last year and that you may be the one this year. She knows that even if you escape accident you are likely to be sick any time.

She knows that if you send this coupon today, she and the children will be protected fully. Now, while you can, while you are safe—



AETNA-IZE



Protect yourself against accident—protect yourself against sickness. It is not only railroad wrecks and shipwrecks and falling elevators you have to fear. A case of grippe, an attack of pneumonia, of rheumatism, a sprained ankle, cut hand, fall, any of these may stop

your work and cause you worry and loss.

Aetna-ize and you will draw a weekly income from us and overcome all that. If you are engaged in a "Preferred" occupation, and under 50 years of age, \$60 a year is all it will cost you. For that small sum—

We Will Pay You \$25 a Week As Long As You Live

if you are disabled by any accident, or \$50 a week if disabled by a railway, steamship, or burning building accident. And we will pay you \$25 a week, up to fifty-two weeks, if you are sick. We will pay hospital charges or for a surgical operation.

If you are killed in an accident, we will pay your wife \$5,000 or \$10,000 the first year you are insured and add \$500 or \$1,000 each year for

five years, paying thereafter \$7,500 or \$15,000.

If you lose two limbs or both eyes by accident we will pay you the same amounts. One-half of these amounts will be paid you for loss of one hand, one foot or one eye by accident. **The coupon costs you nothing and it puts you on the road to safety. Send it today.**

AETNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Drawer 1341

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

The largest company in the world writing Life, Accident, Health and Liability Insurance.

Agency opportunities for all Casualty and Bonding lines

Name
Occupation
Bus. Address
AETNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
Drawer 1341 HARTFORD, CONN.
I am under 50 years of age and
in good health. Please tell
me about your Accumulative Disability
Policy.



Double handle makes it easier to operate

Instant control with thumb and finger

The cleaner which is **NOT** built like a broom

Western Electric Vacuum Cleaner

A new model No. 11—different—powerful—most convenient. The first vacuum cleaner to get away from broomhandle design. Guaranteed by the world's largest distributors of electrical supplies. Dust bag rests naturally on a light, rigid frame which makes handling easy. The cleaner hangs on hook in closet when not in use.

Before you buy any cleaner write for details and pictures of this latest model. You will save money and get fullest satisfaction. Write for booklet No. 3-G.

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY
 Manufacturers of the 8,000,000 "Bell" Telephones
 463 West St., New York City
 Houses in All Principal Cities of the U.S. and Canada. Agents Everywhere

\$32.50
 Including extension nozzle for cleaning under furniture—an exclusive feature.

Found faithful - after ten years' exposure

A remarkable story of Elgin durability comes from Oklahoma, and is vouched for by a lawyer of that state.

"In 1904 I was United States Attorney for the Central District of Indian Territory and prosecuted one . . . for a murder alleged to have been committed in the Kiamitia Mountains in the old Choctaw Nation, Indian Territory, some ten years prior to the date of the prosecution.

"The body of the deceased was found in the mountains ten years after he was killed, and was certainly identified by the remains of a gun marked for identification, some marked coins, and a certain Elgin watch carried by the deceased. Although the watch had lain by the skeleton in the mountain, exposed to the sunshine, rain, sleet and snow, for ten years, when it was discovered and picked up it began running and clicking off the time as perfectly as though it had been wound the day before."

Ten years of exposure to the elements, yet unharmed! What a gruelling test for such a delicate piece of mechanism! What a convincing proof that lifelong service may be expected of Elgin Watches—either men's or women's models!

ELGIN Watches

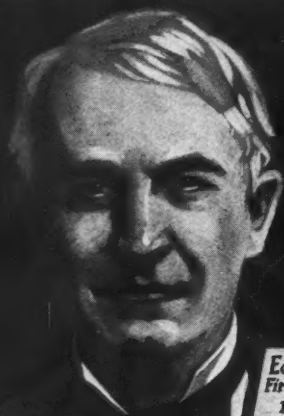
- LORD ELGIN—The Masterwatch. \$135 to \$35.
 LADY ELGIN—A Dainty Timekeeper—pendant and bracelet. A wide range of prices.
 B. W. RAYMOND—The Railroad Man's Watch. \$30 to \$32.50.
 G. M. WHEELER—The Foremost Medium Priced Watch. \$50 to \$25.

Ask your Elgineer—your local jeweler—to show you Elgin Models. Booklet sent on request.

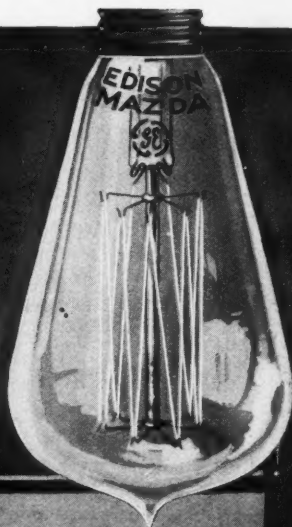
ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO., Elgin, Illinois

Elgin Wonder Tales





Edison's
First Lamp
1879



35 years ago

October 21, 1879, Thomas Alva Edison gave to the world one of the greatest conveniences of modern life—the incandescent electric light.

So October 21st has been named Edison Day as the most appropriate date upon which to pay homage to the genius of America's great inventor.

We can all celebrate the day in a practical way by making our homes lighter and brighter with

*More Light,
Better Light, Cheaper Light*

EDISON MAZDA Lamps give from 3 to 6 times as much light as old-style in-

candescent lamps without using any more electricity. Get the full benefit of this great economy by putting EDISON MAZDAS in every room—whether the light is on constantly or only occasionally.

EDISON MAZDA Lamps have made electric light so cheap that everyone can afford it. If your house is not yet wired—EDISON DAY is a good time to modernize and economize. Your "lighting man" or electrical dealer will tell you how little the trouble and expense will be.

October
21
Edison Day

Buy Candles or
Edison Mazda Lamps

EDISON LAMP WORKS
OF THE GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY
General Sales Office, Harrison, N. J. Agencies Everywhere



**EDISON
MAZDA LAMPS**



SEARS, ROEBUCK & COMPANY, CHICAGO



Sears, Roebuck & Co., the greatest of all mail order houses, were among the early adopters of the Automatic-Phone for Inter-Communication. They bought their first Automatics—300 phones—August 7, 1905. Today they have 501 instruments and an AUTOMATIC switchboard that takes the place of twenty operators—at a saving of about \$12,000 a year.

Automatic-Phone

A Better Inter-communicating System

These Automatic-Phones handle upwards of 20,000 calls per day at an average saving in time to the person telephoning, of 18 seconds on every call—100 hours a day: At 30 cents an hour (a low figure) this means a saving of \$9,000 a year. Sears, Roebuck & Co. do not regard this saving as theoretical. They say:

"We have found the cost of operation nominal and the service very satisfactory, in fact we consider the system superior to any other on the market." (Signed) J. ROSENWALD, President.

Eighty Percent of Your Telephone Calls are Inter-Communicating

—or should be, for this is the ratio in most big, progressive businesses. This 80% is handled by the Automatic-Phone, quicker, better and with no expense for operators' salaries, and with no rentals for instruments which should be restricted to inter-calls. The net, clear saving pays the total cost of the Automatic Sys-

tem in one to three years.

Secrecy—Reliability—24-Hour Service— these are some of the other advantages which the Automatic affords—some of the reasons why Standard Oil of Ohio, Solvay Process Company, National Tube Company, Illinois Central R. R., and scores of other businesses, great and small, are using the Automatic-Phone. Mail the coupon for free booklet giving all the facts.

Booklet Free—Mail Coupon Now

Our booklet, "*At Your Finger's End*," tells why the Automatic-Phone has been chosen and how it is used. A copy will be sent you free upon request. Request your copy NOW. Clip the coupon and mail it to us at once.

Automatic Electric Co.

Makers of 500,000 Automatic Telephones in Use the World Over.

New York, Chicago, Cleveland, Buffalo, Atlanta, Dallas, Toledo, Indianapolis, Pittsburg, Detroit, Des Moines, St. Louis, Portland, Ore.

Automatic Telephones, Ltd.
Liverpool, Winnipeg, Sydney

This Coupon Brings Full Information

AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC COMPANY,
Dept. 103 Chicago, Illinois.

Please send me a copy of your booklet, "*At Your Finger's End*." We use telephones.

Name

Street and No.

City..... State.....



Watch Resinol Soap clear your skin

Try Resinol Soap for a week. You will be gratified to see the improvement in your complexion even in that short time. And it is so easy, too!

Just bathe your face for several minutes with Resinol Soap and hot water, working the creamy lather into the skin gently with the finger-tips. Wash off with Resinol Soap and more hot water. Finish with a dash of cold water to close the pores. Do this once or twice a day, and you will be astonished to find how quickly the healing, mildly antiseptic Resinol medication soothes and cleanses the pores, removes pimples and blackheads, and leaves the complexion clear, fresh and velvety. The same treatment keeps the neck, hands and arms soft and white.

Resinol Soap is not artificially colored, its rich brown being entirely due to the Resinol it contains. Twenty-five cents at all druggists and dealers in toilet goods. For a guest-room size trial cake, write

Dept. 44-G, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.




Wouldn't YOU like one?

Ask your dealer to show you one of these charming tray sets—an individual cream, sugar and butter that fit snugly together for convenient carrying on a tray. The clear, sparkling glass and beautiful design of



will add to the daintiness of any service, whether to tempt the invalid or for the afternoon cup of tea.

Heisey's Glassware

If your dealer cannot supply you with a set that you like, we will deliver either of the two shown here direct to you, by Parcel Post, prepaid for \$1.00. West of the Missouri River, \$1.20. Write today for illustrated booklet. Learn how many beautiful things for the home you can get in Heisey's  Glassware.

A. H. HEISEY & CO.

Dept. 22 Newark, Ohio





Each Year There Are Over Three Million New Users of **Krementz** Collar and Cuff Buttons

One-piece construction and the heavy shell of hammered gold protects every exposed part from wear and tear.

Krementz Unbreakable Collar Buttons are made in 21 shapes. 14 Kt. Rolled Gold, 25c. each; 10 Kt. and 14 Kt. Solid Gold, \$1.00 and \$1.50.

The purchaser is fully protected by this rock-ribbed Krementz guarantee:

"If damaged from ANY cause, a new button FREE."

Haberdasheries, jewelry stores and select drug stores sell Krementz Guaranteed Collar and Cuff Buttons. Look for the name on each button. Write for booklet.

KREMENTZ & COMPANY

71 Chestnut Street,
Newark, N. J.

GLASTENBURY HEALTH UNDERWEAR FOR MEN

Every garment is shaped to the figure, and **guaranteed not to shrink.**

Glastenbury two-piece flat-knit underwear has a record of **over half a century's satisfaction to the consumer.**

Affords protection against **sudden chills, colds, pneumonia and rheumatism.**

Made in fifteen grades, and all weights of fine wools, worsted and merino.

See special feature of adjustable drawer bands on

Natural Gray Wool, winter weight	per garment	\$1.50
Natural Gray Wool, winter weight (double thread)	per garment	1.75
Natural Gray Worsted, light weight	per garment	1.50
Natural Gray Australian Lamb's Wool, light weight	per garment	1.75
Natural Gray Worsted, medium weight	per garment	2.00
Natural Gray Australian Lamb's Wool, winter weight	per garment	2.50

For Sale by Leading Dealers.

Write for booklet—sample cuttings. Yours for the asking.

Dept. 1.

Glastenbury Knitting Company
GLASTENBURY, CONN.



Always Best For Baby's Skin



Cuticura Soap Exclusively

And touches of Cuticura Ointment occasionally. All that the fondest of mothers desires for her baby's skin is to be found in these pure, fragrant and always effective super-creamy emollients.

✻ SAMPLES FREE ✻

Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold throughout the world. For free sample of each with 32-page book send post-card to nearest depot: Newbery, 27 Charterhouse Sq., London, Eng.; R. Towns & Co., Sydney, N. S. W.; Lennon, Ltd., Cape Town; Muller, Maclean & Co., Calcutta and Bombay; Potter Drug and Chem. Corp., Boston, U. S. A.

The Test of All Underwear Is the Washtub

"The Mister
sure knows
good
underwear"



COOPER'S
CLOTHES
CLOSED & CROUCH
PAT. OCT. 16, 1900
UNION SUITS
BENNINGTON, VT.

If you men who are sick and tired of buying underwear that looks good when new, but comes out of the first wash misshapen and harsh—if you want to know the satisfaction of wearing undergarments of the highest quality—take home a couple of suits of the

Original Spring-Needle Knit Underwear

Made by Cooper-of-Bennington

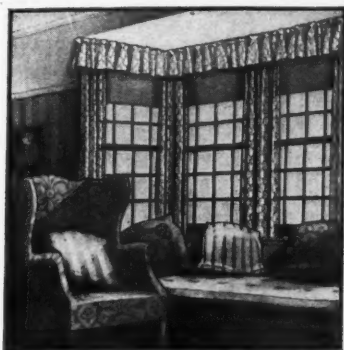
and see how beautifully they fit. Note the elasticity of the fabric. You stretch it and it springs right back to its knitted shape. But the great test is the washtub. With a little care, Cooper-of-Bennington Underwear comes back from the wash like new, with all its original softness, all its original shapeliness and springiness. Cooper-of-Bennington has been making this finest underwear known in the trade for nearly forty years and he certainly knows how. The added comfort of the patented closed crotch makes this underwear the best you can buy.

At best men's stores and departments.

Wilson Bros

Sole Distributors

CHICAGO



These Window Draperies Invite Sunlight

Here are fabrics dyed in the yarn that will not fade in the strongest sun or by washing. They always retain their original freshness and beauty and even the most delicate shades are absolutely guaranteed never to fade.

ORINOKA

Guaranteed
SUNFAST FABRICS

For Drapery and Upholstery

have the appearance of silk stuffs, yet they give much longer service. New York's newest and finest hotel, The Biltmore, is draped with Orinoka fabrics. There are hundreds of beautiful patterns and shades, wonderfully inexpensive. Send for booklet, "Draping the Home," and name of nearest dealer.

ORINOKA MILLS
147 Clarendon Bldg.
NEW YORK

*For Your Protection Insist on
This Guarantee:*

These goods are guaranteed absolutely fadeless. If color changes from exposure to the sunlight, or from washing, the merchant is hereby authorized to replace them with new goods or refund the purchase price.

This Tag and Guarantee on every bolt.



Latest Model Upright Grand.

Ivers & Pond PIANOS

THIS BEAUTIFUL UPRIGHT pictured above delights every artistic sense. Embodying half a century's experience, it combines charming tone-color with remarkable carrying power, and extreme durability and tune-staying capacity. Its exquisite finish and fine lines, modern to the minute, appeal to discriminating buyers. We build uprights, grands and players, all of but one grade—the highest. Over 400 leading educational institutions and nearly 60,000 American homes now use the *Ivers & Pond*.

How to Buy.

We will personally select for you a beautiful IVERS & POND Piano, and ship it for trial in your home (if we have no dealer near you) in whatever state in the Union it may be. Catalogue showing all our latest designs and a personal letter with prices and description of attractive plans for easy payments, mailed free.

Fill Out and Send This Coupon to

IVERS & POND PIANO CO.
111 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

*Please mail me your new catalogue and
valuable information to buyers.*

Name.....

Address.....

"Good-bye, old
Hook and
Eye!"

The Key To Quick Dressing

Koh-i-noor makes it easy to fasten your own gown. Snap Snap! Snap!—it's done in half a minute. No hooks to catch in hair or lace. No eyes that play hide and seek. No need to bother "hubby"!

Washing can't rust it—ironing won't crush it—wringing doesn't loosen it. Koh-i-noor is easy to sew on, and once attached to a garment, it stays on. Endorsed by leading dressmakers—sold everywhere. Made in 13 sizes, black japan or nickel plate. 10c per card of 12—with valuable coupon attached. Write for our illustrated Book of Premiums showing 600 Gifts, given free for Koh-i-noor coupons.

Look for Koh-i-noor on all up-to-date ready-made garments—you will know it by the letters K-I-N stamped on each fastener.

WALDES & CO., Makers, 137 L. Fifth Ave., N.Y.

The World's Largest Snap Fastener Manufacturers
Prague Dresden Paris Warsaw
London Chicago Montreal

Koh-i-noor
SNAP FASTENER
Pat. Waldespring



The Autographic Kodak

Date and title your negatives, permanently,
at the time you make them.

TOUCH a spring and a door opens in the back of the Kodak; write on the red paper of the Autographic Film Cartridge; close door. Upon development a permanent photographic reproduction of the writing will appear on the intersections between the negatives. You can have this writing appear on the prints or not, just as you choose.

The places of interest you visit, interesting facts about the children, their age at the time the picture was made, the light conditions, stop and exposure for every negative, the date—all these things add to the value of every picture.

The greatest Photographic advance in twenty years.

No. 3A Autographic Kodak, pictures $3\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ in., \$22.50

EASTMAN KODAK CO.,

At all Kodak Dealer's.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.,

The Kodak City.



You Are as Old as You Look

"Why is not the skin of your face as fair and firm as that of your body? If you look older than you are, it is because you are not doing what you should to help nature. My exercises in

Physical Culture for the Face

do for the face what my exercises for the body have done for the health and figures of 60,000 women. Results are quick and marvelous. In six or ten minutes a day you can do more with these exercises at home than massage will accomplish in an hour a day in a beauty parlor."—**Susanna Cocroft.**

Miss Cocroft, after years of experience, has prepared the instructions for this course, including also the care of the Hair, Eyes, Hands and Feet.

Wrinkles	Flabby, Thin Neck	Sallow, Freckled Skin
Double Chins	Crow's Feet	Dandruff
Tired Eyes	Pimples	Thin, Oily Hair
Pouches Under Eyes	Sagging Facial Muscles	
	Tender, Inflamed Feet	

and many other blemishes are relieved and overcome. The expression is invigorated, the skin cleared, the hair made glossy, more abundant, the eyes stronger and brighter, the feet comfortable, hands smooth. Our pupils look 10 years younger after our course. Write for **FREE** booklet today.

Grace-Mildred Culture Course
624 S. Michigan Ave., Dept. 7 CHICAGO

WE INVITE 2000 WOMEN

To learn by actual experience in your home how your ironing may be done at a great saving of time and expense. Think of ironing a table-cloth in 3 minutes that you know would take over 20 minutes to iron by hand. Big saving on every piece ironed.



**30 Days
FREE
Trial**

SIMPLEX IRONER
"THE BEST IRONER"

For City and Country Homes

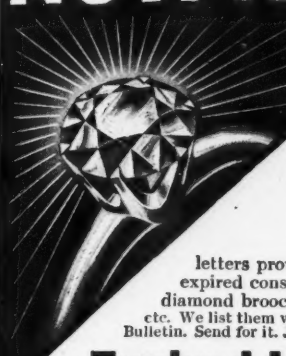
8 sizes. \$25 and up—easy payments. Operated by hand or any power. Heated at nominal expense.

The Simplex insures longer life to linen, beautiful finish with straight edges, and easier ironing. It soon saves its cost in labor, time and satisfaction.

Write for **FREE** Booklet on Ironing.

American Ironing Machine Co.
586, 168 N. Michigan Ave. CHICAGO, ILL.

NOW READY Jos. DeRoy & Sons Diamond Bargain Bulletin



Just out! Write for it—mailed free. Wonderful values in unredeemed pledges. We took them as security for money we loaned. Now we are selling them at amazing low prices—only a fraction of their original cost—to get our money back.

1/2 Saved You save as much as 1/2 or more on our expired loans in fine diamonds and watches. Our customers' letters prove it. The pledges on which loans have now expired consist of high-grade diamond rings, diamond pins, diamond brooches and other diamond jewelry and watches, etc. We list them with pictures and full descriptions in our new Bargain Bulletin. Send for it. Just note these wonderful values from our bargain list.

Expired Loans

Don't wait till the bargain you want is gone. We have unredeemed diamonds now in all sizes, but their number is limited—hardly two alike. Remember, these offers are made by the oldest and most responsible firm in the United States in this business. Rating over \$750,000.00. Over 60 years in one location. Read these startling offers.

Diamonds—The Ideal Gifts

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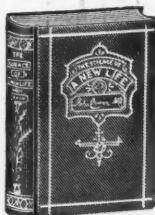
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Exactly What You Should

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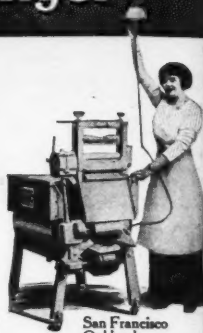
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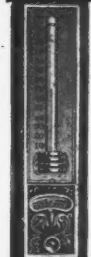
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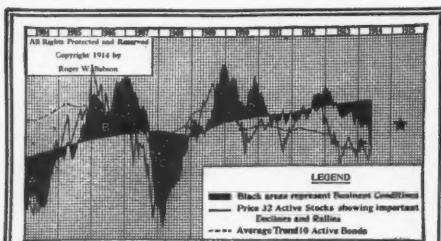
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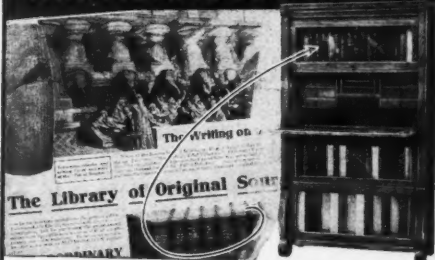
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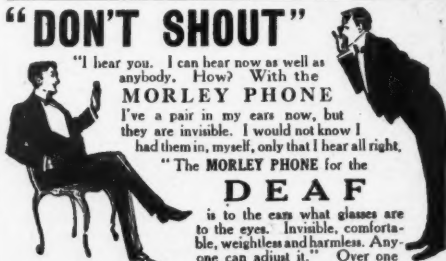


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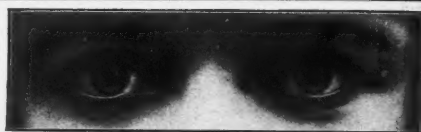
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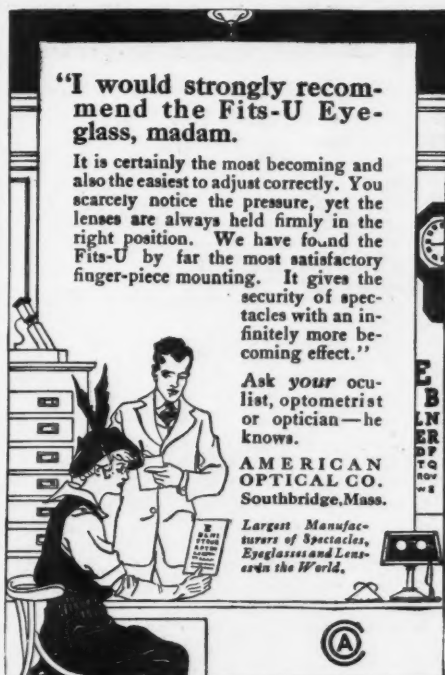
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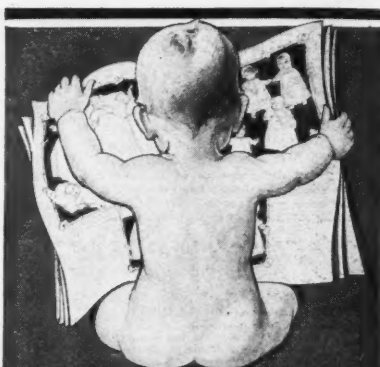
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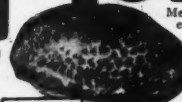
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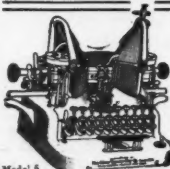
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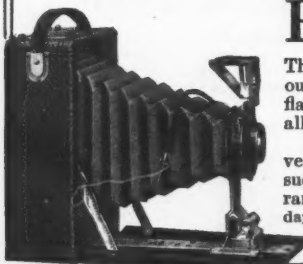
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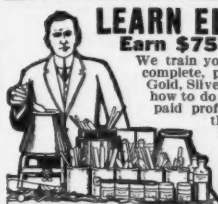
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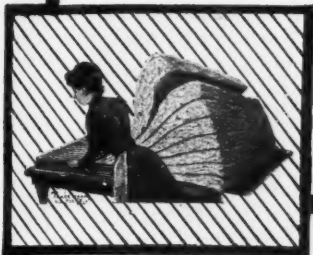
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Note: Our desks, buffets, bureaux, etc., are furnished with steel safes for valuables.

Free—a handsome catalogue awaits your post-card request. Get this large book of handsome designs and money-saving offers.

It comes post-paid.

Sterling Furniture Co.,

2511 Sterling Building
Toledo, Ohio



Flash Like Genuine
DIAMONDS
at 1/50 the cost—IN SOLID GOLD RINGS
See Them Before You Buy

It is the stone nearest a diamond at a price which saves you money. An actually mined stone with lasting fire and brilliancy. You must see it to appreciate it, as thousands of buyers have since 1905. Costs nothing to see. WRITE FOR CATALOG TODAY.

BARODA CO., Dept. R3, 1460 Leland Ave., Chicago



Danda Leather Key-Purse

With Your Name Stamped in Gold

25c By Mail | With Pocket 40c

Saves the clothing and prevents the keys from rusting. Made of strong leather with nickel key ring.

Write for illustrated Catalogue of Danda leather goods and novelties.

DANDA GN. MFG. CO., 82 John St., New York

Progressive Business Men should inform themselves concerning the opportunities Cosmopolitan presents to the small-space advertiser. Write to-day to Cosmopolitan Classified Directory, 119 West 40th Street, New York City.

THE CO-OPERATIVE PRODUCING CO. GENERAL THEATRICAL PRODUCERS.

Representatives for managers and authors.
A. S. STERN JESSIE BONSTELLE and BERTRAM HARRISON
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Expert Criticism and Advice on Manuscripts to Unknown Authors
Stock Productions of New Plays arranged for
Miss Bonstelle and Mr. Harrison produce plays for Messrs. Shubert, Wm. A. Brady, Henry Miller, Margaret Anglin, Grace George, Mme. Kalish, Louis Mann, and are the Directors of the Northampton Municipal Theatre. Write for information.
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Quick Money Growing Mushrooms

Learn things many growers never knew before, all explained in the new book, "Truth About Mushrooms." Add \$10 to \$70 a week to your income. Small capital starts it. Demand exceeds supply. Grow in cellars, sheds, boxes, etc. Now is best time. Profits bigger and quicker. Anyone can do it. Women and children, too. Send for the book; it's free.

BUREAU OF MUSHROOM INDUSTRY, Dept. 1871842 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

Price 75c

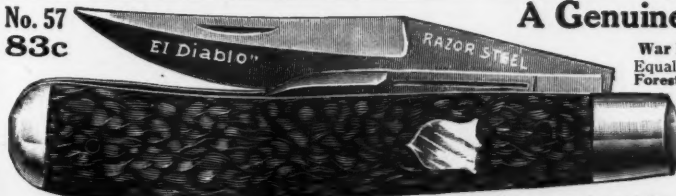


"PHONE" WITHOUT BEING OVERHEARD

Wonderful whispering telephone mouthpiece enables you to talk freely without being overheard. Hold secret conversation—Every advantage of a booth telephone—Sent postpaid for only 75 cents. Money back if not more than pleased.

THE COLYTT LABORATORIES
562 W. Washington Street Chicago, Ill.

No. 57
83c



A Genuine \$2 Knife for 83c

War has not advanced our prices
Equally good in the Shop, the Farm, or Forest; light but extra strong; resharpened easily. Stag handle, German silver finish; blades file tested, hand forged razor steel and warranted. Sample, 83c, 3 for \$2, postpaid. Choicest Pearl \$2 each.

Send for 80-page Free List and "How to Use a Razor"
MAHER & GROSS CO.
77 & Street (Seas'd 1877) Toledo, Ohio

A million men are using our knives
When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

"YOU CHOOSE wisely and well when you buy GAS says Nancy Gay"



Your Gas Company is a *merchant* who realizes that in order to get and hold your patronage he must give absolutely satisfactory service.

He gives you the Gas Range, reducer of kitchen work and cost; perfect and hygienic Gas Light, supplied through artistic fixtures; the Gas Water Heater, summer comfort-giver; the Gas Heating Stove, defender against damp and chill; the labor-saving Gas Iron and many other time, trouble and cost-reducing home devices.

His is one of the oldest and most important industries in your town—an industry that is contributing every day and night to your comfort, protection and health. He can prosper only by giving you satisfaction in every way, for his business is in *your* hands.

Remember this when you buy Gas.

Send for the free booklets: "A Thousand Uses for Gas," "The Hygienic Value of Gas Lighting."

FREE

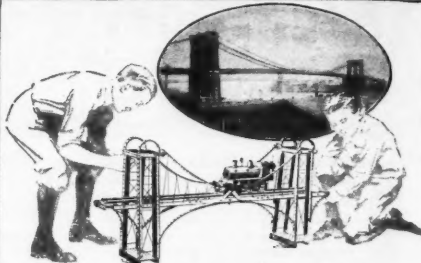
"THE STORY OF NANCY GAY"

It's bright, it's interesting, it's clean.

And there's comfort-wisdom in it for every home-lover.

A postal will bring it to you.

National Commercial Gas Association
29 West 39th St., New York City



A Big Man's Game—for Boys

Boys take to the American Model Builder like ducks take to water. It's a big man's game—natural for them—supplies a distinct *want* in their nature. For every boy is fundamentally a builder, an inventor, and

THE AMERICAN MODEL BUILDER

gives him just the opportunity he craves—to think, to invent, to create, to construct, to build—"to use his head." The American Model Builder contains all main mechanical parts used in modern engineering—spring tempered, nickel-plated steel girders, gears, pinions, pulleys, beams, bolts, nuts, etc., with which boys can build bridges, derricks, etc., Fathers, and Boys, too.



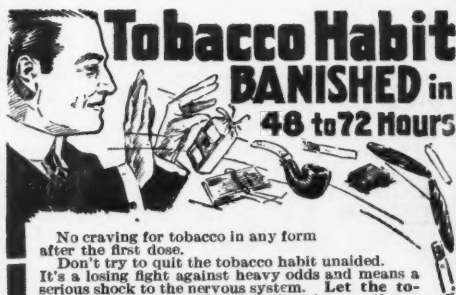
Look for
this mark

Write for illustrated free book

"The Story of Steel," which shows dozens of new models and tells all about the American Model Builder.

Eight sizes, 50c up, at Sporting Goods, Toy and Department Stores everywhere.

The American Mechanical Toy Co.,
315 East First St., Dayton, Ohio



No craving for tobacco in any form after the first dose.

Don't try to quit the tobacco habit unaided. It's a losing fight against heavy odds and means a serious shock to the nervous system. Let the tobacco habit quit **YOU**. It will quit you, if you will just take **Tobacco Redeemer**, according to directions for two or three days. It is the most marvelously quick and thoroughly reliable remedy for the tobacco habit the world has ever known.

Not a Substitute

Tobacco Redeemer is absolutely harmless and contains no habit-forming drugs of any kind. It is in no sense a substitute for tobacco. After finishing the treatment you have absolutely no desire to use tobacco again or to continue the use of the remedy. It quiets the nerves, and will make you feel better in every way. It makes not a particle of difference how long you have been using tobacco, how much you use or in what form you use it—whether you smoke cigars, cigarettes, pipe, chew plug or fine cut or use snuff. **Tobacco Redeemer** will positively banish every trace of desire in from 48 to 72 hours. This we absolutely guarantee in every case or money refunded.

Write today for our free booklet showing the deadly effect of tobacco upon the human system and positive proof that **Tobacco Redeemer** will quickly free you of the habit.

Newell Pharmacal Company
Dept. 306 St. Louis, Mo.

Waterman's



Advantages

The advantages in Waterman's Ideals started the world using fountain pens. The advantages increase with the popularity of the pen. The first advantage is to carry ink safely in your pocket ready for immediate use. You write without the dip. Mussy ink-wells and scratchy steel pens are discarded. The patented Spoon Feed is the advantage feature that assures proper ink flow in Waterman's Ideals and prevents inky fingers and blots. The Gold Pens are an artful advantage. They are strong. They write smoothly; are of every degree from finest to coarsest. Hard iridium tips make them last for years. The Clip-Cap advantage prevents loss of pen from pocket or rolling off the desk.

Fountain Pen

Write for illustrated leaflet of

Gift Pens

Prices \$2.50 to \$50.00

Everywhere—At the Best Stores

Avoid Substitutes

L. E. Waterman Company, 173 Broadway, New York

24 School St., Boston
107 Notre Dame St. W. Montreal

115 So. Clark St., Chicago
Kingsway, London

17 Stockton St., San Francisco
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\$2.00 and you get this **Superb Cornet**

An astounding offer. This Triple Silver Plated Lyric Cornet will be sent to you for only \$2.00. Pay the balance at the rate of only 10c a day. Free trial before you decide to buy.

WURLITZER FREE Band Catalog!

Send your name and address and get our big 500-page Band Catalog. Buy direct from the manufacturer. Rock-bottom prices on all kinds of instruments easy payments. Generous allowance for old instruments. We supply the U. S. Gov't. Write today for Free Band Catalog.

THE RUDOLPH WURLITZER CO.
Cincinnati, Ohio. Dept. 1-243, Chicago, Illinois

Free Carrying Case—with this Superb Triple Silver Plated Lyric Cornet, genuine leather. Write today.

**STRAIGHTEN YOUR TOES
BANISH THAT BUNION**

by using **ACHFELDT'S PERFECTION TOE SPRING**

Worn at night, with auxiliary appliance for day use

Removes the Actual Cause of the enlarged joint and bunion. Sent on approval. Money back if not as represented. Send outline of foot. Use my Improved Instep Support for weak arches.

Full particulars and advice free in plain envelope.

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Room 445, 163 W. 23d St., New York

WITHOUT **WITH**

**DO YOU WANT TO KNOW
HOW TO DEVELOP
VITALITY, ENERGY, ENDURANCE,
NERVE STRENGTH, MUSCULAR STRENGTH,
PERFECT PHYSIQUE?**

My FREE BOOKS, "The Ways of Exercise" and "The First and Last Law of Physical Culture," tell you, if you are weak or underdeveloped, how to grow strong; if strong, how to grow stronger. They explain how to develop the lungs and muscle, the strong heart and vigorous digestion—in short, how to improve health and strength internally as well as externally. Send **TO-DAY—NOW!**—for these FREE BOOKS. Enclose 4c. in stamps to cover postage.

PROF. H. W. TITUS

56-58 Cooper Sq. Dept. 85 New York City

Boston Garter
Velvet Grip

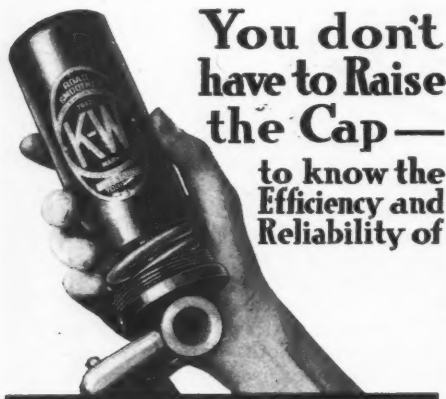
An essential of
Correct Dress
for Men

Lisle 25¢
Silk 50¢

Holds Your Sock Smooth as Your Skin

GEORGE FROST CO. Makers BOSTON

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**You don't
have to Raise
the Cap —
to know the
Efficiency and
Reliability of**



Road Smoothers

Quickly applied to your Ford Car

SMOOTH riding on rough roads demands a helical spring to take up the shock—an anti-rebound air chamber to check the rebound and anti-side motion links to prevent side rocking—the motion that encourages skidding and throws your car out of alignment.

Even if you could get another device that had these three features, it would pay you to insist on the K-W, because of K-W quality.

K-W Road Smoothers work harder than any part of your car, but they resist the constant gruelling wear, because in every K-W Road Smoother you get—high grade heat-treated drop forgings; electric smelted, chrome vanadium steel springs and phosphor bronze bushings throughout. Only such materials, high grade workmanship and rigid inspection could make possible our broad guarantee, and assure you lasting comfort.

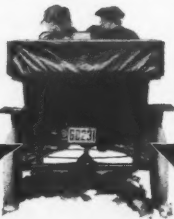
Beware of imitations. The K-W is the **only** Road Smoother, and is sold by dealers who know the difference, everywhere, **at one price.**

Look for the name "K-W Road Smoother."

If your dealer cannot supply you, sent direct on receipt of price. Write for illustrated booklet "Taking out the Bumps."



**\$25
SET OF
FOUR**



**ONE
FOR
EACH
WHEEL**



*Send
Her a
Sampler*

THE Sampler box was originally planned as an introduction to ten popular kinds of Whitman's Chocolates and Confections. The Sampler contains 17 ounces of super-extra candies so fully assorted that it has proved perhaps the most popular package of candy in America.

*Whitman's
Sampler*

is sold by our dealer-agents in every state, in every city and in nearly every town in the country. Wherever "she" may live, you can **Send Her a Sampler.**

One dollar a package; more in extreme West. If no agent near you, we will send a package anywhere on receipt of \$1.00

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc.
Philadelphia

Makers of *Whitman's*

INSTANTANEOUS CHOCOLATE



Choose the Best in Furniture

When people desire the best in furniture, they are attracted to Karpen Furniture because it has always exemplified in the highest degree the features of comfort, durability and beauty. It is superior in its Cabinet Making, Upholstering, Materials, and in every feature identified with the very best.

This trade-mark found on furniture of our make, insures its quality and your satisfaction.

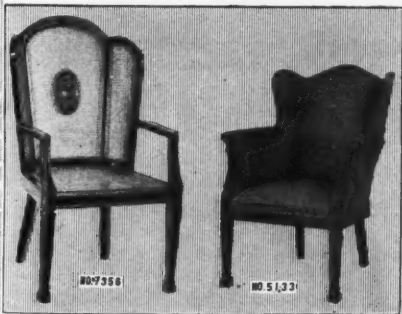


Ask for Karpen Furniture when shopping. Send 14c in stamps for Design Book Y—a helpful book on home furnishing.

S. Karpen & Bros. Karpen Bldg., Chicago
37th & Broadway, N. Y.
20 Sudbury St., Boston (16)

No. 7356, "Adam" Rocker. Genuine Mahogany Frame with cane back and seat.

No. 6122, "Adam" Armchair. Carved Mahogany Frame. Tapestry or silk velours.



Never before a Fountain Pen like this

IT'S transparent. You look right through the heart of the pen and see its inner workings. Hold it up to the light and watch the ink chase down the barrel. See how the *Lucky Curve* Ink Feed drains back the ink and keeps pen from leaking. A new idea in fountain pens—for folks who like to "set the pace."—Geo. S. Parker



PARKER LUCKY CURVE TRANSPARENT FOUNTAIN PEN

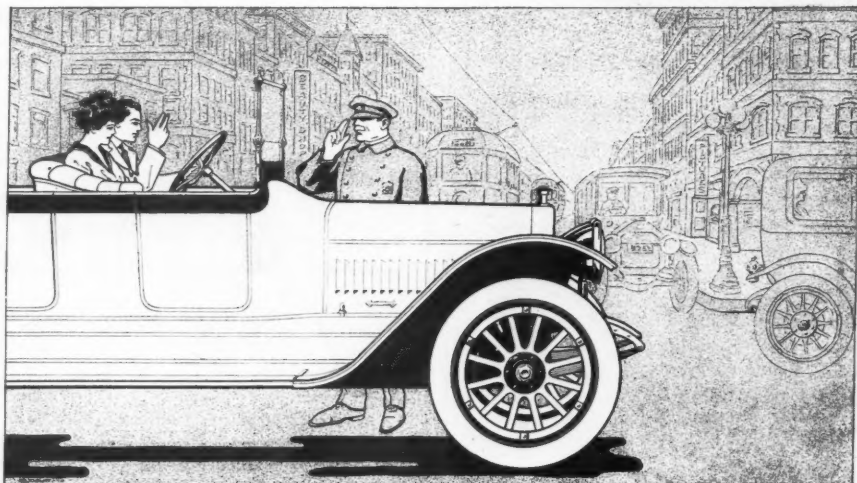
So teetotally different from any other fountain pen that you'll warm up to it like a hungry man to a square meal. Get one of these new transparent pens *now* while it has the special charm of novelty and watch your neighbors take notice when you start using it. The transparent barrel tells you in advance when the pen needs refilling.

Parker New Self-Filler
No outside projections or mechanism—no openings into barrel. "Press-the-button" and it fills in two seconds at any inkwell.

Parker Jack Knife Safety
Can be carried in a man's pocket, lady's purse or handbag without danger of leaking—a vise-like safety lock shuts back the ink.

Parker Pens—Standard, Self-Filling, Transparent, Jack Knife Safety—are made in over 200 styles. Fifteen thousand "live wire" dealers sell them. If you can't locate a dealer write for illustrated catalog.

PARKER PEN COMPANY, 106 Mill St., Janesville, Wis.
No. 4 St. Bridge St., London, England; No. 25 Bredgade, Copenhagen, Denmark; Cairo, Egypt. New York Retail Store, Woolworth Bldg.

WINTON SIX*Write Your Own Guarantee**The American Beauty*

THE first company in America to manufacture a marketable motor car of any type (1898), and the first in the world to manufacture six-cylinder cars exclusively (1907), has so thoroly developed the Winton Six that today this car is the one outstanding exemplar of wholesome American beauty and merit.

¶ The Winton Six is free from every trace of foreign imitation. Its goodness is not of the make-believe kind that exists chiefly in the buyer's imagination.

¶ You have only to see this car to recognize its exceptional charm, and you have only to ride in it to know that the Winton Six will add a new zest to your enjoyment of life.

¶ Your particular Winton Six can be finished to conform to your individual taste, making it distinctly your personal possession—not merely anybody's car.

¶ Our catalog tells the facts fully and briefly.

The Winton Motor Car Co., 103 Berea Road, Cleveland, O.

Branch Houses in Twenty American Cities

Oldsmobile

Established 1880
Incorporated 1899

\$1285

Critical Men Acknowledge True Oldsmobile Quality in This "Light Four"

Oldsmobile quality needs no explanation.

Fifteen years of building motor cars has given the Oldsmobile an accepted place in the minds of all who know motor car design.

Those who, for reasons of economy, have purchased cars of lower quality, are keenly aware of the difference. Even competitors acknowledge it.

So when we announced a new Oldsmobile—our "Light Four" for \$1285—naturally there arose the question, "Is it really up to the Oldsmobile standard?"

Men everywhere, after seeing this new car, have answered this question for us. They are answering it by buying as fast as we can produce them in our factory.

Refinements that All Can Appreciate

You need not have expert automobile knowledge to fully appreciate the harmonious lines, the exquisite finish, the completeness and unusual values of this new car.

For, first of all, it is apparent that the new model, in body lines, is an exact reproduction on a smaller scale,

of the big Oldsmobile Six, which is known everywhere as the "Greatest Six-Cylinder Car in America." With its 112 inch wheel base, and low center of gravity, it presents the same evenness of proportion and grace of line that you have always associated with the name "Oldsmobile."

A close examination shows many other features that are characteristic of the larger Oldsmobile. Circassian walnut woodwork throughout; a beautiful dash unit with every instrument set flush; cast aluminum foot and running boards; concealed tool box; jiffy curtains, and extra quality one man cape top, with boot; twelve spoke, hickory wheels, natural finish; extra wide doors—a true five-passenger car, with luxurious comfort for every passenger.

Delco Lighting and Starting System

Of course, you know that among starting and lighting systems, Delco stands at the head. Few cars selling for less than \$2000 can afford it.

Sidelights are eliminated, as the searchlights have dimming arrangements for city driving.

At night the dash unit is flooded with electric light. Speedometer and eight day clock are always in plain view, and every detail of control is under your hand, equally easy to see, day or night.

A Marvelous New Motor

The New Oldsmobile motor, mounted on the main frame with three-point suspension, is the overhead valve type, small bore and long stroke, and is capable of great flexibility, giving a range of speed from five to fifty miles per hour. It makes from sixteen to eighteen miles on a gallon of fuel.

A special Oldsmobile silencer smotherers all noise.

Oldsmobile quality and thoroughness go deeper than the surface essentials. They are built into every part and piece of material by careful workmen who have for years guarded Oldsmobile prestige by the most painstaking attention to detail.

You will enjoy looking at this car at the showrooms of any of our hundreds of dealers or branches. Our Catalog "B", describing it in every detail, sent on request.

Olds Motor Works
Lansing, Michigan

Do You Prefer a "Six"?

The Famous Oldsmobile "Six" is everywhere called the most distinctive and beautiful six-cylinder car in America, and enjoys an ever increasing popularity. This year our output will be increased to keep up with the demand. Seven-passenger touring body, \$2975.00. Catalog "A" describing the Oldsmobile "Six", sent on request.

SAVE YOUR EYES! Everything depends upon your eye-sight



Standing, ready to be twisted to any angle and concentrate light on any object desired.



Folded together when not in use, or when travelling.

Your eyes are your most valuable possession—save them. Here is the very thing you have been wishing for to prevent eye-strain and to preserve your sight.

The "WALLACE" ^{Model B} Portable Electric Lamp

The lamp of a hundred uses, because it
Stands, Hangs, Clamps or Sticks ANY PLACE
or at any angle you put it

Concealed in the base of lamp and out of the way when not in use is an **automatic clamp** for clamping lamp to any part of a desk, chair, bed-rod, dressing table—an "iron grip" **rubber suction cup** for fastening lamp to mirror, window pane, marble, tile, or any non-porous surface—spring for hanging lamp to wall—**ten feet of silk extension cord** with patent plug that connects into any electric socket. The WALLACE fits any size or shaped bulb. Its shade and bulb can be tilted in an instant to any conceivable angle, or turned in any direction. Made of high-grade brass, beautifully nickelled. Weighs about a pound—stands 12 inches high—can be folded into a top-like ball, and slipped into a grip for travelling. (See cut). The greatest lamp ever made for the tourist or traveller.

Special Introductory Offer. 10 Days' FREE Trial

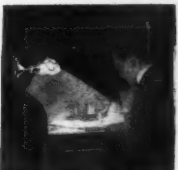
We want you to try this lamp—once you use it, you will never be without it. Tear this advertisement out, write your name and address across its face in ink, pin a \$2 bill (or your personal check, or a money order) to it, and mail to us, at our risk, and a "WALLACE" will go to you at once by parcel post, prepaid. Saving your eye-sight is worth twenty times \$2. Write now, before you forget it.

The C. WALLACE NOVELTY CO.
18-20 East 41st St., New York

AGENTS—A few good locations open for reputable agents. Write for information.



Reading in Bed
Lamp clamped to bed-rod.



Clamped to Desk
Out of way—glow concentrated light.



Perfect Shaving Lamp
Attached to mirror by motion-cup.

Rémoh Gems



Look and wear like diamonds. Brilliance guaranteed forever. Stand file, acid and fire like diamonds. Have no paste, foil or backing. Set only in 14 karat solid gold mountings. About 1-30th the price of diamonds. A marvelous synthetic gem—will cut glass. *Guaranteed not an imitation and to contain no glass.* Sent C. O. D. subject to examination. Write today for our 4-color catalog DeLuxe, it's free. Rémoh Jewelry Co., 614 Washington Ave., St. Louis



SAVE \$5¹⁰

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**HANDSOME
MISSION
ROCKER**

In our big 90-page Free Furniture catalog "X" we show hundreds of pieces of furniture some very rare in design and on every piece you **SAVE 30% TO 50%.**

How do we do it? We are manufacturers. All expenses of travelling salesmen, jobbers, retailers, dealers, rent, clerk hire and retailers' profits are done away with.

SHIPPED ON APPROVAL. Any purchase will be shipped on approval—must be exactly as represented or we will return your money. Unpack your purchase—arrange it in your own home—compare it with our catalog description—You will find it better than you ever hoped. Everything else will be like it in our 90-page FREE catalog "X". Send for it today—for catalog "X"—Look at the bargains, then furnish your home from

THE DIRECT FURNITURE CO., Dept. 11, 42 Main Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

120

If what you want is not advertised on these pages, see page 6 of this issue

\$500 In-Cash Prizes For Motion Picture Plots

AMATEURS ONLY: YOUR CHANCE

Big Prize Contest just announced; open only to those who have never before sold photoplays. Great opportunity for New Writers with New Ideas. Previous experience or special education **not necessary.** If you attend the movies you know the kind of ideas they want, and if you are willing to take a few lessons in spare time at home you have just as good a chance to win a **big cash** prize as anybody. This means **you.** One of your "happy thoughts" may win, and be made into a photoplay that will be shown, over your name, in theatres all over the country. Write **at once**, before Big Prize Contest closes, for full particulars and for free booklet, "How to Write Photoplays."

ELBERT MOORE, Box 772 CK, CHICAGO



We Teach You
the Business
FREE!

400% to 800% Profit in Popcorn—Crispette and Candy Business

Crowds swear to buy our Kettle-Popped Popcorn—popped under glass—seasoned while popping—**GREAT BIG—CRISP—PLUFFY KERNELS!** Corn pops 25 per cent. bigger with the DeLellenbarger machines and 100 per cent. better product. Our delicious **CRISPETTES** melt in your mouth. Wonderful new Automatic Crispette Press is a regular money-mill! Big extra money in candy!

Complete Course in Candy Making FREE—Easy to Learn Write AT ONCE for FREE Catalog, new money-making plans, special prices and sensational easy payment offer. NOW is the time to start. No experience necessary and very little money. Write

A. D. DELLENBARGER CO., 617 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago



"You've Simply Got to Earn More Money—QUICKLY"

Your living expenses are increasing—**everything** costs more than it used to.

Worrying will not mend matters. The cost of living will be higher before it is lower. **You've simply got to earn more money.**

Business today demands **trained** men and pays them salaries based upon what they **know**. You've got to earn more and you **can** earn more, but you must have the training to fit you for a bigger salary.

The business of the International Correspondence Schools is to prepare men for better jobs. They will give YOU the special training that you need to advance in your present occupation or fit you for more congenial work.

For 23 years the I. C. S. have been helping men just like you to earn more money, **quickly**. Of the 270 I. C. S. courses of instruction there is one that meets **your** needs.

Learn how easily you can fit yourself for a higher salary, without loss of time from your present occupation. Mark and mail the coupon now, and full information will be sent to you.

Mark the Coupon

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Box 841 SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position before which I mark X

Salesmanship
Electrical Engineer
Elec. Lighting Supt.
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Telephone Expert
Architect
Building Contractor
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Structural Engineer
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Mechan. Engineer
Mechanical Draftsman
Refrigeration Engineer
Civil Engineer
Surveyor
Mine Superintendent
Metallurgy
Locomotive Fireman & Eng.
Stationary Engineer
Textile Manufacturing
Gas Engines

Civil Service
Railway Mail Clerk
Bookkeeping
Stenography & Typewriting
Window Trimming
Show Card Writing
Lettering & Sign Painting
Advertising
Commercial Illustrating
Industrial Designing
Commercial Law
Automobile Running
Teacher
English Branches
Good English for Every One
Agriculture
Poultry Farming
Plumbing & Steam Fitting
Sheet Metal Worker
Navigation
Languages
Chemist

Spanish
French
German

Name _____
Present Occupation _____
Street and No. _____
City _____ State _____



Fair Play in Telephone Rates

IT is human nature to resent paying more than any one else and to demand cheap telephone service regardless of the cost of providing it.

But service at a uniform rate wouldn't be cheap.

It would simply mean that those making a few calls a day were paying for the service of the merchant or corporation handling hundreds of calls.

That wouldn't be fair, would it? No more so than that you should pay the same charge for a quart of milk as another pays for a gallon.

To be of the greatest usefulness, the telephone should reach every home, office and business place. To put it there, rates must be so graded that every person may have the kind of service he requires, at a rate he can easily afford.

Abroad, uniform rates have been

tried by the government-owned systems and have so restricted the use of the telephone that it is of small value.

The great majority of Bell subscribers actually pay less than the average rate. There are a few who use the telephone in their business for their profit who pay according to their use, establishing an average rate higher than that paid by the majority of the subscribers.

To make a uniform rate would be increasing the price to the many for the benefit of the few.

All may have the service they require, at a price which is fair and reasonable for the use each makes of the telephone.

These are reasons why the United States has the cheapest and most efficient service and the largest number of telephones in the world.

**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES**

One Policy

One System

Universal Service

NABISCO

Sugar Wafers

—entrancing sweets which are always and everywhere popular. Wafer confections centered with delicately flavored cream. The perfect accompaniment for every dessert. In ten-cent tins; also in twenty-five-cent tins.



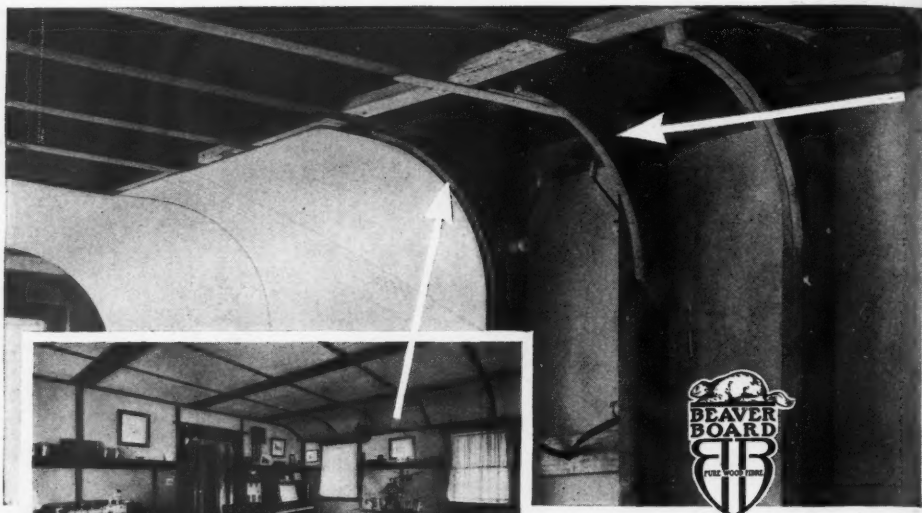
ANOLA

—a new conception in chocolate-flavored sweets. Exquisite wafers of crisped baking with chocolate-flavored cream nestling between. Anola has achieved a new delight which only taste can tell—a flavor which gives immediate pleasure. In ten-cent tins.



NATIONAL
BISCUIT
COMPANY





**If You Want Cove Work
You Can Get It**

Almost any wall or ceiling effect can be obtained by using BEAVER BOARD. Note other pictures at bottom of page, and view at left in the home of Mr. Geo. W. Klewer, a well-known architect of Chicago.

Do You Really KNOW How to Use BEAVER BOARD

It's worth while for anyone who intends to build or remodel, to investigate this standard building material thoroughly.

The great growth in the use of BEAVER BOARD in eight years has been paralleled by a growth in organization service to users, architects, carpenters and builders that is unique. Write to our department of Design and Decoration for full particulars.

You will also receive a painted sample, booklet "BEAVER BOARD and Its Uses," and complete instructions for application.

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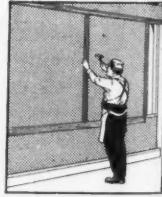
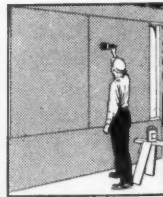
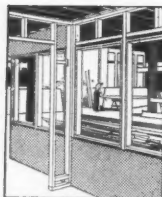
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